THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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NAPOLEON'S name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal. The advance of his Grand Army into Russia is the turning point in his career and marks the beginning of his downfall. The picture shown herewith from Ridpath's History, the original of which was displayed at the World's Fair at Chicago, marks but one event out of thousands which are fully described and illustrated in the world-famed publication,

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THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work for immediate sale. The sets are BRAND NEW, brought right down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco. Hundreds have already availed themselves of this remarkable opportunity to secure the greatest History of the World ever written. We have only a few sets remaining. We offer these sets to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST READERS

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RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equalled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know the Past as you know the Present.

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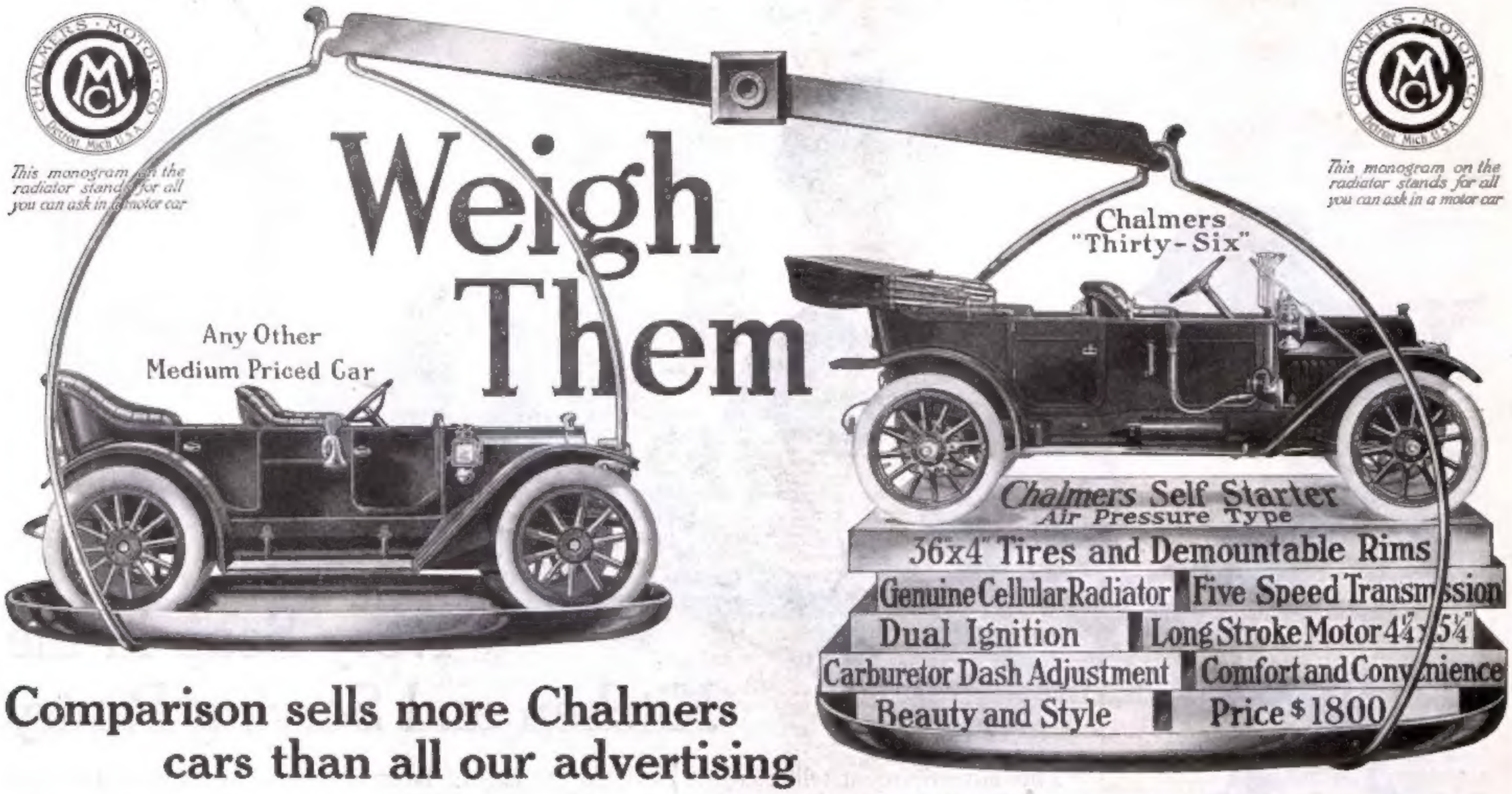
RIDPATH throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there; patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes, from his mountain platform, sees Themistocles with three hundred and fifty Greek ships smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail, and help to mold the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty; Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismarck is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France, which says "You shall not." Washington is there, "four-square to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen, and on into another century, the most colossal world figure of his time.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Dual Ignition
Long Stroke Motor 4¼"x5¼"
Carburetor Dash Adjustment
Comfort and Convenience
Beauty and Style
Price $1800

Comparison sells more Chalmers cars than all our advertising

YOU will buy the car that has the most features designed for ***your*** convenience, ***your*** comfort, ***your*** safety, ***your*** economy and ***your*** pride of ownership.

Some cars seem to be built to please the builder. You want one that was built to please the buyer—for you are a buyer. You will use the car. You will find out from day to day whether it is thoroughly convenient to operate and use. You will find out whether it is perfectly comfortable under all conditions; perfectly safe; consistent; economical.

Therefore we refer you to the diagram above. Chalmers "Thirty-Six" is a car for the buyer. Look over the entire motor field and see if you can get these "Thirty-Six" features in any other car at $1800. See if you can get all of them in any other car at any price.

Why They Bought "Thirty-Sixes"

We have delivered more than 2,000 of the "Thirty-Sixes." During the last few weeks we have been asking many of the owners to tell us the principal reasons why they bought the "Thirty-Six." Everybody seems to agree on these ten big reasons:

1. **Chalmers Self-Starter**
   Does away with cranking. Adds at least $500 to the value of an automobile. Simple, safe, efficient, air pressure type. Nothing complicated—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.
2. **36" x 4" Tires and Demountable Rims**
   Big tires insure ease of riding and reduce tire trouble to the minimum. Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors—a change can be made in two or three minutes.
3. **Five Speed Transmission—Four Speed Forward and Reverse**
   Affords utmost flexibility of control. With it you can climb steepest grades without loss of time and without punishing your motor.
4. **Long Stroke Motor**
   Maximum power at low engine speed, splendid pulling, longer service, greater quietness, freedom from vibration.
5. **Dual Ignition**
   Simplest ignition system yet devised. Nothing equals a magneto for furnishing perfect ignition.
6. **Dash Adjustment for Carburetor**
   You can get the proper mixture for starting or to suit varying weather conditions without getting out of car and lifting hood.
7. **Genuine Cellular Radiator**
   The sort you find on highest priced cars. None better made. Insures perfect cooling, longer life, good looks.
8. **Comfort and Convenience**
   Long wheel base, big wheels and tires, deep upholstering, roomy bodies make for maximum comfort. Convenience is secured by a score of refinements that will appeal to you when you see the car.
9. **Beauty and Style**
   Chalmers symmetry is the kind of beauty that means efficiency. You cannot find a car at any price with greater beauty of line. Finish is superb—18 coats of paint and varnish. Choice of three attractive color schemes.
10. **Price—$1800**
    Because of the features listed above and a score of other advantages; because of perfect design, high-grade material and workmanship of the Chalmers standard, the "Thirty-Six" offers the greatest value for the money of any motor car built.

The Biggest Chalmers Year

From time to time in the past it has been our pleasure to quote from those in the automobile trade, and the public generally, a commonly heard expression, "This is another Chalmers year."

At the time of writing this advertisement, with half the 1912 season gone, we are pleased to be able to vary this quotation and say, "This is the biggest Chalmers year of all." Since July 1st we have shipped 42% more cars than during the same period last year—and last year was a good year too.

We believe that this phenomenal business is due to the fact that the cars we have shipped in previous seasons have been holding up and giving good service and that we are now reaping the results of building, from the first, really good cars at medium prices.

Read What Owners Say

As stated above we have delivered more than 2,000 of the "Thirty-Sixes." These cars have now been tested in owners' hands in all parts of the country; in various altitudes; in diverse climates; on all sorts of roads. Everywhere they have made good. Read a few typical letters:

John L. Jones, Counsellor at Law, New York City.
The new features of the "Thirty-six" are fine. The long stroke motor gives so much power that I can't see where anyone could desire more. The four speed transmission makes it an ideal touring car, for you can negotiate any hill or road without heating your engine. The self-starter works perfectly.

George B. Poole, Boston, Mass.
The "Thirty-six" is not only a fine looking car but everything about it is solid and carefully built. It has plenty of power and speed and is one of the easiest riding cars I ever sat in.

W. R. Leonard, Supt. American Car & Foundry Co., Detroit.
The Chalmers "Thirty-six" more than meets my expectation. I have accomplished everything that is possible with the highest priced cars in the way of high and slow speed, easy handling, hill-climbing, etc.

Charles N. Bird, Kansas City, Mo.
Since buying my "Thirty-six" I can't understand how anyone is willing to drive a car without a self-starter. It is the greatest addition to an automobile yet designed. With it and the demountable rims there is no unpleasant feature about motoring.

H. D. Wheat, Gaffney, S. C.
Chalmers "Thirty-six" is all right. The motor is flexible and a great puller, carrying the car up our steep Piedmont Hills on high gear without laboring at all. The control is simple. My 15-year-old daughter drove from Gaffney to Charlotte, 60 miles, without the slightest trouble.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that this is the biggest Chalmers year of all? So the time to place your order is now—and the earlier the date set for delivery the better. Our new catalog free on request.

The Chalmers "SIX"

"It runs with eagerness"

Seven passenger Touring
Four passenger Torpedo $3250

54 horsepower; Chalmers self-starter, air pressure type; 130 inch wheel base; 36"x4½" tires; Continental demountable rims; ten inch upholstering; nickel steel axles and rear axle housing; extra large brakes; nickel steel frame side members; sheet aluminum bodies.

The Chalmers "Six" is a high powered, mechanically perfected, luxurious car at a price lower than the motoring public has been accustomed to pay for the qualities this car possesses.

We are quite certain our "Six" is one of the very finest cars ever produced.

We sincerely believe that the "Six" is a better motor car than many which sell for higher prices. Any manufacturer who makes this claim is sure to be asked two questions: First, why are you able to do it? Second, why are you willing to do it?

Here's The Answer

In answer to the first question, we say: We can do it because we have the factory, the organization and the "know how."

Large production cuts down overhead expense. Good design, modern machinery and up-to-date methods cut down manufacturing expense. We build cars in sufficient quantities to reduce overhead expense to the minimum. Our factory is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery and labor-saving devices.

We get the advantage of buying materials in large quantities. We take every cash discount offered. We know that we can build a high grade, high powered car, using the same quality of material and workmanship, at a lower cost than many who turn out only high priced cars. It is a question of equipment and organization.

What Good Value Does

To answer the second question: It has always been our policy to give unusually good value. Good value in the car cuts down selling expense, and "service" expense after the sale. We have always stood for small profits per car and have gained our fair annual profit by doing a large volume of business.

We invite the most careful comparison with other cars. The "Six"—and all other Chalmers models—may be seen at the leading automobile shows this winter. Special "Six" booklet on request.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Ivory Soap in the Kitchen and Serving Pantry

This advertisement tells of some of the many uses of Ivory Soap in the kitchen and serving pantry. It tells how to clean cut glass so that it will sparkle like stars on a winter's night; how to brighten silver; how to wash dishes in a better way; how to wash linoleum, etc.

For every one of these purposes, Ivory Soap is unequalled. For most of them, it is the only soap that can be used with safety and satisfaction. But even Ivory Soap will not produce the best results if it is not used in the best way. We have tried, here, to tell how to use it in the best way. If this advertisement, and those which follow, help to solve some of the problems that confront the housekeeper, we shall feel that we have done something well worth doing.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

The Care of Cut Glass

Cut glass is easily chipped. It is best, therefore, to wash it, one piece at a time, in a wooden tub or a padded dishpan. Never put cut glass in very cold or scalding hot water.

To wash: Make a suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. Let the glass remain in the suds a few minutes. Then go over it with a medium stiff nail-brush. Rinse twice in water of same temperature as the water used for washing. The first rinsing water should be clear. To the second, add a little bluing; bluing gives a brilliancy to cut glass that cannot be produced in any other way. Dry with a soft flannel or a piece of cheesecloth which has been washed. Polish with soft tissue paper.

If you have a great deal of cut glass and use it frequently, it is a good idea to provide yourself with a supply of jewelers' sawdust, which can be dried and used over and over again. After washing the cut glass, place it in a box and pour sawdust over it. Rub the glass with handfuls of sawdust, and it will soon be dry. Any sawdust that may have attached itself to the glass can be removed with a brush.

To Brighten Silverware

Silver and plated ware, in daily use, should be washed at the same time and in the same way as dishes.

Silverware which has become tarnished requires special treatment. There are several ways of brightening it. The best are:

(1) Mix Ivory Soap and powdered whiting in the proportion of one cake (small size) of Ivory Soap to half a pound of whiting. Shave the Ivory Soap into thin pieces and dissolve in a quart of boiling water. Let it boil until it is quite thick. Add the whiting. Let all boil together until thoroughly mixed. When cool, add a couple of tablespoonfuls of ammonia. This will make enough polish to last for months. If it becomes too hard, add a little ammonia. Apply to silver with brush or cloth. Let dry and polish with cheesecloth, flannel or chamois.

(2) Wet flannel with kerosene, dip into whiting, rub on silver. Wash silver with Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe dry with flannel or chamois.

Dishwashing Minus Drudgery and Chapped Hands

Some day, someone will invent a mechanical dishwasher that will be so practical that every housekeeper will want one; and so inexpensive that nearly every housekeeper will have one. The need for such a device is very great; and the man or woman who satisfies that need will lift a burden from the shoulders of womankind. For it is a fact that the method of washing dishes, as practiced in 90 per cent of American homes, is a relic of the dark ages. Not only are the dishes not clean but — what is even worse — the strong soapy water used in the majority of kitchens reddens one's hands and makes them unsightly.

All this is unnecessary. It is possible to wash dishes so that they will be scrupulously clean, and at the same time keep one's hands looking as though one "sat in the parlor and sewed a fine seam."

The first thing to do is to make up your mind to use Ivory Soap for washing the dishes. This is not an extravagance. It is an economy.

The next thing is to purchase a dishmop (5 cents), a soap shaker (10 cents), a plate-scraper (10 cents) and a wire dish dryer (50 cents).

Finally, to quote the advice of a famous physician, "Put your brains, not your hands, into the dishwater." In other words, let Ivory Soap and water do most of the work.

Provide two dishpans. Fill dishpan No. 1 about half full of hot water. Put into it enough Ivory Soap Paste, or Ivory Soap shavings, to make a good suds. Or, if you prefer, use a soap shaker—it will do equally well. Add enough cold water to make the water "comfortable" to the hands. Wash the glasses first. Stand them up in dishpan No. 2. Pour boiling water over them. Dry and put away. Follow with silverware, then with cups and saucers, plates, etc. The plates should be scraped before being put in the dishpan. Wash them with dishcloth or dishmop*—to save the hands. Let the plates dry in dish dryer or turn them upside down on folded tea towels on kitchen table.

Drop drying towels in dishpan No. 2. Wash pan No. 1 and dishcloth. Put towels and dishcloth in sun to dry. Rub soap on cup-towels, wash, rinse in cold water; hang in sun to dry. Hang up dishpan No. 2 and dry your hands.

*Dishmops will become unsanitary, if they are not washed thoroughly every time they are used.

How to Wash Fine China so That it Will Last a Hundred Years

This letter will interest every woman who is the fortunate possessor of a handsome dinner set:

"A lady buys a dinner set, decorated in gold with matt-gold (meaning all gold) handles. She asks, 'Do you guarantee this gold not to wear off?' The reply might be and is, 'If you will wash this set in good hot water with plenty of yellow soap and dry with a rough towel, we will guarantee that you will remove all the gold in one week.'

"The proper method of caring for a dinner set, whether it costs $20.00 or $500.00, is: Wash it in medium warm—not hot—water, to which has been added a little Ivory Soap. Dry with a soft tea towel.

"By following these directions, your set, decorated, illuminated, or stippled in gold, will last a hundred years."

How to Wash Linoleum

Sweep up the dust. Make a heavy suds by dissolving Ivory Soap in hot water. When cool, scrub linoleum with an ordinary scrub-brush. Wipe up with a soft cloth and clear water. Wipe dry. This brings back the original lustre.

These directions are given by the manager of the linoleum department of one of the largest rug and carpet stores in the United States. He adds: "Ammonia, strong chemical soaps and washing powders should never be used. They destroy the surface and appearance of the cloth. Care should be taken not to allow water to get under the linoleum."

Ivory Soap Paste

We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only in the kitchen and serving pantry, but also in the laundry and for general household use.

How to make Ivory Soap Paste: With a knife, vegetable grater or food-chopper, shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts, or two small cakes into four quarts of water. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about 15 minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in a china or glass jar with tight-fitting top. Use as needed.

How to Use Small Pieces of Ivory Soap

Pieces of Ivory Soap which are too small to be used for toilet or bath can be utilized in several ways.

They can be made into Ivory Soap Paste by shaving them fine, adding hot water in the proportion of ten parts of water to one of soap, and boiling until the soap is dissolved. See paragraph headed Ivory Soap Paste.

They can be made into Ivory Soap "shavings" by grating them on a vegetable grater or running them through a food-chopper; or they can be used for dishwashing, etc., by putting them, just as they are, in a soap shaker.

Next month's advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses in the Nursery

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THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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MR. WEATHERLEY, sole proprietor of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co., wholesale provision merchants of Tooley Street, London, paused suddenly on his way from his private office to the street. There was something which until that second had entirely slipped his memory. It was not his umbrella, for that, neatly tucked up, was already under his arm. Nor was it his newspaper, for that, together with the supplement, was sticking out of his overcoat pocket, the shape of which it completely ruined. As a matter of fact it was more important than either of these—it was a commission from his wife.

Very slowly he retraced his steps until he stood outside the glass-inclosed cage where twelve of the hardest worked clerks in London bent over their ledgers and invoices. With his forefinger—a fat, pudgy forefinger—he tapped upon a pane of glass. An anxious errand boy bolted through the doorway.

"Tell Mr. Jarvis to step this way," his employer ordered.

Mr. Jarvis heard the message and came hurrying out. He was an undersized man, with somewhat prominent eyes concealed by gold-rimmed spectacles. He was possessed of extraordinary talents with regard to the details of the business. He was withal an expert and careful financier. Hence his hold upon the confidence of his employer.

The latter addressed him with a curious and altogether unusual hesitation in his manner.

"Mr. Jarvis," he began, "there is a matter—a little matter—upon which I—er—wish to consult you."

"Those American invoices ——"

"Nothing to do with business at all," Mr. Weatherley interrupted ruthlessly. "A little private matter."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Jarvis interjected.

"The fact is," Mr. Weatherley blundered on with considerable awkwardness, for he hated the whole affair, "my wife—Mrs. Weatherley, you know—is giving a party this evening—having some friends to dinner first, and then some other people coming to bridge. We are a man short for dinner. Mrs. Weatherley told me to get some one at the club—telephoned down here just an hour ago." Mr. Weatherley paused. Mr. Jarvis did his best to grasp the situation, but failed. All that he could do was to maintain his attitude of intelligent interest.

"I don't know any one at the club," his employer continued irritably. "I feel like a fish out of water there, and that's the truth, Mr. Jarvis. It's a good club. I got elected there—well, never mind how—but it's one thing to be a member of a club and quite another to get to know the men there. You understand that, Mr. Jarvis."

Mr. Jarvis, however, did not understand it. He could conceive of no spot in the city of London or its immediate neighborhood where Mr. Samuel Weatherley, head of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co., could find himself among his social superiors. He knew the capital of the firm and its status. He was ignorant of the other things that counted—as ignorant as his master had been until a year ago he had paid a business visit in search of certain edibles to an island in the Mediterranean Sea. He was to have returned in triumph to Tooley Street and launched upon the provision-buying world a new cheese of astounding flavor—instead of which he brought home a wife.

"Anything I can do, sir?" Mr. Jarvis began a little vaguely.

"My idea was," Mr. Weatherley proceeded, "that one of my own young men—there are twelve of them in there, ain't there?" he added, jerking his head in the direction of the office—"might do. What do you think?"

Mr. Jarvis nodded thoughtfully.

Time Dragged So Slowly in That Great Bare Room

"It would be a great honor, sir," he declared, "a very great honor indeed."

Mr. Weatherley did not contradict him. As a matter of fact, he was of the same opinion.

"The question is which," he continued.

Mr. Jarvis began to understand why he had been consulted. His fingers involuntarily straightened his tie.

"If I could be of any use personally, sir ——"

His employer shook his head.

"My wife would expect me to bring a single man, Jarvis," he said; "and, besides, I don't suppose you play bridge."

"Cards are not much in my line," Mr. Jarvis admitted, "not having, as a rule, the time to spare; but I can take a hand at loo if desired."

"My wife's friends all play bridge," Mr. Weatherley declared a little brusquely. "There's only one young man in the office, Jarvis, who from his appearance struck me as being likely."

"Mr. Stephen Tidey, of course, sir," the confidential clerk agreed. "Most suitable thing, sir, and I'm sure his father would accept it as a high compliment. Mr. Stephen Tidey, Senior, sir, as you may be aware, is next on the list for the shrievalty. Shall I call him out, sir?"

Mr. Weatherley looked through the glass and met the glance, instantly lowered, of the young man in question. Mr. Stephen Tidey, Junior, was short and stout, reflecting in his physique his aldermanic father. His complexion was poor, however, and his neck thick, and he wore a necktie of red silk drawn through a diamond ring. There was nothing in his appearance that grated particularly upon Mr. Weatherley's sense of seemliness; but he shook his head. He was beginning to recognize his wife's point of view even though it still seemed strange.

"I wasn't thinking of young Tidey at all," he declared bluntly; "I was thinking of that young fellow at the end of the desk there—chap with a queer name—Chetwode I think you call him."

Mr. Jarvis, human automaton though he was, permitted himself an exclamation of surprise.

"Young Chetwode! Surely you're not in earnest, sir!"

"Why not?" Mr. Weatherley demanded. "There's nothing against him, is there?"

"Nothing against him precisely," Mr. Jarvis confessed, "but he's at the lowest desk in the office, bar Smithers. His salary is only twenty-eight shillings a week, and we know nothing whatever about him except that his references were satisfactory. It isn't to be supposed that he would feel at home in your house, sir. But with Mr. Tidey, sir, it's quite different. They live in a very beautiful house at Sydenham now—quite a small palace in its way, I've been told."

Mr. Weatherley was getting a little impatient.

"Send Chetwode out for a moment anyway," he directed. "I'll speak to him here."

Mr. Jarvis obeyed in silence. He entered the office and touched the young man in question upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Weatherley wishes to speak to you outside, Chetwode," he announced. "Make haste, please."

Arnold Chetwode put down his pen and rose to his feet. There was nothing flurried about his manner, nothing whatever to indicate on his part any knowledge of the fact that this was the voice of Fate beating upon his ear. He did not even show the ordinary interest of a youthful employee summoned for the first time to an audience with his chief. Standing for a moment by the side of the senior clerk in the middle of the office, tall and straight, with deep brown hair, excellent features and the remnants of a healthy tan still visible on his forehead and neck, he looked curiously out of place in this

unwholesome, gaslit building with its atmosphere of cheese and bacon. He would have been noticeably good-looking upon the cricket field or among any gathering of people belonging to the other side of life. Here he seemed almost a curiously incongruous figure. He passed through the glass-paned door and stood respectfully before his employer. Mr. Weatherley—it was absurd, but he scarcely knew how to make his suggestion—fidgeted for a moment and coughed. The young man, who among many other quite unusual qualities was possessed of a considerable amount of tact, looked down upon his employer with a little well-assumed anxiety. As a matter of fact, he really was exceedingly anxious not to lose his place.

"I understood from Mr. Jarvis that you wished to speak to me, sir," he remarked. "I hope that my work has given satisfaction. I know that I am quite inexperienced, but I don't think that I have made any mistakes."

Mr. Weatherley was, to tell the truth, thankful for the opening.

"I have had no complaints, Chetwode," he admitted, struggling for that note of condescension that he felt to be in order—"no complaints at all. I was wondering if you—you happened to play bridge?"

Once more this extraordinary young man showed himself to be possessed of gifts quite unusual at his age. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did he show the least surprise or amusement.

"Bridge, sir," he repeated. "Yes, I have played at—I have played occasionally."

"My wife is giving a small dinner party this evening," Mr. Weatherley continued, moving his umbrella from one hand to the other and speaking very rapidly—"bridge afterward. We happen to be a man short. I was to have called at the club to try and pick up some one—find I shan't have time—meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel to attend. Would you—er—fill the vacant place? Save me the trouble of looking about." It was out at last and Mr. Weatherley felt unaccountably relieved. He felt at the same time a certain measure of annoyance with his junior clerk for his unaltered composure.

"I shall be very pleased, sir," he answered without hesitation. "About eight, I suppose?"

Again Mr. Weatherley's relief was tempered with a certain amount of annoyance. This young man's *savoir faire* was out of place. He should have imagined a sort of high-tea supper at seven o'clock, and been gently corrected by his courteous employer. As it was, Mr. Weatherley felt dimly confident that this junior clerk of his was decidedly more accustomed to eight o'clock dinners than he was himself.

"A quarter to tonight," he replied. "People coming for bridge afterward, you see. I live up Hampstead way—Pelham Lodge—quite close to the tube station."

Mr. Weatherley omitted the directions he had been about to give respecting toilet and turned away. His youthful employee's manners to the last were all that could be desired.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I shall take care to be punctual."

Mr. Weatherley grunted and walked out into the street. Here his behavior was a little singular. He walked up toward London Bridge, exchanging greetings with a good many acquaintances on the way. Opposite the London and Westminster Bank he paused for a moment and looked searchingly around. Satisfied that he was unobserved, he stepped quickly into a very handsome motor car that was drawn up close to the curb. With a sigh of relief he sat as far back among the cushions as possible and held the tube to his mouth.

"Get along home," he ordered tersely.

Arnold Chetwode, after his interview with his employer, returned unruffled to his place. Mr. Jarvis bustled in after him. He was annoyed, but he wished to conceal the fact. Besides he still had an arrow in his quiver. He came and stood over his subordinate.

"Congratulate you, I'm sure, Chetwode," he said smoothly. "First time any one except myself has been to the house since Mr. Weatherley's marriage."

Mr. Jarvis had taken the letters there one morning when his employer had been unwell, and had waited in the hall. He did not, however, mention that fact.

"Indeed?" Chetwode murmured with his eye upon his work.

"You understand, of course," Mr. Jarvis continued, "that it will be an evening dress affair. Mrs. Weatherley has the name of being very particular."

He glanced covertly at the young man, who was already immersed in his work.

There Was Something Which Until That Second Had Entirely Slipped His Memory

"Evening dress," Chetwode remarked with a becoming show of interest. "Well, I dare say I can manage something. If I wear a black coat and a white silk bow, and stick a red handkerchief in underneath my waistcoat, I dare say I shall be all right. Mr. Weatherley can't expect much from me in that way, can he?"

The senior clerk was secretly delighted. It was not for him to acquaint this young countryman with the necessities of London life. He turned away and took up a bundle of letters.

"Can't say, I'm sure, what the governor expects," the senior clerk replied falsely. "You'll have to do the best you can, I suppose. Better get on with those invoices now."

Once more the office resounded to the hum of its varied labors. Mr. Jarvis, dictating letters to a typist, smiled occasionally as he pictured the arrival of this overfavored young man in the drawing room of Mrs. Weatherley attired in the nondescript fashion that his words had suggested. One or two of the clerks ventured upon a chaffing remark. To all appearance the person most absorbed in his work was the young man who had been singled out for such special favor.

II

IN THE topmost chamber of the last of a row of gray-stone, somber houses in Adam Street a girl with a thin but beautiful face and expectant eyes sat close to the bare, uncurtained window from which it was possible to command a view of the street below. A book that she had apparently been reading had fallen neglected on to the floor. Steadfastly she watched the passersby. Her delicate, expressive features were more than once illuminated with joy, only to be clouded a moment later with disappointment. The color came and went in her cheeks, as though indeed she were more sensitive than her years. Occasionally she glanced around at the clock. Time dragged so slowly in that great bare room with its obvious touch of poverty!

At last a tall figure came striding along the pavement below. This time no mistake was possible. There was a fluttering handkerchief from above, an answering wave of the hand. The girl drew a sigh of inexpressible content. She moved away from the window and faced the door. With lifted head she waited for the sound of footsteps upon the stairs. They arrived at last. The door was thrown open. Arnold Chetwode came hastily across the room and gripped the two hands that were held out to him. Then he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Dear little Ruth!" he exclaimed. "I hope you were careful crossing the landing."

The girl leaned back in her chair. Her eyes were fixed anxiously upon his face. She completely ignored his question.

"The news at once!" she insisted. "Tell it me, Arnold."

He was a little taken aback.

"How did you know that I had any?" he asked.

She smiled delightedly.

"Know, indeed! I knew it directly I saw you. I knew it every time your foot touched the stairs. What is it, Arnold? The cheeses didn't smell so bad today? Or you've had a raise? Quick! I must hear all about it."

Chetwode was already on his knees, dragging out an old trunk from underneath the faded cupboard.

"I am going to dine with old Weatherley," he announced.

The girl smiled a little wistfully.

"How funny! But you will get a good dinner, won't you, Arnold? Eat ever so much, dear. Yesterday I fancied that you were getting thin. I do wish I could see what you have in the middle of the day."

"Little mother!" he laughed. "Today I gorged myself on poached eggs. What did Isaac give you?"

"Mutton stew and heaps of it," the girl replied quickly. "Tonight I shall have a bowl of milk as soon as you are gone. Have you everything you ought to have to wear, Arnie?"

"Everything," he declared, rising to his feet with a sigh of relief. "It's so long since I looked at my clothes that to tell you the truth I was a little anxious. They may be old-fashioned, but they came from a good man to start with."

"What made Mr. Weatherley ask you?" she demanded.

"Wanted one of his clerks to fill up and found that I played bridge," Arnold answered. "It's rather a bore, isn't it, but after all he is my employer."

"Of course, dear, you must go and behave your very nicest," she replied. "Tell me, when have you to start?"

"I ought to be dressing in a quarter of an hour," he said. "What shall we do till then?"

"Whatever you like," she murmured.

"I am coming to sit at the window with you," he said. "We'll look down at the river and you shall tell me stories about the ships."

She laughed and took his hand as he dragged a chair over to her side. He put his arm around her and her head fell naturally back upon his shoulder. Her eyes sought his. He was leaning forward, gazing down between the curving line of lampposts, across the belt of black river with its flecks of yellow light. But Ruth watched him only.

"Don't think that I am foolish, dear," she begged. "Tonight I cannot look upon the river at all. I feel that there is something new here—here in this room. Don't you feel it? Can't you feel that you are going to a tragedy? Life is going to be different, Arnold, to be different always."

He drew himself up. A flicker of passion flamed in his own deep gray eyes.

"Different, child? Of course it's going to be different. If there weren't something else in front do you think one could live? Do you think one could be content to struggle through this miserable quagmire if one didn't believe that there was something else on the other side of the hill? Some day I'll take you over to Berlin or Vienna or one of those wonderful places. We'll leave Isaac to grub along and sow red fire in Hyde Park. We'll find the doctors. We shall teach you to walk again without that stick. No more gloominess, please."

She pressed his hand tightly. "Dear Arnold," she whispered softly, "I can't look out of the room tonight! The fancies won't come. Promise me one thing."

"I promise," he agreed.

"Tell me everything—don't keep anything back."

"On my honor," he declared, smiling. "I will bring the menu of the dinner if there is one, and a photograph of Mrs. Cheesemonger if I can steal it. Now I am going to help you back into your room."

"Don't bother," she begged. "Open the door and I can get there quite easily."

He set the door open and, crossing the bare stone landing, opened the door of another room similar to his. They were somber apartments at the top of the deserted house that had once been a nobleman's residence. The doors were still heavy, though blistered with time and lack of varnish. There were the remains of paneling upon the walls and frescoes upon the ceiling.

"Come and see me before you go," she pleaded; "I am all alone. Isaac has gone to a meeting somewhere."

He promised and returned to his own apartment. With the help of a candle that he stuck upon the mantelpiece

and a cracked mirror he first of all shaved, then disappeared for a few minutes behind a piece of faded curtain and washed vigorously. Afterward he changed his clothes, putting on a dress-suit produced from the trunk. When he had finished he stepped back and laughed softly to himself.

His clothes were well cut. His studs, which had very many times been on the point of visiting the pawnbroker's, were correct and good. He was indeed an incongruous figure as he stood there and, with a candle carefully held away from him in his hand, looked at his own reflection. For some reason or other he was feeling elated. Ruth's words had lingered in his brain. One could never tell which way new experiences might come!

He found her waiting in the darkness. Her long arms were wound for a moment around his neck, a sudden passion shook her.

"Arnold—dear Arnold," she sobbed, "I want to go too! Take me with you, dear!"

He was a little startled. It was not often that she was hysterical. He looked down into her convulsed face. She choked for a moment and then, although it was not altogether a successful effort, she laughed.

"Don't mind me," she begged. "I am a little mad tonight. I think that the twilight here has got upon my nerves. Light the lamp, please, won't you, Arnold? Light the lamp and leave me alone for a moment while you do it."

He obeyed, fetching some matches from his own room and setting the lamp when it was lit on the table by her side. There were no tears left in her eyes now. Her lips were tremulous, but an unusual spot of color was burning in her cheeks. He saw that while he had been dressing she had tied a piece of deep blue ribbon, the color he liked best, around her hair.

"See, I am myself now. Good night and good luck to you, Arnold! Eat a good dinner, mind, and remember your promise."

"There is nothing more that I can do for you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "Besides, I can hear Uncle Isaac coming."

The door was suddenly opened. A thin, undersized man in worn black clothes and with a somber hat of soft black felt still upon his head came into the room. His dark hair was tinged with gray and he walked with a pronounced stoop. In his shabby clothes, fitting loosely upon his diminutive stature, he should have been an insignificant figure, but somehow or other he was nothing of the sort. His thin lips curved into a discontented droop. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes shone with the brightness of the fanatic. Arnold greeted him familiarly.

"Hullo, Isaac!" he exclaimed. "You are just in time to save Ruth from being left all alone."

The newcomer came to a standstill. He looked at the speaker from head to foot with an expression of growing disgust, and he spat upon the floor.

"What livery's that?" he demanded.

Arnold laughed good-naturedly.

"Come, Isaac," he protested, "I don't often inflict it upon you, do I? It's something that belongs to the world on the other side, you know. We all of us have to look over the fence now and then. I have to cross the borderland tonight for an hour or so."

Isaac threw open the door by which he had entered.

"Get out of here!" he ordered. "If you were one of us I'd call you a traitor for wearing the rags. As it is, I say that no one is welcomed under my roof who looks as you look now. Why, confound you, I believe you're a gentleman!"

Arnold laughed softly.

"My dear Isaac," he retorted, "I am as I was born and made. You can't blame me for that, can you? Besides ——"

He broke off suddenly. A little murmur from the girl behind reminded him of her presence. He passed on to the door.

"Good night, Isaac," he said; "look after Ruth. She's lonely tonight."

"I'll look after her," was the grim reply. "As for you, get you gone. There was one of your sort came to the meeting of Jameson's molders this afternoon. He had a question to ask and I answered him. He wanted to know wherein wealth was a sin and I told him."

Arnold Chetwode was young and his sense of humor triumphant. He turned on the threshold and looked into the shadowy room dimly lighted with its cheap lamp. He kissed his hands to Ruth.

"My dear Isaac," he declared lightly, "you are talking like an ass. I have two shillings and a penny ha'penny in my pocket, which has to last me till Saturday, and I earn my twenty-eight shillings a week in old Weatherley's counting house as honestly as you earn your wage by thundering from labor platforms and articles in the Clarion.

"My clothes are part of the livery of civilization. The journalist who reports a lord mayor's dinner has to wear them. Some day when you've got your seat in Parliament you'll wear them yourself. Good night!"

He paused before closing the door. Ruth's kiss came wafted to him from the shadows where her great eyes were burning like stars. Her uncle had turned his back upon him. The word he muttered sounded like a malediction, but Arnold Chetwode went down the stone steps blithely. It was an untrodden land, this, into which he was to pass.

III

FROM the first nothing about that evening was as Arnold had expected. He took the tube to Hampstead Station and, the night being dry, he walked to Pelham Lodge without detriment to his carefully polished patent-leather shoes. The neighborhood was entirely strange to him, and he was surprised to find that the house that was pointed out to him by a policeman was situated in grounds of not inconsiderable extent and was approached by a short drive. Directly he rang the bell he was admitted, not by a flamboyant parlor-maid but by a quiet, sad-faced butler in plain dark livery who might have been major-domo to a duke. The house was even larger than he had expected and was handsomely furnished in an extremely subdued style. It was dimly, almost insufficiently lighted and there was a faint but not unpleasant odor in the drawing room that reminded him of incense. The room itself almost took his breath away. It was entirely French. The hangings, carpet and upholstery were all of a subdued rose color and white. Arnold, who for a young man was exceedingly susceptible to impressions, looked around him with an air almost of wonder. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the room was empty.

"Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley will be downstairs in one moment, sir," the man announced. "Mr. Weatherley was a little late home from the city."

Arnold nodded and stood upon the hearthrug looking around him. He was quite content to spend a few moments alone to admire the drooping clusters of roses, the elegance with which every article of furniture and appointment of the room seemed to fit into its place. Somehow or other, too, nothing appeared new. Everything seemed subdued by time into its proper tone. He began to wonder what sort of a woman the presiding genius over such perfection could be. Then with a quaint transition of thought he remembered the little counting house in Tooley Street, the smell of cheeses and Mr. Weatherley's half nervous invitation. His lips twitched and he began to smile. These things seemed to belong to a world so far away.

Presently he heard footsteps outside, and voices. The door was opened, but the person outside did not immediately enter. Apparently she had turned round to listen to the man who was still some distance behind. Arnold recognized his employer's voice.

"I am sorry that you are displeased, my dear Fenella, but I assure you that I did the best I could. It is true that the young man is in my office, but I am convinced that you will find him presentable."

A peal of the softest and most musical laughter that Arnold had ever heard in his life effectually stopped Mr. Weatherley's protestations. Yet for all its softness and for all its music there was a different note underneath, something a little bitter, unutterably scornful.

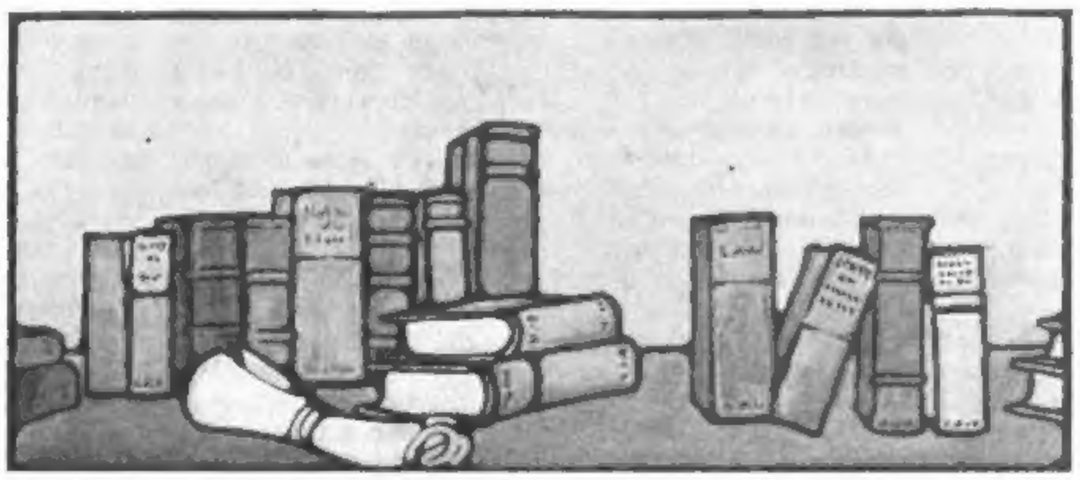
"My dear Samuel, it is true, without doubt, that you did your best. I do not blame you at all. It was I who was foolish to leave such a matter in your hands. It was not likely that among your acquaintances there was one whom I would have cared to welcome to my house. But that you should have gone

(Continued on Page 24)

"I Looked Through the Curtains. Then I Saw a Man's Hand Upon the Jill"

Modern Business and Medieval Law

By Albert J. Beveridge



THE people need relief, not sham battles. Business needs certainty, not confusion. But the people have no relief; business no certainty. Business—the commercial activities of all the people—goes on because of our inconceivably vast resources, the necessity of supplying ninety million of people, whose productive energy no folly of legislation can entirely neutralize.

But if we were Germany, with her sixty-five million people in a land smaller than Texas, having much poorer natural resources than Texas, we should, under our present policy, be in sorry case. Diminutive Germany, using her miserly resources with common sense, equals us in domestic prosperity, excels us in comparative foreign trade, shames us with both when we consider our infinite natural advantages over her.

True, Germany has her business troubles also; but, all things considered, they are insignificant—nothing at all—compared with ours. We have only ninety million of people; but if we had as many people to the square mile as Germany has we should have more than a billion people. Think what our condition would be in that case! Think what it would be if we had only five hundred million of people! Yet Germany, with more than ten times our population and less than one-tenth of our natural wealth—considering comparative areas—gets along better than we do.

What is the matter? Our unscientific tariff, for one thing. For another, the fact that politicians in and out of power "play the game" for little partisan advantages and to the people's hurt. But principally, the attempt to fasten onto this most modern and active of nations the economic methods of Europe in the time of King James. For that is precisely what our so-called antitrust law tries to do.

The Sherman Law has been on the Nation's statute books for almost a quarter of a century. Yet during that time the growth of trusts has been greater than in any other similar number of years in the world's history. Indeed, the years covered by this antitrust law will be known as the trust period in American annals.

How Judicial Minds Change

DURING this time five administrations have invoked this antitrust law—four of them Republican and one Democratic. Eight attorneys-general have dealt with the statute—two of them Democratic and six of them Republican. More than one hundred legal actions, civil and criminal, have been commenced and decided under this national ordinance against the trusts; almost one hundred laborious and frequently learned opinions have been delivered by many courts in applying it to various phases of the trust evil.

Yet after almost a quarter of a century of legal warfare under this law, not only do we see trusts more numerous and powerful than ever but we see lawyers, business men, laborers, the whole people more confused as to its meaning and effect than at any time since the hour it was enacted. What is far worse, the Nation stares in the face the fact that these trusts are still almost entirely free from national control or regulation of any kind. Except for such incidental regulation as our railway law affords, trusts do practically as they like. Their evils are entirely unchecked, except in detached instances.

At several stages of the long series of decisions under this antitrust law the people were told that a decisive victory had been won against organized capital; yet in every instance these so-called victories have turned to what has been little better than defeat. When the Supreme Court rendered its decisions in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and Addyston Pipe and Steel cases, showers of editorials, both legal and lay, declared that at last the trusts were checked and competition was restored. But aggregated wealth, resorting to newer and simpler devices, continued to grow stronger, as though stimulated instead of repressed by those decisions.

Again, when Morgan and Hill's Northern Securities Company was "dissolved," we were told that we had entered the promised land of liberty from trust abuses. Yet that decision ended in nothing practical; for harmony in the operation of the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway, which the Northern Securities Company was created to effect, went right on and exists today.

And finally we have the fresh decisions of the Supreme Court in the historic Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. Again we were authoritatively informed that at last these great combinations were to be dissolved; and that unrestricted competition, the end of the commercial rainbow which our modern ancients had so long been chasing, actually had been overtaken.

To reach these latter decisions the Supreme Court had to and did reverse itself, and practically inserted into the law the word "reasonable," which Congress had refused to do. But so necessary was it to clear up the whole matter, in order that the people might know where they are under this law, that nobody would have complained of the insertion if these decisions in reality had accomplished that desired purpose. Twenty years had accustomed the people to the twistings and turnings of courts and public men as to the meaning and effect of the antitrust statute; and the people, though surprised, were not shocked at this legal somersault. They were quite prepared for Mr. Taft's sudden about-face. In his special message in January, 1910, he said of the proposition to insert the word "reasonable" into the law:

"This is to put into the hands of the courts a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decisions essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the courts a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

Thus wrote President Taft in 1910. But when the Supreme Court, reversing itself, did the precise thing the President that year denounced as dangerous, even though done by Congress, he proclaimed in many speeches the wisdom and correctness of these trust decisions. He even went so far as to declare that the Sherman Law now needs no amendment, and that, standing untouched as it is, it must be enforced against all violators—which would be all right if this course had done any good during the last twenty-five years, and if a person had any way of telling whether he was a violator or not.

Thus we see how judges on the bench and presidents on the stump march uphill and down again in trying to make head or tail out of this law. If such men do not know where they are from year to year—almost from month to month—under this law, is it any wonder that the people and business in general are desperate with confusion, uncertainty, suspense? The people are sick of this eternal chasing the devil round the stump and never touching him—sick of getting nothing done, sick of being laughed at by the whole civilized world because of our childishness in dealing with this problem which other nations have handled successfully.

Here are the Oil and Tobacco Trusts "dissolved" chiefly in legal fiction but not in practical effect; here is competition "restored" largely in assertion but not in fruit-bearing fact. The independent tobacco manufacturers, in protesting against the plan for the reorganization of the Tobacco Trust—which now has been adopted—declared: "The plan would result in legalizing monopolies instead of restoring competition. Its effect would be more injurious than the continuance of the present illegal monopoly." Their attorney asserted, as to one important item, that if it left the United Cigar Stores Company intact "the Supreme Court's decisions might as well have been a sheet of blank paper."

Indeed, the practical result of the "dissolution" of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts more than justifies the master-key sentence of Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Standard Oil case: "The subsidiary companies are in effect informed [by the Supreme Court] that, although the New Jersey corporation [the Standard Oil Company] . . . must go out of existence, *they* may join in an agreement *to restrain commerce* among the states, if such restraint be not '*undue.*'" The italics are Justice Harlan's. And, indeed, can anybody deny that, so far as the people are concerned, both trusts will go on substantially as before?

Establishing an Autocracy

LET us then frankly and briefly look at the situation that faces us. After nearly twenty-five years of the long-drawn-out battle under this antitrust law, we find the end of these latest cases to be that, whereas before their "reorganization" these mighty corporations theoretically were under the ban of the antitrust law and in possible danger from the courts, under this latest interpretation of the law and the course pursued under it they now can proceed with the express written approval of our judicial tribunals.

This last is the most serious phase of the whole tragic comedy. It has been said by those favoring this policy that complete national control of these corporations, rather than their "dissolution" and the "restoration of competition," would be state socialism. But where does the Supreme Court's trust decisions and the policy followed under them leave us, from the point of view of state socialism? Just here: Business can go on or not go on only as and *in just the manner* that some Federal officer decides. That these officers are judges makes the matter worse; because, though presumedly learned in the legal precedents of bygone ages, they are not business men and have had no wide, practical experience in business.

Any interstate business is liable at any moment to have all parts of its machinery submitted to these inexpert Federal officers, who may order a cog taken out here and placed yonder; who may either rearrange the whole mechanism or permit it to remain as its designers built it or destroy it altogether. And no interstate business can know whether it is thus to be torn to pieces and "reorganized," because it cannot determine whether it is in reasonable or unreasonable restraint of competition until some Federal judge so declares.

This is far worse than anything the most extreme state socialist ever proposed, in that it is an equal government autocracy over business, but wholly unscientific, utterly without system. The government autocracy proposed by state socialism has at least the merit of being logical and clear. But the government autocracy over commerce that is now being established in this country is as irresponsible and haphazard as the irades of an Abdul Hamid.

Not only is this shown in the reorganization of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, but by the fact that some business enterprises not in court have been asked publicly by the Nation's highest officials to make such new detailed business plans as the Attorney-General may approve, or suffer a suit to dissolve them and force such a reorganization as some Federal judges may approve. No socialist ever dreamed of a scheme so eccentric, czarlike and bizarre. It is a practical return to the capricious granting of privileges of Queen Elizabeth, which led to the passage of the very statute of which the Sherman Law is the reënactment. If such whimsical power as is now being exercised should become our settled policy, every business, little and big, would be liable to destruction; and a venal or ambitious president, by secret threats of its exercise, could force into his campaign coffers a corruption fund that would make the history of debauchery look noble in comparison.

This, then, is the net result of nearly twenty-five years of the Sherman Antitrust Law. Does it not appear to you that this test of experience justifies the harsh words spoken by some of the ablest men in public life when it was first presented in the Senate?

Does it not, for example, confirm the burning denunciation by Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, who I think is admitted by all to have been one of the ablest minds, if not the ablest, in American legislative life since the Civil War? In speaking of this bill as reported by Senator Sherman, Senator Platt said: "There is in this bill nothing at all which will meet the evils complained of. The people who are suffering from the abuses of unlawful associated corporations are asking relief; and when they ask for bread, the Senator from Ohio proposes to give them a stone; when they ask for a fish, he proposes to give them a serpent."

Or this from Senator George, of Mississippi: "The people call to us for redress. . . . Are Senators willing to give these crying and supplicating millions a mere sham?"

Though all the Senators but one voted for the bill as it finally was reported and became law, yet it is well known that most of them did so with grave misgiving. They did it because of the fierce demand of the whole nation for *some* relief; and because at that time nothing better had been thought of than the ancient method of ruthless knock-down-and-drag-out commercial riot called unlimited competition.

At that time not one present-day work on modern economics had been written, no constructive thought, from the viewpoint of those modern industrial forces that have revolutionized trade, had been devoted to the subject by our lawmakers. So nothing was conceived of to end the evils of the purely modern development of industry better than the statute to insure competition enacted by the British Parliament in the reign of James I, about three hundred years before. It is a fact known to few that our antitrust law is the substantial reënactment of this mediæval law of the seventeenth century, before the steamship, railway, telegraph and telephone were even dreamed of.

Americans Bound by James' Laws

INDEED Senator Sherman himself, in opening the debate on the bill, declared that it "does not announce new principles of law, but applies old and well-recognized principles of the common law to our state and Federal Government. Similar contracts . . . now by common law are null and void. . . . The purpose of this bill is to enable the courts of the United States to apply the same remedies against combinations which injuriously affect the interests of the United States."

So we see that the Sherman Law was admitted by its original author to be an application to the conditions of today of legislation enacted to meet the conditions of centuries before in England, a country at that time primitive and comparatively insignificant. Yet today the railroad and the telegraph bind together our ninety millions more closely than the few inhabitants of any English county were bound in King James' time. The steamship and cable have bound the whole commercial world far more closely together than England and Scotland were bound in the time of Lord Bacon. It was to these new conditions, created by the miracle wrought by steam and electricity, that the ancient idea of primitive, haphazard, unregulated competition as the only cure for the evils of trusts was applied.

The truth is that most of our public men have been so absorbed in playing politics that they have had no time or inclination for thorough study of this grave economic question. They have accepted the thinking of men who have been dead for ages upon conditions as unlike those of today as a two-wheeled oxcart is unlike an aeroplane. Their mental attitude is precisely that of a certain fanatical Dukhobor, who rejected the American self-binding harvester as the invention of Satan and stubbornly stuck to the hand-sickle used by his Slavic ancestors on the steppes of Russia a thousand years ago. So we still have this medieval law applied to modern conditions and, under it, sometimes a policy of puzzled inaction, sometimes a policy of terrific prosecution, at all times a fruitless agitation that does not get anywhere.

And what has it all come to? Absolutely no benefit to the people, the utter confusion of business, that uncertainty which is the paralysis of commerce and, finally, a deep and dangerous distrust by the average citizen of all public officials and especially of the courts. But that is not the worst. The existence of this law has prevented the enactment of any statute sternly and rigidly regulating these corporations, forbidding and punishing their oppression of the people, making them the servants instead of masters of our millions. But for the Sherman Law these trusts could and would have been made the Nation's industrial slaves; by reason of the Sherman Law they now are to the Nation what the monster was to Frankenstein.

The people were told that the Sherman Law was an all-sufficient remedy for their wrongs. Here and there a voice protested; but it was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The general chorus, with a succession of political choruses chanting "Put somebody in jail," was to the effect that the Sherman Law could end all trusts and their nefarious doings if only it was enforced. Of course if that was true, national regulation and control of these corporations were not necessary or desirable.

Suppose we had provided merely that our railway systems should be dissolved and had refused to enact the rate and other railway regulations now on the statute books—refused to create the Interstate Commerce Commission or to give it any power. Yet this is the exact course we have pursued in regard to the trusts.

Either the policy of dissolving the trusts and restoring competition under the Sherman Law is or is not genuine—that is, it will or will not be successful. If successful—if these corporations in truth and fact are dissolved and competition in truth and fact is restored—then we shall have a period of profound business disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land while this long readjustment is going on—a disturbance injuring all business. For the Nation's commercial activities are inextricably interwoven. The little business concerns of the country especially will, and already do, feel most seriously the effect of this policy, since they have but a narrow margin of capital to go on. The big concerns, even if "dissolved," can weather the storm.

Therefore, if this ancient and reactionary law is kept at work, and unlimited, artificial, lawmade competition actually is restored for a time, the mighty economic forces which at bottom created these great modern organizations of industry will in the end create them again. For the aggregation of capital engaged in industry is caused primarily by natural forces called into action by modern conditions. That phenomenon is not peculiar to this republic. In other countries, notably England and Germany, trusts exist, and in the latter country they are encouraged to do business, but are rigidly regulated and sternly controlled by the government.

So when these years of business depression are over we shall again be under the sovereignty of these same trusts with all their evils unabated—but minus any national control or regulation of them. Our work will have to be done all over again; and done over with public opinion weary, disheartened, discouraged, disgusted.

If, on the other hand, the trusts are not really dissolved and competition not really restored, then the whole thing is a sham. The people have been fooled and betrayed; business has been upset for nothing, and we have the old order existing in its full power—but again minus any national regulation and control; again minus anything that will relieve the people from the injuries these colossi of capital have inflicted upon them, or that will heal business of that creeping paralysis which this policy is causing throughout the body of American trade.

In short, whether the policy is successful or not successful, the people are still without relief, business without a chart to steer by. Yet genuine relief and a plain chart to steer by are what the people and business must have. To paraphrase the great utterances of Senator Platt, of Connecticut—"The people want bread and not a stone; a fish and not a serpent."

Whether the policy of dissolving the trusts and restoring competition by the Sherman Law is or is not successful, will it remedy any wrong the people suffer from trust abuses?

Will it prevent the watering of a single issue of stock? Nobody pretends that it will.

Will that policy reduce the cost of living? Unless history is false, that policy will increase it.

Will it prevent those malign activities in politics and legislation which the agents of trusts have practiced? On the contrary, that policy will strengthen the empire of that invisible government by giving it greater inducements to protect itself.

The Only Practical Remedy

SHOULD we, then, longer temporize? Should we longer follow this policy of disappointment? Should we not think this problem out for ourselves in the light of existing facts, instead of letting dead men do our thinking for us in the light of bygone ages?

What is a trust? What forces created it? What good does it do? What wrongs does it practice? Why has the Sherman Law always failed and why must it always continue to fail to remedy those wrongs or solve the problem?

In examining these questions, I am aware that I am repeating the substance of what I have contended for during the whole twelve years of my public life. In my Nebraska speech on the trust question, in 1900, I showed that the trusts are a natural evolution of modern industrial conditions, and said:

> There is only one possible way of regulating trusts. That is by the Congress of the Republic controlling corporations.

Again in 1902, as chairman of the Indiana Republican State Convention, in my speech opening the Republican state campaign, devoted largely to the trust question, I took the same position and said:

> That law—the Sherman Law—will reach them—trust evils—if it is sufficiently broad, wise and modern. If it does reach them, but in reaching them lays the ax to the root of our industrial development itself, the effect of that will be clear to the whole people; and that ancient law will be repealed or modified.

Five years ago in my debate with Mr. Bryan on the trust question I gave all the facts that could be collected down to that time, showing how and why trusts have developed, pointing out their benefits, and describing their evils and the absolute necessity for their national control and regulation. In that debate I suggested a national incorporation law and simpler remedies. So, though in this article I only restate the position I have taken for years, I am doing it because the question has finally come to a focus and is a burning issue of the day, and the hour of action at last has struck.

In its purely economic aspects every form of what is known as a trust is merely the greater saving of human energy, the more perfect using of resources, the simpler and more effective organization of effort. The saving of energy, the using of resources, the organizing of effort

(Concluded on Page 32)

The Moving Picture Writes

AND THE BELLA HIRSHKIND HOME NEARLY MAKES A HAUL

"I Seen the Other Evening a Filium by the Name The Return of Enoch Aarons"

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WHEN Max Schindelberger opened the door leading into the office of Lesengeld & Belz his manner was that of the local millionaire's wife bearing delicacies to a bedridden laundress, for Max felt that he was slumming.

"Is Mr. Lesengeld disengaged?" he asked in the orotund voice of one accustomed to being addressed as Brother President three nights out of every week, and he cast so benevolent a smile on the stenographer that she bridled immediately.

"Mis-ter Lesengeld," she called, and in response B. Lesengeld projected his torso from an adjacent doorway.

"Miss Schimpf," he said pleadingly, "do me the favor and don't make such a *Geschrei* every time somebody comes in the office. Goes through me like a knife yet."

Max Schindelberger's smile took on the quality of indulgency as he advanced slowly toward B. Lesengeld.

"How do you do, Mr. Lesengeld?" he said, proffering his hand; and after glancing suspiciously at the extended palm Lesengeld took it in a limp clasp.

"I already suscribed to that—now—asylum, ain't it?" Lesengeld began, for his experienced eye had at once noted the fraternal society charm, the I. O. M. A. lapel button, and the white tie that proclaimed Max to be a philanthropist.

Max laughed as heartily as he could.

"Ain't it funny," he said, "how just so soon as anybody sees me they think I am going to do something charitable? As a matter of fact, Mr. Lesengeld, I am coming here to see you on a business matter which really it ain't my business at all."

Lesengeld grudgingly held open the door, and Max squeezed past him.

"You got a comfortable place here, Mr. Lesengeld," he began, "plain and old-fashioned, but comfortable."

Lesengeld removed some dusty papers from a chair.

"It suits me," he said. "Take a seat, Mr. ——"

"Schindelberger," Max said as he sat down.

"Used to was Schindelberger, Steinfeld & Company in the underwear business?"

Max nodded and his smile began to fade.

"My partner Belz got a couple of the composition notes in the middle compartment in our safe for six years already," Lesengeld continued. "He keeps 'em for sowveneers, on account the feller he took 'em off of—a relation from his wife's—was no good neither, which you was telling me you wanted to see me about a business matter."

Max Schindelberger cleared his throat.

"Anybody could have reverses in business," he said.

"Sure, I know," Lesengeld commented. "Only there is two kinds of reverses, Mr. Schindelberger, reverses from up to down and reverses from down to up, like when a feller couldn't pay his composition notes, Mr. Schindelberger, and two years later is buying elevator apartments yet in his wife's name, Mr. Schindelberger." He tapped the desk impatiently. "Which you was saying," he added, "that you wanted to see me about a business matter."

Max coughed away a slight huskiness. When he had started from his luxuriously appointed office on lower Nassau Street to visit Mr. Lesengeld on East Broadway he had felt a trifle sorry for Lesengeld, so soon to feel the embarrassment and awkwardness incidental to meeting for the first time, and all combined under one frockcoat, the District Grand Master of the I. O. M. A., the President of the Bella Hirshkind Home for Indigent Females, and director and trustee of three orphan asylums and of an eye, ear and throat infirmary. With the first reference to the defunct underwear business, however, Max began to lose the sense of confidence that the dignity of his various offices lent him; and by the time Lesengeld had mentioned the elevator apartment houses he had assumed to Max all the majesty of, say, for example, the Federal Grand Master of the I. O. M. A., with Jacob H. Schiff and Andrew Carnegie thrown in for good measure.

"The fact is," Max stammered, "I called to see you about the three-thousand-dollar mortgage you are holding on Rudnik's house—the second mortgage."

Lesengeld nodded.

"First mortgages I ain't got any," he said, "and if you are coming to insinivate that I am a second-mortgage shark, Mr. Schindelberger, go ahead and do so. I am dealing in second mortgages now twenty years already, and I hear myself called a shark so often, Mr. Schindelberger, that it sounds like it would be a compliment already. I come pretty near getting it printed on my letterheads."

"I didn't said you was a second-mortgage shark, Mr. Lesengeld; a man could be a whole lot worse as a second-mortgage shark, understand me, and do a charity once in awhile anyhow. You know what it stands in *Gemara* yet?"

Schindelberger settled himself in his chair preparatory to intoning a Talmudical quotation, but Lesengeld forestalled him.

"Sure, I know," he said, "it stands in *Gemara* a whole lot about charity, Mr. Schindelberger, but it don't say no more about second mortgages as it does about composition notes, for instance. So if you are coming to me to ask me I should give Rudnik an extension on his Clinton Street house, you could learn *Gemara* to me till I would become so big a *Melammed* as you are, understand me, and it wouldn't make no difference. I never extend no mortgages for nobody."

"But, Mr. Lesengeld, you got to remember this is an exception, otherwise I wouldn't bother myself I should come up here at all. I am interesting myself in this here matter on account Rudnik is an old man, understand me, and all he's got in the world is the Clinton Street house; and furthermore he will make a will leaving it to the Bella Hirshkind Home for Indignant Females, which if you want to go ahead and rob a lot of poor old widders of a few thousand dollars, go ahead, Mr. Lesengeld."

He started to rise from his chair, but he thought better of it as Lesengeld began to speak.

"Don't make me no bluffs, Schindelberger," Lesengeld cried, "because, in the first place, if Rudnik wills his house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, what is that my business? And, in the second place, Belz's wife's mother's a cousin got a sister which for years Belz makes a standing offer of five hundred dollars some one should marry her, and finally he gets her into the Home as single as the day she was born already."

"One or two ain't widders," Schindelberger admitted, "but they're all old, and when you say what is it your business that Rudnik leaves his house to charity, sure it ain't. *Aber* it's your business if you try to take the house away from charity. Even if you would be dealing in second mortgages, Mr. Lesengeld, that ain't no reason why you shouldn't got a heart once in a while."

"What d'ye mean I ain't got a heart?" Lesengeld demanded. "I got just so much a heart as you got it, Mr. Schindelberger. Why, last night I went on a moving pictures, understand me, where a little girl gets her father he should give her mother another show, *verstehst du*, and I assure you I cried like a baby, such a soft heart I got it." He had risen from his chair and was pacing excitedly up and down the little room. "The dirty dawg wants to put her out of the house already on account she is kissing her brother which he is just come home from twenty years on the Pacific Coast," he continued; "and people calls me a shark yet, Mr. Schindelberger, which my wife and me is married twenty-five years next *Succos Halamode* and never so much as an unkind breath between us."

"That's all right, Mr. Lesengeld," Schindelberger said. "I don't doubt your word for a minute, but when it comes to foreclosing a mortgage on a house which it, so to speak, belongs to a home for poor widders and a couple of old maids, understand me, then that's something else again."

"Who says I'm going to foreclose the mortgage?" Lesengeld demanded.

"You didn't said you was going to foreclose it," Schindelberger replied, "but you says you ain't never extended no mortgages for nobody."

"Which I never did," Lesengeld agreed; "but that ain't saying I ain't never going to. Seemingly also you seem to forget I got a partner, Mr. Schindelberger, which people calls him just so much a shark as me, Mr. Schindelberger."

"*Aber* you are just telling me your partner is putting into the Bella Hirshkind Home a relation from his wife's already, and if he wouldn't be willing to extend the

"I Assure You I Cried Like a Baby, Such a Soft Heart I Got It"

mortgage, Mr. Lesengeld, who would? Because I needn't got to tell you, Mr. Lesengeld, the way business is so rotten nowadays people don't give up so easy no more; and if it wouldn't be that the Bella Hirshkind Home gets from somebody a whole lot of assistance soon it would bust up sure, and Belz would quick find himself stuck with his wife's relation again, and don't you forget it."

"But ——" Lesengeld began.

"But nothing, Mr. Lesengeld!" Schindelberger cried. "Here's where the Bella Hirshkind Home is got a show to make a big haul, so to speak, because this here Rudnik has got something the matter with his liver which it is only a question of time, understand me, on account the feller is an old bachelor without anybody to look after him, and he eats all the time in twenty-five-cent regular dinners. I give him at the outside six months."

"But are you sure the feller makes a will leaving his house to the Bella Hirshkind Home?" Lesengeld asked.

"What d'ye mean am I sure?" Schindelberger exclaimed. "Of course I ain't sure. That's why I am coming up here this morning. If you would extend first the mortgage on that house, Mr. Lesengeld, Rudnik makes the will, otherwise not; because it would cost anyhow fifteen dollars for a lawyer he should draw up the will, ain't it, and what's the use we should spend the money if you take away from him the house?"

"But if I would extend first the mortgage, Schindelberger, might the feller wouldn't make the will maybe."

Schindelberger clucked his tongue impatiently.

"Just because I am so charitable I don't got to be a fool exactly," he said. "If you would extend the mortgage, Mr. Lesengeld, I would bring Rudnik up here with a lawyer, and before the extension agreement is signed Rudnik would sign his will and put it in your safe to keep."

Lesengeld hesitated for a minute.

"I'll tell you, Schindelberger," he said at length; "give me a little time I should think this matter over. My partner is up in the Bronix and wouldn't be back till tomorrow."

"But all I want is your word, Mr. Lesengeld," Schindelberger protested, "because might if I would go back and tell Rudnik you wouldn't extend the mortgage he would go right away to the river and jump in maybe."

"Yow, he would jump in!" Lesengeld cried. "Only the other day I seen on a moving pictures a fillum which they called it Life is Sweet, where an old man eighty years old jumps into the river on account his grandson died in an elegant furnished apartment already; and when a young feller rescues him he gives him for ten thousand dollars a check, which I wouldn't believe it at all if I didn't seen the check with my own eyes yet. I was terrible broke up about the grandson, Mr. Schindelberger, *aber* when I seen the check I didn't got no more sympathy for the old man at all. Fifty dollars would of been plenty, especially when the young feller turns out to be the son of the old man's boy which he ain't heard from in years."

"Sure, I know," Schindelberger agreed, "*aber* such things only happen in moving pictures, Mr. Lesengeld, and if Rudnik would jump in the river, understand me, the least that happens him is he would get drownded and the Bella Hirshkind Home would go *Mechulla* sure."

"Well, I'll tell you," Lesengeld said; "you could say to Rudnik that I says I would extend the mortgage supposing my partner is agreeable, on consideration he would leave the house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, and Rudnik is to pay three hundred and fifty dollars to my lawyer for drawing the extension agreement."

"*Aber*, Mr. Lesengeld ——" Schindelberger began. He was about to protest against the size of the bonus demanded under the guise of counsel fee when he was interrupted by a resounding, "*Koosh!*" from Lesengeld.

"That is my last word and the very best I could do," Lesengeld concluded, "except I would get my lawyer to fix up the will and *schenk* it to you free for nothing."

II

"I DON'T know what comes over you lately, Belz," Lesengeld complained the following morning. "Every day you come down looking like a bear *mit* a spoiled tail."

"I got a right to look that way," Belz replied. "If you would got such a wife's relation like I got it, Lesengeld, there'd be no sitting in the same office with you at all. When it isn't one thing it's another. Yesterday my wife's mother's a sister's cousin gets a day off and comes round and gets dinner with us. I think I told you about her before—Miss Blooma Duckman. Nothing suits that woman at all. The way she acts you would think she lives in the bridal soot at the Waldorfer, and she gets my wife so mad, understand me, that she throws away a whole dish of *Tzimmus* in the garbage can already—which I got to admit that the woman is right, Lesengeld—my wife don't make the finest *Tzimmus* in the world."

"Suppose she don't," Lesengeld commented. "Ain't it better she should spoil some *Tzimmus* which all it's got into it is carrots, potatoes and a little chuck? If it would be that she makes a failure *mit Gänse oder* chickens which it really costs money, understand me, then you got a right to kick."

"That's what I says," Belz replied, "*aber* that Miss Duckman takes everything so particular. She kicks about it all the way up in the subway, which the next time I get one of my wife's relations in a Home, either it would be so far away she couldn't come to see us at all or it would be so near by that I don't got to lose a night's rest seeing her home. I didn't get to bed till pretty near two o'clock."

He stifled a yawn as he sat down at his desk.

"All the same, Lesengeld," he added, "they certainly got a nice place up there for them old women. There's lots of respectable business men pays ten dollars a week for their wives in the Catskills already which they don't got it so comfortable. Ain't it a shame, Lesengeld, that with a charity like that which is really a charity, people don't support it better as they do?"

"I bet yer!" Lesengeld cried. "The way some people acts not only they ain't got no hearts, y'understand, but they ain't got no sense neither. I seen a case yesterday where an old *Rosher* actually refuses to pay a month's rent for his son's widder *mit* a little boy, to save 'em being put out on the sidewalk. Afterward he goes broke, understand me, and when the boy grows up he's got the nerve to make a touch from him a couple of dollars and the boy goes to work and gives it to him. If I would be the boy the old man could starve to death; I wouldn't give him not one cent. They call us sharks, Belz, but compared with such a *Haman* we ain't even sardines."

"Sure, I know," Belz said as he consulted the firm's diary; "and if you wouldn't waste your time going on so many moving pictures, Lesengeld, might you would attend to business maybe. Yesterday was ten days that feller Rudnik's mortgage is past due, and what did you done about it? Nothing, I suppose."

"Suppose again, Belz," Lesengeld retorted. "A feller was in here to see me about it and I agreed we would give Rudnik an extension."

"What!" Belz cried. "You agreed you would give him an extension! Are you crazy *oder* what? The way money is so tight nowadays and real estate gone to helland-all, we as good as could get a deed of that house from that feller."

"Sure we could," Lesengeld replied calmly, "but we ain't going to. Once in a while, Belz, even in the second-mortgage business circumstances alters cases, and this here is one of them cases; so before you are calling me all kinds of suckers, understand me, you should be so good and listen to what I got to tell you."

Belz shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Go as far as you like," he said, "*aber* if it's something which you seen it on a moving pictures, Lesengeld, I don't want to hear it at all."

"It didn't happen on a moving pictures, Belz, but just the same if even you would seen it on a moving pictures you would say to yourself that with a couple of fellers like you and me, which a few hundred dollars one way or the other wouldn't make or break us, understand me, we would be all kinds of crooks and highwaymen if we would went to work and turn a lot of old widders out into the street."

"Lesengeld," Belz shouted impatiently, "do me the favor and don't make no speeches. What has turning a lot of old widders into the street got to do with Rudnik's mortgage?"

"It's got a whole lot to do with it," Lesengeld replied, "because Rudnik's house he is leaving to a Home for old women, and if we take away the house from him then the Home wouldn't get his house, and the Home is in such shape, Belz, that if they wouldn't make a big killing in the way of a legacy soon they would bust up sure."

"And that's all the reason why we should extend the mortgage on Rudnik?" Belz demanded.

"That's all the reason," Lesengeld answered; "with three hundred and fifty dollars a bonus."

"Then all I could say is," Belz declared, "we wouldn't do nothing of the kind. What is three hundred and fifty dollars a bonus in these times, Lesengeld?"

"But the Home," Lesengeld protested.

"The Home should bust up," Belz cried. "What do I care about the Home?"

"*Aber* the widders?" Lesengeld insisted. "If the Home busts up the widders is thrown into the street. Ain't it?"

"What is that my fault, Lesengeld? Did I make 'em widders?"

"Sure, I know, Belz; *aber* one or two of 'em ain't widders. One or two of 'em is old maids and they would got to go and live back with their relations. Especially," he concluded with a twinkle in his eye—"especially one of 'em by the name Blooma Duckman."

"Do you mean to told me," Belz faltered, "that them now—widders is in the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

"For Indignant Females," Lesengeld added, "which Max Schindelberger is president from it also."

Belz nodded and remained silent for at least five minutes.

"I'll tell you, Lesengeld," he said at last, "after all it's a hard thing a woman should be left a widder."

"You bet your life it's a hard thing, Belz!" Lesengeld agreed fervently. "Last week I seen it a woman she is kissing her husband goodby, and the baby also kisses him goodby—decent, respectable, hard-working people, understand me—and not two minutes later he gets run down by a trollyer car. The next week they take away from her the furniture, understand me, and she puts the baby into a day nursery, and what happens after that I didn't wait to see at all. Costs me ten cents yet in a drug-store for some mathematic spirits of ammonia for Mrs. Lesengeld—she carries on so terrible about it."

Belz sighed tremulously.

"All right, Lesengeld," he said; "write Rudnik we would extend the mortgage and he should call here tomorrow."

III

"IF I GOT to lose the house I got to lose it," Harris Rudnik declared as he sat in B. Lesengeld's revolving chair on the following morning. "I ain't got long to live anyhow."

He tucked his hands into his coat pocket and glared balefully at Schindelberger, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Nu, Belz, Ain't You Going to Congradulate Me?"

"That's the way he is talking right along," he said. "Did you ever hear the like? Mind you, it ain't that he's got anybody he should leave the house to, Mr. Belz, but he ain't got no use for women."

"What d'ye mean I ain't got no use for women?" Rudnik cried. "I got just so much use for women as you got it, *aber* not for a lot of women which all their lives men makes suckers of themselves working their heads off they should keep 'em in luxury, understand me, and then when the men dies, y'understand, right away the widders is put in homes and other men which ain't related to 'em at all must got to leave 'em their hard-earned *Geld*, Mr. Belz, so they could sit with their hands folded doing nothing."

"What are you talking nonsense doing nothing!" Schindelberger retorted. "Them old women works like anything up there. I told you before a dozen times, Rudnik, them women is making underwear and jelly and stockings and *Gott weiss was noch*."

Rudnik turned appealingly to Belz.

"Mr. Belz," he said, "do me the favor and let me leave my money to a *Talmud Torah oder* a Free Loan Association."

"Free Loan Association!" Lesengeld and Belz exclaimed with one voice.

"An idee!" Belz shouted. "What d'ye take us for, Rudnik? You are going too far."

"Cutthroats!" Lesengeld muttered hoarsely. "Stealing bread out of people's mouths yet. A lot of people goes to them *Roshoyim* and fools 'em into lending 'em money they should play *Stuss* and *Tarrok*, while their families is starving yet. If you want to leave your house to a Free Loan Association, Rudnik, you might just so well blow it up *mit* dynamite and be done with it."

"*Aber* a *Talmud Torah* School," Rudnik cried; "that's something which you couldn't got no objection to."

"Don't talk like a fool, Rudnik!" Schindelberger interrupted. "When you got a chance to leave your money to a Home for widders, what are you fooling away your time making suggestions like *Talmud Torah* Schools for? A young feller would get along in business if he never seen even the outside of a *Talmud Torah*, *aber* if the widders lose their Home, understand me, they would starve to death."

"Yow, they would starve to death!" Rudnik said. "You could trust a widder she wouldn't starve, Mr. Schindelberger. Them which didn't got no relations they could easy find suckers to give 'em money, and them which did got relations, their families should look after 'em."

Belz grew crimson with pent-up indignation.

"Loafer!" he roared. "What d'ye mean their families should look after 'em?"

Belz walked furiously up and down the office and glowered at the trembling and confused Rudnik.

"Seemingly you ain't got no feelings at all, Rudnik," he continued. "Schindelberger tells you over and over again they are working them poor widders to death up there, and yet you want to take away the roofs from their backs even."

"No, I didn't, Mr. Belz," Rudnik said. "I didn't say nothing about a roof at all. Why, I ain't even seen the Home, Mr. Belz. Could you expect me I should leave my money to a Home without I should see it even?"

"My worries if you seen it *oder* not!" Belz retorted. "The thing is, Rudnik, before we would extend for you the mortgage you must got to make, not a will but a deed, which you deed the house to the Bella Hirshkind Home, keeping for yourself all the income from the house for your life, because otherwise if a man makes a will he could always make another will, *aber* once you give a deed it is fixed *und fertig*."

This ultimatum was the result of a conference between Belz and his counsel the previous evening, and he had timed its announcement to the moment when he deemed his victim to be sufficiently intimidated. Nevertheless, the shock of its disclosure spurred the drooping Rudnik to a fresh outburst.

"What!" he shouted. "I should drive myself out of my house for a lot of widders!"

"*Kooah!*" Schindelberger bellowed. "They ain't all widders. Two of 'em is old maids, Rudnik, and even if they would be all widders you must got to do as Mr. Belz says, otherwise you would drive yourself out of your house anyway. Because in these times not only you couldn't raise no new second mortgage on the house, but if Lesengeld and Belz foreclosed on you the house would hardly bring in auction the amount of the first mortgage even."

Rudnik sat back in his chair and plucked at his scant gray beard. He recognized the force of Schindelberger's argument and deemed it the part of discretion to temporize with his mortgagees.

"Why didn't you told me there is a couple old maids up there?" he said to Schindelberger. "Old maids is horses of another color; so come on, Mr. Schindelberger, do me the favor and go up with me so I could anyhow see the Home first."

He slid out of his chair and smiled at Schindelberger, who stared frigidly in return.

"You got a big idee of yourself, Rudnik, I must say," he commented. "What do you think I ain't got nothing better to do as escort you up to the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

"Rudnik is right, Schindelberger," Lesengeld said; "you should ought to show him the Home before he leaves his house to it."

"I would show him nothing!" Schindelberger cried. "Here is my card to give to the superintendent, and all he is got to do is to go up on the subway from the bridge. Get off at Bronix Park and take a Mount Vernon car to Ammerman Avenue. Then you walk six blocks east and follow the New Haven tracks toward the trestle. The Home is the first house you come to. You couldn't miss it."

Rudnik took the card and started for the door, while Belz nodded sadly at his partner.

"And you are kicking I am cranky yesterday morning," he said. "In the daytime is all right going up there, but in the night, Lesengeld, a bloodhound could get twisted. Every time I go up there I think wonder I get back home at all."

"I bet yer," Lesengeld said. "The other evening I seen a fillum by the name Lawst in the Jungle, and ——"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," Schindelberger interrupted, "I got a little business to attend to by my office, and if it's all the same to you I would come here with Rudnik tomorrow morning ten o'clock."

"By the name Lawst in the Jungle," Lesengeld repeated with an admonitory glare at Schindelberger, "which a young feller gets ate up with a tiger already; and I says to Mrs. Lesengeld: 'Mommer,' I says, 'people could say all they want to how fine it is to live in the country,' I says, 'give me New York City every time,' I says to my wife."

"I Guess You are Trying to Make Me a Compliment"

IV

HARRIS RUDNIK had been encouraged to misogyny by cross eyes and a pockmarked complexion. Nevertheless, he was neither so confirmed in his hatred of the sex nor so discouraged by his physical deformities as to neglect shaving himself and changing into a clean collar and his Sabbath blacks before he began his journey to the Bella Hirshkind Home. Thus when he alighted from the Mount Vernon car at Ammerman Avenue he presented, at least from the rear, so spruce an appearance as to attract the notice of no less a person than Miss Blooma Duckman herself.

Miss Duckman was returning from an errand on which she had been dispatched by the superintendent of the Home, for of all the inmates she was not only the youngest but the spryest, and although she was at least half a block behind Harris when she first caught sight of him she had no difficulty in overtaking him before he reached the railroad track.

"Excuse me," she said as he hesitated at the side of the track, "are you maybe looking for the Bella Hirshkind Home?"

Harris started and blushed, but at length his misogyny asserted itself and he turned a beetling frown on Miss Duckman.

"What d'ye mean am I looking for the Bella Hirshkind Home?" he said. "Do you suppose I come up here all the way from Brooklyn Bridge to watch the trains go by?"

"I thought maybe you didn't know the way," Miss Duckman suggested. "You go along that there path and it's the first house you are coming to."

She pointed to the path skirting the railroad track, and Harris began to perspire as he found himself surrendering to an impulse of politeness toward this very young old lady. He conquered it immediately, however, and cleared his throat raspingly.

"I couldn't swim exactly," he retorted as he surveyed the miry trail indicated by Miss Duckman, "so I guess I'll walk along the railroad."

"You could do that too," Miss Duckman said, "*aber* I ain't allowed to, on account the rules of the Home says we shouldn't walk along the tracks."

Harris raised his eyebrows.

"You don't mean to told me you are one of them indignant females?" he exclaimed.

"I belong in the Home," Miss Duckman replied, coloring slightly, and Rudnik felt himself being overcome by a wave of remorse for his bluntness. He therefore searched his mind for a sufficiently gruff rejoinder, and finding none he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said at last, "there's worser places, lady."

Miss Duckman nodded.

"Maybe," she murmured; "and anyhow I ain't so bad off as some of them other ladies up there which they used to got husbands and homes of their own."

"Ain't you a widder too?" Rudnik asked, his curiosity again getting the upper hand.

"I ain't never been married," Miss Duckman answered as she drew her shawl primly about her.

"Well, you ain't missed much," Rudnik declared, "so far as I could see."

"Why," Miss Duckman exclaimed, "ain't you never been married neither?"

Rudnik blinked solemnly before replying.

"You're just like a whole lot of ladies," he said; "you must got to find out everything." He turned away and stepped briskly on to the railroad track.

"But ain't you married?" Miss Duckman insisted.

"No," he growled as he started off. "*Gott sei Dank*."

For a brief interval Miss Duckman stood and watched his progress along the ties, and then she gathered her parcels more firmly in her arms and began to negotiate the quagmire that led to the Home. She had not proceeded more than a hundred feet, however, when a locomotive whistle sounded in the distance.

"Hey, mister!" she shouted; but even if Rudnik heard the warning it served only to hasten his footsteps. Consequently the train was almost upon him before he became aware of it, and even as he leaped wildly to one side the edge of the cowcatcher struck him a glancing blow. Miss Duckman dropped her bundles and plunged through the mud to where Rudnik lay, while the train, which was composed of empty freight cars, slid to a grinding stop a short distance up the track.

She was kneeling recklessly in the mud supporting Rudnik with both her hands when the engineer and the fireman reached them.

"Is your husband hurted bad?" the engineer asked Miss Duckman.

The tears were rolling down Miss Duckman's worn cheeks, and her lips trembled so that she could not reply. Nevertheless, at the word "husband" her maidenly heart gave a tremendous bound, and when the engineer and the fireman lifted Rudnik gently into the caboose her confusion was such that without protest she permitted the conductor to assist her carefully up the car steps.

"Sit ye down on that stool there, lady," he said. "As far as I can see your man ain't got no bones broken."

"But——" Miss Duckman protested.

"Now, me dear lady," the conductor interrupted, "don't ye go worritin' yerself. I've got me orders if anybody gets hit be the train to take him to the nearest company's doctor in the direction I'm goin'. See? And if you was Mister and Missus Vanderbilt, they couldn't treat you no better up to the Emergency Hospital."

(Continued on Page 30)

THE CALL

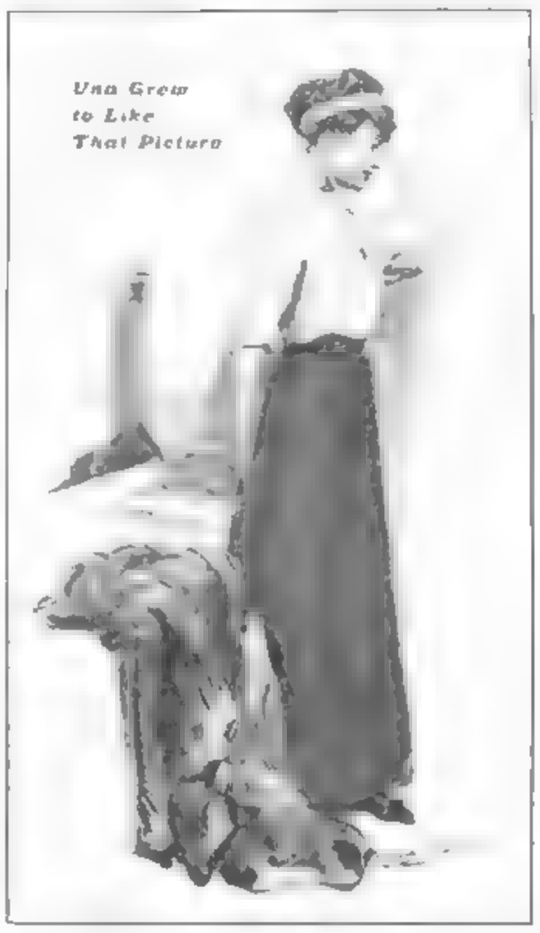
By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XX

IF UNA'S acceptance of Ruthven's invitation was a surprise to her, their belated supper together was an even greater one.

Una Carberry had been only too well initiated into the Philistine's attitude toward the stage-woman. She had known too many years on the road, facing the sallies of the managers of second-class hotels, discouraging the distasteful attentions of travelers, countering the advances of provincial stagedoor Lotharios who showed a fixed determination to regard the children of dramatic amusement as roving and most irresponsible daughters of Eve.



Una Grew to Like That Picture

She had looked for, during that supper, some outcroppings of this sort. Ruthven had shown no trace of them. There was, in fact, a certain old-fashioned pomposity about his attentions, a ponderous dignity which made his services something more than gallantry. If she had at first been needlessly afraid of him she had later been needlessly afraid for him. He was no experienced and artful "masher." He was aldermanic in his sobriety. During all that supper, even after his second glass of wine, he was as decorous as an undertaker. There was a rough honesty about the man, his companion decided, for all his uncouth doggedness. And there had been something flattering to her even in that doggedness.

It was Una who was facetious. She was desperately, experimentally light-hearted. She was studiously and expositionally gay. She wished to satisfy herself as to her own capabilities. She wished to see how thick the shell of age had fixed itself about her.

Her host found her gayety reassuring. He talked more freely as the supper proceeded. She could afford to lapse off-handedly into the backwaters of personalities. He had defied her to guess his age; but to do this she had discreetly refused.

"I'm not so old as I look," he said with his slow smile.

She essayed a shudder of mock horror. Her companion, with his childlike directness, was puzzled by it. She felt the need of explaining.

"But I'm older than I look," she cried. "Much older!"

She enjoyed the expostulatory cloud of dental that gathered on his honest face.

"Why, you didn't look much more than a girl the other night in that balcony scene!"

Una sat up, inwardly repeating the phrase: "Much more than a girl!" And one of her managers had implied that she was getting a little on for Juliet! For the second time an invisible spear stabbed through her heart. She was now no longer young! No longer young!

"Oh, it's terrible to be old!" she cried with a grimace that was not all mockery. "We women are such cowards!"

"You've nothing to be afraid of," he solemnly declared.

"Oh, I hate myself sometimes!"

"And I like you," he quietly confessed. "I like you a lot!"

She looked across the table at him. She tried to drive the wings of solemnity away by her ripple of laughter.

"So do other people," she protested. "We had nearly ten hundred dollars in the house last night." She stopped and laughed again. "That's what they brought me here for—to be liked!"

"I know it," he admitted a little disconsolately. "But I don't mean that way."

The ice, she felt, was growing perilously thin for so ponderous a figure; but the very risk, the very uncertainty of the situation, had its unexpected relish. And she was not unconscious of the fact that at a word she could draw him up short.

"That's the only way we can be liked," she went on. "Instead of staying a person, we grow into a sort of institution. You admire us about the same as you do a public library!"

"Oh, no, I don't!" was Ruthven's prompt retort.

"And we ourselves get the institutional feeling," Una went on. "We have to satisfy ourselves with a sort of denatured affection—the kind you really can't swallow, but is good for keeping the pot boiling."

His slow smile showed his appreciation of the figure—and she had once suspected he was a little stupid! She found herself relishing the chance of being candid with him.

"Then I can't see what you get out of it," he told her, studying her smiling face with his solemn eyes.

"Exactly what the little girl with the rag doll gets out of her makeshift," was Una's answer; "only we have the disadvantage of knowing the doll's nothing more than a doll!"

A look of surprise crept into Ruthven's face.

"You don't mean to say you're ever dissatisfied?" he asked.

"One gets tired of the hard work," Una acknowledged.

His look of surprise was superseded by one of hope. He spoke quietly, yet there was an undertone of eagerness in his voice.

"It's funny," he said, "but I never thought of acting as being hard work!"

She could afford to smile at his mistake.

"Well, take the part of Juliet, that you saw me play a couple of weeks ago. We put on a condensed version. My part was cut down to about seven thousand words. That means I had to learn off, by rote, not only those seven thousand words, but also the cues that led up to them, the movements with which they must be spoken, the steps and gestures which must fit in with the steps and gestures of the people on the stage with me. And the same week that those seven thousand words were being recited by me twice a day, before an audience, our company was coming together every morning at ten o'clock and I was reciting another part, a part of over seven thousand words. That's my part of Louise, for The Two Orphans—the part the audience is seeing this week. Besides making myself letter-perfect in that part, I was studying out the stage business, making sure each member of my company was doing what was needed, deciding on costumes and scenery, ordering props and revising the time or the tone of the performance as a whole. Besides that, too, at night, after I'd gone home from the theater, I was studying the script of Frou-Frou, which we'll put on next week. By Monday or Tuesday I'll have to know by heart practically that entire part of Frou-Frou. And she has to speak enough lines to fill six or seven solid columns of newspaper type. And that keeps up, of course, as long as the season lasts—week by week and month by month."

She enjoyed his stare of wonder.

"I should think you'd go mad!" he murmured.

"No; it's not that which worries stock actresses; it's the terrible fear that some day they may lose their memory. We always get to believe that some day our memories will just lie down between the shafts, like an overworked horse, and refuse to budge again!"

A slow look of pity surged up into the man's honest face.

"I used to think I worked hard," he finally said; "but what you've just been saying makes me think it was mostly soldiering."

She surrendered to a rising curiosity to know more about him, about what his life had been. There was something appealing about the sheer ponderous honesty of his face. She abhorred handsome men, she told herself; she had seen and known and worked with too many stage fops who were the center of their own little universe of egoism. She liked strength, resolute and self-reliant strength and William Ruthven, she felt assured, was the possessor of that strength.

"What did your work used to be?" she asked.

"Nothing very romantic," he confessed. "I own the Ruthven Plow Works here. It took about fifteen years of good hard grinding to get 'em built up."

"And you've been successful, of course?"

"Oh, I guess I've made enough money to worry along on. My old-maid sister—she runs the house for me—says I've made too much. It makes me discontented."

"I suppose that means you're very rich."

"Not what you New York folks would call rich! But I've got a mighty comfortable home up here on Elmwood Avenue and a stockfarm out at Cedar Valley. I keep that just to play with; but, somehow or other, it just won't let me lose money on it!"

The wide-set hazel eyes were studying him with their pensively abstracted stare. He was carefully folding and refolding his table napkin. The quietness with which he spoke, as he went on again, seemed an achieved calmness—something sternly imposed on an ardor that might prove too apparent.

"I've been a widower for over eleven years," he said, not raising his eyes as he spoke. "I've got friends—and all that. I've traveled round a good bit. And I guess I've had a good enough time, as things go. But I've been lonesome somehow. I've wanted something!"

He lifted his eyes at this point, and his level gaze met that of the woman across the table from him.

"I never knew what it was I wanted until you came to this town and I watched you night after night. Then I found out what it was."

"Well?" she said, afraid to smile for fear of seeming to mock his solemnity.

"I knew I wanted you," he said.

His grave eyes were staring deep into her own.

"Me?" she laughed a little nervously.

He placed one large hand on the folded white napkin and leaned back in his chair.

"I wanted to know if you wouldn't marry me," he said, his deep voice slightly tremulous, as though the continued calmness of his face was something coerced and conscious.

There was no gayety in her quick little defensive laugh.

"But you don't know me," she argued.

"Oh, yes, I do," he proclaimed. "I know you well enough. I've watched you night after night. I've seen

"A Couple More Seasons of This Cheap Road Work'll Put the Indian Mark on You"

you do all those pieces of yours—every one of them. And I can't just explain it to you, but you've grown to stand for something I've been missing out of life—the other things; the things money and work and a fat stockfarm don't seem to bring in!"

She could feel her heart go down, stop by stop, against her will. Her shoulders heaved with a sigh which she could not control.

It was the old, the eternal error again. It was the never-ending mistake of confusing the stage rôle with the woman herself, of identifying the romance behind the footlights with its mere interpreter. It was the mistake which the uninitiated were forever making. She herself had nothing to do with this strange hunger of his; she was merely the vessel which carried the sacred oil. It was Juliet, bathed in the moonlit loveliness of a midnight garden, to whom his work-calloused heart had gone out. It was not to Una Carberry; it was not to the work-wearied body of the aging and disillusioned woman who wore the cap of Juliet. It was to the spirit of youth and romance—the spirit to which she was little more than a bond-servant.

Her face must have clouded involuntarily, for the man facing her moved in his chair and spoke again.

"You don't think you could do it?" he was asking in the same quiet voice as before. Yet this time a touch of pain seemed to make his calmness almost tragic.

"It's not a matter of whether I could or not," she told him with the sharpness of the indeterminate answering pain cutting through her. "It's because I wouldn't!"

"Why?" he demanded.

"Can't you see why? How it wouldn't be fair to you from any standpoint! How you'd find me out sometime and how it would be too late when you did find me out!"

"Find out what?" Ruthven asked her with his unimaginative directness.

"That I'd cheated you out of what you were looking for! That I wasn't what you took me for! That you'd carried home a heroine out of a book-story and found her nothing more than a woman with a sixty-dollar wig on—and the wrinkles beginning to show! It's not even good business! It'd be so much easier to buy the wig, for example!"

"It's not a question of business," he protested, disregarding her perverse and ironic bitterness. "It's something outside of business."

"That's exactly why it wouldn't be fair. It would be worse than buying a pig in a poke, as they say. It would only turn out that I wasn't at all what you expected!"

For all her bitterness there was a hunger which she could not explain eating at her heart. A sense of desolation settled about her—a desolation which she had felt more and more at times when she had allowed herself to be idle.

"I'd risk that," Ruthven was saying.

He hesitated a moment. Then he looked up with the eyes of a man steeled to face life's direst extremity. Again Una was touched with vague admiration at the thought of his doggedness. It would have been uncouth in a figure less suggestive of latent strength.

"Is there any one else?" he asked.

"There's nobody else," she answered him quite solemnly. "Of course there's nobody else." Then she added, she scarcely knew why: "You see, I have to work so hard! I've so much to do, so much to accomplish, before I—I get too terribly old!"

A silence fell over them. They seemed strangely like lifelong friends slowly approaching their friendship's first great understanding.

"Then I'm going to ask you just one thing," he finally said. "I'm going to ask it now, because in a couple of days I'll be away from Chesterville for the summer and you'll be gone before I get back. I'm going to ask you not to forget me. I'm ——"

"There's no danger of that!" she interrupted.

"Why?" he demanded.

"You have been so kind," was her answer.

"That's not what I mean," he went on with his painstaking and deliberate directness of manner. "I want you to remember that I'm always here."

He paused as though afraid of making a misstep.

"If anything should ever happen to make you change your mind; if you came to see differently or got tired of this work of yours, or got sick, or—or needed a change or anything, I want you to let me know. And this offer of mine will always stand good. I can wait if I have to. I ought to wait, I suppose. But I'd like to show you how good and square I could be to a little woman like you!"

Una, watching him, shook her head slowly from side to side. The homeliness of that phrase, "good and square," seemed to impress her. The quiet sobriety of this strange suitor seemed to dignify his importunacy into something touched with beauty. Yet it was absurd, impossible, from first to last.

"Can't you promise me that much?" he asked.

"It isn't fair," she replied.

"Why isn't it?"

"We'll Be Failures Together!"

She leaned forward a little in her chair, studying his weather-ruddied face with her shadowy hazel eyes from which the last trace of hardness had melted. He was very tanned, was her inapposite thought; so deep was that coloring of wind and sun that it would hide like a mask any emotion beneath it. He would always be inarticulate. Neither his voice nor his features could ever quite show what he felt. He might at that very moment, she told herself, be sitting before her the apparent picture of full-blooded health and at the same time be suffering keenly. She found a wayward relish in her woman's prerogative of holding a man's happiness balanced in the palm of her hand. The sense of power, the thought of controlling a strong man's joy or sorrow, was sweet in her breast; but she had to think of ways for making her answer to him less painful.

"Tell me," she said, "have you a place at your plow works where you keep the broken-down machinery—where you store away all the worn-out stuff?"

"Yes," he said, plainly puzzled.

"What do you call it?"

"The boneyard."

"The boneyard," she repeated. "That's the exact word I wanted. And that's what you've just offered to be for me. When I'm old and worn-out, when I'm good for nothing, you say you'll take me in!"

"You'll never be good for nothing!"

"When I've finished with my work—when I've eaten my pie, as they say—you'll let me run aground and lie there at your side door in my worthless old age!"

"Oh, I'd take you now if I could get you," Ruthven declared with his solemn smile. "But that's asking too much!"

"Just as the other would be asking too much," she added, "on my part!"

"That's where you're wrong," he persisted. "I think slowly. I guess I move slowly too. But I don't move until I know I'm right. You'll always mean a lot to me. I'll always want you. And I'd always be getting the best of the bargain."

She touched her fingers to her eyelashes as she laughed. He could never quite convince himself that it was a tear she had wiped away.

"You're too big-hearted," she said; "you're too good, too fine, to be imposed on!"

"Will you remember what I've said?" he asked as she pushed back her chair and looked dazedly about her like a sleepwalker returning to wakefulness.

"I'll remember," she said. An impulse which she could neither control nor fathom prompted her to hold out her hand to him.

He stood up, and there was something old-world in his ceremoniousness before he took her hand. His great fingers closed on her palm and held it while his eyes rested on her face.

Una permitted no emotion to show itself; she imposed on herself a rigorous justice; but he continued to hold her hand—a little hungrily, as though by that contact he were tapping some hidden and mystic reservoir of happiness.

Her fingers were conscious of the strength and warmth infolding them, draining something away from them, it seemed, which left her less able to depend on her own powers. It left her with that renewed sense of desolation which made all the future seem so ineffectual, so empty of purpose and promise. And when she withdrew her hand it was as though a circuit had been broken.

XXI

UNA'S talk with William Ruthven remained perplexingly fixed in her mind. Even during the rest of her busy summer season in Chesterville, in odd places and at unexpected moments, some phrase or speech of that strange night would flash up in her memory.

It was the same during her four busy weeks in New York, when the roar and dust of Broadway caused the green lawns and the quiet avenues of the smaller inland city to take on a beauty which she had not altogether appreciated. And during the winter, through the dully active and listlessly crowded months on the "road," she carried the memory of that talk in her breast secretly, bringing it to the light only furtively, as a young lover might look at a portrait-locket and then hide it hurriedly away.

The compact was ridiculous, she kept assuring herself. It was not even a compact. It was a pretty bit of sentiment too delicate for everyday handling—something to be kept in a cabinet by itself, like a piece of rare china. She would in all likelihood play no more summer stock engagements at Chesterville. It was unlikely that she and Ruthven would ever meet again. Yet she always found something consolatory in his "boneyard" idea. It kept recurring to her more often than she would have been willing to admit.

She faced the hardships of road life with less resentment. She took up her work with the veiled happiness of a child who remembers that she has a chocolate bar hidden away; but it was only a chocolate bar, she kept telling herself. It was a sweetmeat—nothing more. It was not to be confounded with the sterner issues of life.

These sterner issues of life went on, as such things must, companioned by the old vicissitudes, the old exactions, the old disappointments. The Una Carberry Company traveled from town to town and from city to city, going through the revolutions of its four-act romantic drama with the regularity and the monotony of a clock that has been duly wound up. And the mainspring of that well-ordered mechanism was always Una herself. She watched carefully for any signs of her company going stale; she insisted always on the best they could give; she became more and more exacting of her fellow workers, more and more careful of her expenditures. She was accepted as a wealthy woman by this time. Her supporting company had heard rumors of investments in Western real estate, of a stock or two in which their star had dabbled when a friendly tip had come from her business associates; but these were rumors and nothing more, for Una permitted no intrusions into her personal affairs. Her career became more and more isolated; she became more and more cut off from those easy-going and improvident associates who could not quite understand her.

Once, when some of her stage photographs turned out unexpectedly flattering, Una sent one to Ruthven. He sent back a carefully written letter, thanking her; and with the letter he sent, in turn, a photograph of his Elmwood Avenue home.

Una studied this picture with much care. It was a large, many-windowed house with wide verandas, partly screened by maples and beeches and elms. It looked provincial in its commodiousness, with its parklike lawns and its red-brick garage showing from the row of silver birches in the rear. There was also a grapevine pergola and a movable lawn fountain. Yet it was strangely appealing, with the flat sunlight on its many-angled side walls of cobblestone and cedar shingles. And beside the anomalous porte-cochère stood Ruthven himself, in light flannels, with a Great Dane resting its nose in his hand.

Una grew to like that picture. She had it cut down and mounted in a silver frame, carrying it in the top tray of her theatrical trunk and unpacking it, night by night, with her makeup box. She found herself susceptible to the sense of peace which seemed to dwell in it. She fell into the habit of turning to it in her hours of greatest worry or weariness. She grew to like the sunny, cedar-shingled façade, the shadow-dappled lawn, the solemn dog so adoringly regarding the solemn figure in flannels. It tranquilized her.

Yet some timidity or some fear which she could not define kept her from writing to Ruthven. She seemed to dread the thought of exploring a treasure chest which might, in the end, prove empty.

Once, when her company had figured in a mildly exciting railway accident and exaggerated accounts of it had crept into the newspaper dispatches, there had been an exchange of telegrams between her and Ruthven. At Christmas-time he sent her a large box of roses. With the roses came another box—a small jeweler's case; and this Una opened with an oddly uncontrolled fluttering of the breath.

It held a small baroque pearl pendant, hung on the frailest of gold chains. She held it up to the light, happy—and yet in some vague way disappointed. The smallness

of the box had for a moment misled her. She had been foolish enough to think that it might hold a ring.

It was at the end of March that the dull routine of her roadwork was broken by the advent of Weinert, the New York manager. He sat out in front for two performances, studying Una and her work. She responded to his presence there almost unconsciously, struggling to lift her rôle out of that mediocrity, that obviousness, which satisfied the simpler-minded audience of the road.

He made no appointment with her—he said nothing; but he met her the next morning apparently by accident at the railway station as she and her company made ready for their next jump.

He shook hands without enthusiasm. Then he looked from her to the company scattered about the bald platform. Those birds of plumage, so brilliant under the calciums, looked dishearteningly gray-tinted and neutral and draggled under the searching light of open day. Weinert seemed troubled in soul.

"Do you know where two years more of this is going to land you?" he demanded.

"Where will it land me?" asked Una, half challenging, half defensive.

"With the buckwheats for life!" was Weinert's retort.

"Would you mind speaking English?" she mildly suggested, fixing him with her level glance. She knew that behind that apparently artless derogation lay some ulterior motive. She resented his circuitiveness.

"I mean a couple more seasons of this cheap road work'll put the Indian mark on you. It always does. You can't get away from it!"

"Did I say I was trying to get away from it?"

Weinert stopped and looked about the bald and barren station platform again, at the lounging group, the pile of battered trunks and prop cases, the lonely tracks circling out into sordid and lonely-looking suburbs.

"You don't mean to say you're going to be satisfied with this?" he demanded.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"Because you're able to do the other kind of work. Because you ought to be doing the other kind of work!"

"And?" prompted Una.

He saw the mockery in her worldly-wise smile. It enlightened him on more things than one; but, above all, it made him feel the futility of further equivocation.

"Miss Carberry, I've just bought the rights to a great play—a play by a big man; a play that's good for a solid year on Broadway."

"They always are!" remarked the woman at his side.

"But this play's different. It's got an idea behind it—it's original. And I'll tell you why. It's about a good woman!"

He seemed disappointed at her silence, puzzled that the novelty of the thing should so miss fire.

"I'm so sure of that play I'm going to put every dollar I own into it. And what's more, I'm coming to you first—to give you a chance for that part!"

"Why to me?" she asked. She found of late that she was growing more and more diffident as to the future. An autumnal sense of finality had grown up within her. She had begun to feel that day by day and month by month she was approaching some dim and undefined end.

"Because there's just one type of woman can play that part," Weinert was saying. "And that type isn't common. I've dug out three women. You're one of the three. You don't rank as high as the other two, but you're younger."

"What terms do you offer?"

He hesitated in the face of such immediacy.

"I'd rather you'd take the play along with you and read it. Then you'll see the sort of chance I am giving you."

"I'm sorry, but I shouldn't be able to read the play without knowing the terms first."

Discretion settled like a lowering drop across Weinert's sage and wrinkled face.

"What would you play the part for if I took you in off the road, gave you a crackerjack company and guaranteed a Broadway production by the end of next October?"

Una weighed the matter for one brief moment.

"My lowest terms would be two hundred and fifty dollars a week, with a percentage after the first four weeks' run."

Weinert sorrowfully shook his head.

"That would be out of the question!"

"Then we're only wasting time, I'm afraid."

He opened the handbag he carried as she turned back toward the depot. Her train had pulled in.

"Won't you take this copy of the play and read it? Go through it first and then let me know how you feel about it."

"That would be foolish when I know we couldn't agree on terms," was her answer.

"Make it two hundred a week and the thing's settled. That will mean Broadway, your own company and a production by October"

She was on the carsteps by this time, smiling pensively down on him.

"You see even Broadway by October and my own company don't excite me."

"But, good Heavens, woman, you don't even know what you're throwing down!"

"But I know what I want," was her answer.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want money," she calmly replied; "for that's the only thing I'll ever get out of life."

Weinert contemplated her out of narrowed eyes.

"Say, you're not losing your ambition, are you?"

"I'm changing it," was her answer.

"Then here's the thing you want!" he exclaimed as he thrust the play into her hand.

"But what's the use when you haven't met my terms?"

"Oh, I'll give you your two hundred and fifty a week if you've got to have it," he admitted. "And I'll meet you in St. Louis a week from Sunday."

She knew that she had won. She knew that a new door of opportunity was being opened to her—that the Ultima Thule of all her career at last lay before her eyes; but no answering thrill of triumph crept through her tired and listless body.

XXII

WEINERT, like other astute and active theatrical managers, believed in taking Time by the forelock. While spring was ripening into summer and Una was still "on the corkscrew route" with her road company, he began his publicity work with an occasional discreet paragraph as to his coming production and Broadway's new star.

It was at Zanesville, at the end of an afternoon of ceaseless rain, that Una sat in her hotel room turning over the pages of a New York weekly paper Weinert had sent to her. She had read with a somewhat weary smile the overlaudatory press notice he had "planted" there. She had stared without emotion at the photographic reproduction of her own face. The paragraph, she felt, was as overflattering as the picture. Yet it was the same photograph, she remembered, that she had sent to William Ruthven.

She fell to thinking, as she turned from the outer world of driving rain to the disconsolate gray walls of her hotel room, of her life and what she had passed through. She pitied herself as a woman whose youth had been wasted. Another year had slipped away. In three days' time her company would disband. She would no longer have hard work to narcotize her discontent into quiescence.

She turned back to the picture of herself. She looked at the other pictures that stared out at her from other pages. The fact that they seemed unhappy and aggressive faces brought to her the thought that happy lives have no history.

Then, as she listlessly fluttered over the pages, her breath caught in her throat and the slow rise and fall of her breast was momentarily suspended—for there, facing her from the printed page on which her hand rested, was a picture of William Ruthven.

It was several seconds before her glance moved on to the inscription below the picture. Then she read the words: "William Ruthven, manager of the Chesterville Chilled Plow Works. Still another victim of the Implement Trust. He fought the combine and was forced out of business"

Una stared down at these words as though the message they carried were something that could percolate only a little at a time into her consciousness. Then she sat staring out through the rainswept window-panes, convincing herself of everything those words could mean. She turned back to the article which accompanied the scattered pictures of "Independent Plowmakers." She could not follow the intricacies of the Trust movement which had resulted in the obliteration of Ruthven. She only knew that he had met with misfortune—that he had been driven to the wall.

She had always prided herself on her practicality. She had always flattered herself that she was able to meet emergencies without hesitation. And the more she thought over it, the more she saw she was face to face with a great opportunity. A road to her one object in life seemed suddenly blazed through a thousand entangling timidities. She was possessed by a feeling of gratitude. At last, she acknowledged, all her sordid life of self-seeking could be redeemed; all her years of effort could be rationalized—could be given a meaning and a purpose. Ruthven's compact with her would no longer be one of sentiment. She could go to him now without any thought of imposition. She was being saved by a God-sent chance. It was an illusion, a theatricality, that had first exacted from him his strange promise to her. And now she could meet him without fear on that upper plane of emotionalism. He had forced on her brow a crown which could only have weighed her down; he had insisted on attributes which were of the theater and not of her. And now she could face him with the most appeasingly theatrical movement that could be conjured up. She would be the Good Fairy of the romance that no longer lived in a world of everyday work. She would step in and save him from his enemies.

She was filled with a joyous calm by this time, confident of herself, conscious of a solemn obligation to be fulfilled.

She made a strict appraisal of her available money. The largeness of the sum surprised her a little. Then she sent a telegram to Ruthven.

"A lucky accident will take me to Chesterville tomorrow afternoon at five," her message read. "Please meet me if you can."

She drove to the theater in a cab that night, through the driving rain. She made up with a preoccupation that might have been regarded as somnambulism. The "house," on account of the bad weather, was exceptionally small. To this she gave no thought. She went through her part automatically, with a dreamy unconcern for its dog-eared heroics, its saccharine absurdities, its tawdry imitation of life.

"It's a good thing the madam's on her last lap o' the tank route," Pop Wharton, the character man of the company, confided to Una's understudy, "or another night o' that trancework'd see you out there eating scenery!"

"She's even letting Baddie crab her points," murmured that mystified young lady as she stood watching the stage from the wings.

At the end of the performance Una called her company together, explained that she was unable to play the last two performances, surrendered her part to the trembling-fingered understudy and calmly and methodically packed her trunks.

She went back to her hotel and walked her room for an hour in a dull fever of restlessness. She tried not to think of the past. She struggled to escape from that sorrow which imposes itself on anything done for the last time, that valedictory regret which must mark any great divide in life. She remembered that she had felt much the same way when she stood on the gloomy stairs below Hempel's studio and called back that forlorn "Goodby!" to him.

With the thought of Hempel, too, awoke the memory that she had once come too late in her quest for possible happiness. Would she be too late this time?

A keen rapier of pain went through her breast at the mere suggestion of it. Ruthven was in

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"Has Anything—Happened?"

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A Long, Looped, Winding Necklace of Gayly Dressed Women

FROM the time we landed in Liverpool, throughout the summer, Peggy looked forward to Paris. She is descended from the South Carolina Huguenots on her mother's side of the house and she has always claimed that her entire capillary circulation was French. She imagined that she would feel at home in France. I had my misgivings. After a woman is old enough to consent to wear a bonnet tied under her double chin with black ribbons, her mind becomes a sort of patchwork of memories and anxieties which she retains from what she has read and seen. Consequently the impressions I held of the French people were a rather fearful panorama of the Revolution, mixed with extraordinary varieties of fashions, and punctuated here and there with the frisky figures of Frenchmen that we see in America wearing curled whiskers and variegated socks. If you think about it the history of France is not the history of a sane people, but of a nation periodically subject to the most dangerous aberrations. And the fashions we get from Paris are not fashions most becoming to virtue and modesty, but they are designed chiefly to minimize the effects of both these qualities in the characters of those who wear them. Still I bore with Peggy's enthusiasms all the way from Berlin.

We arrived in the Gare du Nord late at night—and received our first shock. Peggy pulled down the window of our compartment, stuck her nice little head out and beckoned to a porter. But just as he was about to enter the corridor he was appropriated by a Frenchman, who gave him his suitcase as delicately as if he had been a girl unable to carry it. My niece was indignant, but she made haste to summon another porter. This one was taken in the same manner by another Frenchman, who had calmly waited, observing her efforts, and had profited by them without making any himself. When the third porter walked off with the kit of a little spider-legged artist who had occupied the same compartment with us I came to my American senses.

"Get out of the way, Peggy," I exclaimed, following the Frenchman with our largest bag.

As he stepped down from the train I dropped the bag on him. There was a yell, a great commotion, and the greatest splutter of languages I have ever heard, on the ground outside. But I paid no attention; my dander was up! I stepped back, gathered up our rugs and the other bag and dropped them after the first. Then I stood in the doorway and watched that little man on his all fours, with his legs tangled up in our shawlstraps, struggling to rise. The dim light of the station showed a wide fan of faces circling round him, everybody gesticulating, everybody talking, everybody seriously concerned, nobody laughing except me. I had to laugh. He was so small, so indignant.

I Had to Laugh. He Was So Small, So Indignant

"Come on, Peggy," I said, descending carelessly upon our luggage and the Frenchman.

For the first time during our pilgrimage I realized that there was some advantage in not knowing the language of the country we were in. I suppose I should have been overcome if I could have understood the vituperations that followed us as we made our way to the cab rank, accompanied at last by a porter loaded with our rugs and bags. This was our advent into Paris; not graceful, but emphatic. And may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever repent of it!

Peggy was queerly silent as we drove along the streets to our *pension*. I do not know if she was ashamed of France or ashamed of me. But I made a note then in my mind that while she was looking up the advanced French woman I should endeavor to discover, if possible, the explanation of the French man.

To come into an ordinary French home is like entering a red gloom. The people are so fond of this color that even the soldiers wear red breeches. Once I saw in Paris what I never expected to see in this world—men whose lips were painted a bright feminine vermilion. Peggy stared that night at her inflated bed, covered with a carmine spread embroidered in deeper red. The chairs had red tidies and the table wore a red cloth. My own room was an exact copy. Through the red-curtained windows we looked upon a tiny garden outlined with an ivy-hung wall, and the blossoms with which the white walks were bordered glistened in the nightless city like wavering drops of blood. We were served with wine and bread, and retired to a kind of glowing, dreamless sleep.

The Remains of the Revolution

AT FIVE o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the passing of a light back and forth outside my window. I arose and parted the curtains enough to see two very old, bent women, with white caps on their heads, nodding and whispering together over the garbage can. They were the famous ragpickers of Paris. Every morning at this hour hundreds of them creep swiftly down into the city from Grennelle, where most of them live, it is said, in the cleanest houses in France, to overhaul the ash barrels and garbage cans. It gave me a gruesome feeling when I learned afterward that the most valuable thing they find is gray hair. From that day as long as we remained in France I kept my combings strictly to myself. These were the first French women I saw—awful, aged, dim figures flitting about noiseless in the gray dawn, with little lanterns in their hands and baskets on their arms. Their sisters may be seen everywhere under the eaves of overhanging houses in the narrow streets, pushing fruitcarts, washing dogs under the Solferino bridge, selling tightly wadded bouquets, or sitting beside old bookstalls along the banks of the Seine. They are never idle, always knitting if they are not selling something. One knows immediately that they are the same kind of women who sat in front of the guillotine more than a hundred years ago, knitting in a red thread for every head that fell into the bloody basket. Their features have not changed to this day. They all have whiskers, a black smear upon the upper lip, noses that squint fearfully at the corners, red skins, and fierce black eyes that glare at every passer-by through the rheum of age.

Two hours later I again started from my bed. It seemed to me that the world was coming to an end. The street was suddenly filled with a tremendous noise, the house trembled, far and near there was the sound of cries, broken snatches of frightful singing. I ran into Peggy's room and beheld her calmly sleeping, one arm thrown over her head, both of her black braids languidly crossed on her bosom. If the crack of doom comes at seven o'clock in the morning

Gabriel will be obliged to send extra angels to call the young people in time to dress for Judgment. They will sleep on through his loudest trumpeting!

"Peggy," I cried, shaking her, "get up! Something has happened!"

She started, raised herself upon one elbow, dazed with sleep.

"What is it?" she murmured.

"I do not know, but listen!" for the din was increasing, the ground giving out a hollow, rumbling, reverberating sound. There was a clashing of heavy metal. I rang the bell. The maid appeared, calm, smiling.

"*Déjeuner?*" she inquired.

It was some time before I understood that the pandemonium we had heard was only Paris waking up, throwing back the iron shutters of its windows, pouring into the streets, beginning the life of the day. Nothing that we ever hear of the French people can prepare nervous Americans for the noise they make merely living. They do everything with a bang. And the fact that the ground upon which this city stands is tunneled with a thousand great sewers makes the passing of an omnibus almost as distracting as an earthquake. Add to this the fact that every cabhorse wears a cowbell, and that those who have anything to do with the traffic are either singing or yelling, and you receive some impression of one part of the "gayety" of Paris. Everybody to his own notion, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow; but for me, I should infinitely prefer to live and die in a lazy, peaceful Southern town, where the signs of a new day are an opal dawn, the soft cooing of pigeons under the eaves, and with the sunrise the laughter of young children, than to be the grandest lady in such a bedlam city.

But it is not for me to describe Paris—this has been better done many a time in literature. One thing, however, the stranger must observe is the barrenness of the earth in all public places, as if it were now too old and desolate to grow grass, as if the streams of humanity that poured through the streets seared them. The very leaves of the trees are brown and parched even in midsummer, and the splendid forest of the Bois does not atone for it. One feels the fever of man everywhere. His breath has scorched the land there. All the great buildings and monuments stand out in a brazen, greenless glare. One's attention is also attracted by the fact that so much that is historical in Paris has been restored, not on account of the decay incident to age, but because in fits of national rage the French themselves have damaged and destroyed their own works. They appear to have been especially fierce about the nether extremities of the human figure. For example, I was astonished by the number of comparatively modern statues in the Louvre that had artificial legs, fresh white ones soldered on to the gray marble. We were always informed that the original limbs disappeared during the Revolution. It is only when one passes along some of the streets in the older part of the town and peeps over the vine-covered walls that one seems to look far down into the green heart of old monarchical France, across marble fountains half hidden in the shrubbery, into the gravely proud doorways that seem forever closed to the life of the republic. Inside dwell the royalist aristocrats, as remote from the France of today as the eighteenth century is from the twentieth.

Matching Peggy's Stockings

BUT during this first week we hurried by all these things on our way to the shops. This is the first inspiration of every American upon coming to Paris. It is the triumph of their commercial enterprise that the merchants and modistes of the place have imbued with the buying spirit every man and woman who visits it. I could not see that the shops presented any better or more attractive appearance than those of New York. This I have observed, however, that shops everywhere cater more to the extravagance and varied tastes of women than they do to the honest necessities of life. The difference between those in Paris and those at home is in the spirit of the people who serve in them. The sympathy, admiration and flattery of a Parisian shopgirl surpass anything of the kind known in America, where a "saleslady" is apt to give herself airs at your expense if you are not in a hurry to make your choice of a bargain. The sight of Peggy choosing her first frock at a fashionable modiste's in Paris was an occasion to be remembered. We were attended by two beautifully gowned shopgirls, each concerned to convince her that in that particular creation she was probably the most beautiful girl in France at that moment. She stood bemused between two mirrors, while a blonde girl knelt, studying the doubtful hem of the long train and another stood at a distance with her face rapt in an ecstasy and her hands raised like human accents as she exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! but mademoiselle is a dream!"

Women show their weakness and strength in a queer way when they are contending with the desire to be beautiful at any cost. I sat watching Peggy's struggle with her decent upbringing and that indecently lovely gown. Jacob never wrestled harder with his angel than she did with her modesty. I reckon it is the occasion where many and many an American girl falls—sinks in the scale of things, I mean, to a mere sex valuation of herself. For this is certain—the more fashionable women's clothes are the more do they emphasize the physical at the expense of those virtues that should outlast all fashions.

"I just can't!" she sighed at last.

"I wouldn't, Peggy," I exclaimed. "You may be a dream in that dress, but you would never show to an advantage morally in it. Dreams are irresponsible figments, neither moral nor immoral, merely unmoral. I'd stick to the American definition of womanhood, if I were you, and remain definitely moral."

"Mademoiselle is a Dream!"

We had many adventures that day, but none that startled my niece more than when she asked to see some silk hose. The clerk, who was a man this time, walked round the counter, bent his knees before Peggy, bowed his head low and inspected the stockings she had on.

"The kind you wear, mademoiselle, will be twelve francs," he announced nonchalantly, before she could recover from her indignant astonishment and kick him.

We left Paris at the end of two weeks and traveled leisurely about through France, which shone white and green and golden in the blond sunlight. We discovered that the people of the different provinces differed like separate nations, but all were touched with the same Latin brush. When you get to the real bottom of the contrast the women of Brittany do not differ so much from those of Normandy as does the cut of their caps. They are stingier, while those of Normandy are merely cleverer at getting sous, not at keeping them. We saw the beautiful old *châteaux* and admired the lonely, low, long-bodied cottages with their thatched roofs, hidden behind rows of Lombardy poplars and orchards and vineyards. The peasant women always manage to embolden themselves with some amazing dash of colors. They are often dirty, but never ragged. France must be the only country in the world where dirt and thrift go hand in hand. In America it is only the lazy and shiftless who submit to habitual filth, but in France your grand dame may have a dingy skin. A certain great lady of Paris, having engaged a peasant girl from one of the provinces as a nurse for her children, was advised by their English governess to see that the girl had a good tubbing.

"But," said madame, "it would kill her!"

The French housewife is always busy, apparently cleaning, but as a rule she never achieves that glistening, dustless orderliness common to the home of the average self-respecting American or English woman, to say nothing of the pluperfectly clean houses of the Dutch and the Germans. Part of this is due to the clutter of small objects in every French chamber and salon. These are always so full of ornaments, bric-à-brac, and so forth, that really there is no room for conversation. You must talk across tabourets, vases and little naked statues everywhere.

Contempt for American Frankness

WE WERE told over and over again upon our return to Paris that we could not judge the French by those we met and those we saw in public places. The real French people, our informants said, were away on their estates, and when they were at home they never mingled with the people, to say nothing of foreigners. In France the class that has the momentary advantage through the possession of wealth and power uses this to segregate itself and assume the airs of superiority that distinguish the same sort of persons in America, and everywhere else. But you may always judge a nation by the people who are most in evidence—the poor and the middle class. They are the majority. They retain and exemplify its real characteristics, while the exclusive class only resembles the same class in every other country. They are not national, but a sort of international dry rot with which we are all afflicted. We should not wish or expect America to be judged by her decadent idle rich, whose exclusiveness conceals many vices that the average citizen would never practice. The same is true in France. She is entitled to leave a better impression than her merely rich people give.

After our return to Paris we were some time in getting down to the study of the woman question. We found it very difficult to get any information, or rather Peggy did. In vain she struggled with the officials who had, or were supposed to have, the various statistics concerning social conditions at their tongues' ends. The trouble was that the French people are secretive, like little children with bad consciences. They not only do not wish to inform a stranger about their social conditions and subconditions, but they do all they can to mislead, hinder and confuse such insulting foreign curiosity. The French as a nation have a contempt for the frankness of Americans.

"It is foolish," said madame, our hostess, when Peggy complained of the reticence of the clerks in the Musée Social, where she had gone to find out something about the number of women who did this and that in France and where she was politely circumvented at every turn—"It is *plus* foolish to tell about ourselves. We do not do it. To be always, always speaking the truth like the Americans; to be giving ourselves away! It is like offering a diagram of your fortifications to the enemy. We do not commit that indiscretion, ma'mselle, even if we commit all the others!"

Still, Peggy went on painstakingly from one place to another, from one official to another. Later I shall set down some of the things she learned, but for the present I shall give some of my own impressions merely as an observer of the women of France, and of a few other things incidental to their condition. But you must bear this in mind: One candle always casts larger shadows and more of them than many candles. And the one taper mind does the same thing—makes fantastic, hobgoblin shadows of the impressions it receives. I have always thought that this is why the average passionate reformer is such a foolish, partial person. His little ego flame fluttering in the

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THE BRAND DOCTOR

By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

THE odds against a rustler dying of old age were always so long that mighty few men openly made rustling their profession, even in its best-paying days. Probably the census man never turned up one single professional who admitted it in all the Pacific states. It was a side line. Rustling was a more or less promising game for a man to hang to up to a certain point; beyond that point it was likely to hang him. Successful rustlers were men who could tell with some certainty which side of the point any bunch of horses or steers happened to be ranging on. It wasn't the danger alone that kept the rustling trade from being overcrowded—it was the fact that most of the men who rode the unfenced plains found it more natural to respect a brand than not to.

It was some kind of an accident usually that set a man to rustling; and certainly accidents of a violent kind made lots of men quit it. If the pedler hadn't come into my stable and nagged me, probably I never would have tampered with a brand or driven off an animal that didn't belong to me. In the same way, after the double accident to Jeff Cull's lower members years later, I knew my rustling days had come to a peaceful end. Rest in peace; that's all there was left for me to do—you see me doing it.

An Oregon mist had kept up all day. The road was heavy and nobody traveled who could put it off until tomorrow. I spent the day building an easy runway to get bales of hay down from the loft of my little public stable without having to use the rope and pulley.

He got in at mid-afternoon, this German pedler, cussing the weather and mostly the mud that clung to his tires like it wouldn't let the wheels go round.

"No man could done it but me!" said the pedler. "No man could got through dose bad places in the road mit a ton and a half of tribleblated kettles and pans in the wagon—no man but me, what knows horses and how for to drive like me. Ernst and Yake is fine horses; but some other man, now, he could not pull it through even mit dot Ernst and Yake. You now—you never could. Ain't it? I know dot Ernst and Yake like they was men already; I know what they think even. I know them horses anywhere in the world, if they was painted green even. Such varts they have on the legs! In the dark even I know them by the feel."

The Pedler Who Knew It All

NOW what could a foreign pedler know about horses? He drove a good team of bays and he overfed them till they weighed two hundred more than roadhorses ought to weigh. When I went up in the loft to shoot a bale of oat-hay down the new slide the pedler kept right on talking, only this time he wasn't telling me how much he knew about the horses—he was telling Ernst and Yake how much more he knew about horses than a country stable buck ever could learn. I took a good while to find the right bale and let him run off at the head until he was through. Of course, maybe he didn't know I could hear his gab. When I came down he says:

"Ernst and Yake is fed. Where do I get mine eatings yet?"

"You get your rolled oats when I go to the shack and cook it," I told him.

"And dot is ven?"

"That is when I get this new hayslide finished. I find I didn't build it strong enough today—not by a good deal."

The pedler, being hungry, offered to help me and I let him. I let him help me drag in long scantlings and nail them underneath to strengthen the slide, and other scantlings to stand upright for braces; and last of all we nailed heavy cleats across all the way up the slide, though the pedler said: "What fools! Dot bale of hay could as easy slide up as down mit dese cleats on!"

In the morning the pedler's horses were gone. Ernst and Yake had been stolen. *"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!"* the pedler wept; and he was near crazy with anger and sorrow. The mist had changed to a downpour that would wipe out any track a horsethief would allow his prizes to leave along the way. We telephoned the sheriff, forty miles away, and gave him the brand and color. When we could find no trace of the big hoofs on the road in either direction the pedler thought the thieves must have fled up the river. So I locked the stable tight—to protect the hayloft; my own horses were at a stack in the corral—and we took saddle horses and a pack animal, and loaded up with guns and ammunition, and went into the rough, roadless country up the river. It was no use; every track we found proved old and a false scent. We came home worn out at the end of the third day. That night somebody stole some of the pedler's tins from his wagon. Next day he was ready to move on at any cost if he could only find a way to move. He must have a new Ernst and Yake. Couldn't I—wouldn't I take pity on a poor pedler and find a good span of horses that he could buy? I was willing to do my best and in the afternoon I sent for him to come to the stable to see a team of roadsters. They were bays, like Ernst and Yake, but a good hundred pounds lighter. Ernst and Yake had long manes, short bushy tails, warts on the legs, long teeth; and each had a white hind foot. The new span had roached manes, long, thin tails, all brown feet, short teeth, and clean legs, free of warts. The pedler's horses were branded with a small "D"; each of these was a "BB." The pedler, being a judge of horses, examined their limbs, hoofs and mouths, and estimated by the teeth that they were several years younger than the horses he had lost. He admitted they were in better shape for hard roadwork than his own lamented team, and cheerfully paid me three hundred and fifty dollars for the span. The pedler had got back his smile as he drove away.

It was Ernst and Yake he bought back from me! Four days in the loft without a mouthful of hay had reduced them nicely. Trimming down the teeth with the chain cutter was almost as easy as roaching the manes. Pulling out some of the hair of the bushy tails made the tails seem longer. A dark stain took the white stockings off the hind feet. The warts on the legs were not difficult—since boyhood I had known how to use the acid so that no part of a wart remained after two days—and no sore, either. "Hair branding" had changed the small "D" each horse wore to "BB"; with a knifeblade I had plucked out hair so as to form the new letters and curled the edges just like the iron had curled the hair in the original brand. In completing a nice job I had even made small barbed-wire scars by using a little acid, but the pedler overlooked these. Months later the hair brand would grow fainter, the hind feet whiter, the manes longer. The pedler might then jump to conclusions from his reading of the signs; some day he would pull up his team with a jerk, get down and go over his horses a square inch at a time. Then he would find those barbed-wire scars, such as Ernst and Yake never had; and the unchanging scars would wipe that mean suspicion out of his mind.

I Peppered Away Fast Enough for Us Both and Got Two of Their Horses

At one time I was punching for the Flying Circle when we moved to the Green Valley Range for the rodeo. Green Valley was considered about the safest range in the country. It was forty miles long, ten miles wide; and you couldn't get stock into it or out of it except at the ends. There was always a lookout at each end, so the outfits that grazed the valley never bothered their heads about rustlers. Rustlers weren't committing suicide, they said. The Flying Circle cattle were all in the lower end of the valley. The boss got us busy and we ironed a lot of our calves that there couldn't be any dispute about while waiting for the other outfits to come along. The boss was also the owner. The funny way I saw him looking at some unbranded heifers belonging to another outfit one day set me thinking. When he was standing by the branding fire alone I spurred out and dropped my rope on one of the heifers and dragged it in to the fire.

"Just having a little fun," I sung out to the boss. "Brought you a nice heifer to have ironed."

The Ironing Process

I SAT still in the saddle looking at him. With a single movement I could swish my rope loose and let the heifer go tearing off through the sage. I made as if to swish my rope and said to the boss: "This one ought to be worth a ten spot." He gave me a straight look then. I didn't swish the rope—not until ten minutes later—for the boss said: "Yes, Lengthy; I'll give you a ten spot for that one and for every one you bring in without starting a rumpus." He yanked his iron out of the coals and went over to the critter, while I took a short turn round the horn and looked the other way.

A little river ran straight down the valley. The rodeo always moved up the west side, branding everything under a year old according to the mark on the cow it followed; then crossed the river and worked down the east side. The day after the heifer episode I was bitten by a scorpion, and the boss told me to head for the home ranch and take care of myself. When I was out of sight of the outfit the scorpion bite got well. I circled and got up river ahead of the rodeo. I rode the range and cut out yearlings that had missed the last branding, until I had fifty of them. I put in a busy day making the bunch swim the river to the east side and a busy week keeping them in hand.

When I was sure the rodeo had passed by I crossed the restless young critters back to the west side and took my time ironing them with the flying circle—the boss' brand. Being just an ordinary puncher, of course I wasn't in the habit of inviting suspicion by loping round with a branding iron dangling from my saddle strings. Instead, I was

getting a corn on my ankle from an iron ring that nestled down inside my bootleg—an iron ring filed to a sharp outer edge so it would make a clean mark and not blotch. I would rope a [illegible] it up to the fire, then snake the ring out of the coals and handle it by thrusting two green willow sticks through and twisting the ends—a simple enough trick with practice.

Handling half a hundred yearlings all by myself was a slick and risky thing to do—maybe that's why I was willing to take a chance at it. I didn't care so much about the five hundred dollars the boss slipped me when I told him that next visit he would find fifty head more than he expected wearing his brand in Green Valley. I gave every dollar of the money to a monte game in Cheyenne in one night—I remember a woman was throwing the cards.

. . . . . .

"Broomtail" Bowen took me in as his pardner. His nickname was a mighty good one, for when he wasn't rustling cattle he was rustling broomtail mustangs. "Broomtail" Bowen could do more funny things about brands and still contrive to keep up his standing in the range country and his friendship with the sheriff than any man I ever knew. I woke up to him when he played a game on a horsewrangler named Naylor. This Naylor lived at his ranch-house twenty miles from the railroad. He had a dozen horses in the barn-corral and seven of them were horses of good breeding. One night seven horses disappeared from the corral—the seven good ones.

So many bands of horses were being moved over the roads that Naylor gave up trying to track the rustler. Instead, he made for the railroad station, where horses were being shipped to Ogden and Kansas City, and got himself a front seat on the fence so as to size up every horse that took the runway into a car. Naylor's forty-five was in nice working order. He didn't find his horses; he didn't even see any horses like them except some in a bunch of twenty that were trotted through the chute just as the horsetrain was due to pull out. Naylor's lost animals carried his iron "TN." The horses that resembled his were "JM." His brand might have been enlarged into the other with a running iron, but even the lightest running iron makes a sore that doesn't heal in two days. Yet those were his stolen horses that Naylor watched a squint-eyed man yipyip up the runway into the car.

"Broomtail" Bowen's Little Game

HAIR branding! The slickest I had ever seen. I found out that the squint-eye was "Broomtail" Bowen of the Horseshoe cow outfit. In a couple of days I showed up at Horseshoe headquarters and took on at punching. I was sent out to join Bowen. "What's your shine?" he asked me—meaning was I best with my rope or what.

"Hair branding," I answered him—and that was about the last thing a sane man would confess in the range country.

"What's your name?" asked "Broomtail" Bowen, trying to find out whether I was crazy.

"Pardner!" I told him, smiling.

"All right, pardner," he said, taking in the situation like the sensible man he was, "but hair branding isn't any good off a horse range, and this happens to be a cow ranch. However, maybe we can find some other method just as good."

We did. Last summer was our busy season—"Broomtail" Bowen's and mine. We looked after the outer rim of the range just us two. We would down a critter that wore the horseshoe and

Handling Half a Hundred Yearlings All by Myself Was a Slick and Risky Thing to Do

rebrand, making "O" out of the horseshoe and tacking on "H" to make "OH." We used care in setting the iron to the critter through a wet barley sack, turning out a beautiful brand with the raised skin and curled hair edges—that would heal completely in a week! It might not last more than three months, but we only asked it to last three weeks.

At the roundup, when the owners were on hand to boss the cutting out for beef sales, our punchers brought in more than a hundred head that carried this "OH" brand. One of our owners showed a circular letter from a stranger outfit two counties away asking that a lookout be kept for a big bunch of strays. The iron they gave was "OH." Our owners were strictly square; and when the roundup was over they sent Bowen and me to take the strays home. We took them to a distant railroad station and shipped them into the city, where they brought a good price.

Bowen was a real rope artist. Nothing he shot his loop at ever got away. When we left the Horseshoe outfit we put in a season rustling horses. We had three carloads of "tops" within half a day of the railroad when the sheriff of the county rode into camp. It took Bowen about a minute to find out that the officer was on the trail of half the bunch we were keeping in a near-by cañon until the rebranding sores healed. "Broomtail" and the sheriff sat round the fire most of the night discussing ways to nail the rustlers and recover the horses. Bowen was a most ingenious man, with many bright ideas. Before they rolled over in the blankets the sheriff had persuaded him to join in the chase and had sworn him in as a deputy. After breakfast they were off for a three days' trip back into the mountains, where Bowen led along a fresh trail made plainly by a band of horses being moved in a hurry. They overtook the band, routed the rustlers after some poor shooting, in which nobody was hit, and captured a nice bunch of stolen mustangs. The sheriff said they were not the band he was trailing, but he knew by the brand that they were horses with a reward hanging over them; so he was satisfied. He and Bowen drove the horses home and divided the reward. Bowen was glad to have been of assistance to the sheriff, and while he kept the officer busy in the mountains I slipped the three carloads of horseflesh out of our cañon and safely aboard a train for St. Louis.

When we separated "Broomtail" Bowen changed the scene of operations. He gathered a few horses here and a few there and was trying to keep them covered until he could ship. He had the animals in a corral in the woods that he rented from a half-witted fellow when he learned that the sheriff was on his trail. Bowen was a humorist. He called the half-wit out and said to him:

"I've got to go away for a day and I want you to look after my horses. If anybody comes snooping round here and wants to know who owns them just say that you do—that you are in full charge." Then Bowen changed counties.

Next morning the sheriff rode up and said: "Fine bunch of horses—whose are they?"

"All mine," declared the looney—"I'm in full charge."

The sheriff flashed his gun.

"You are the man I'm looking for!" he hollered. "Put out your wrists for the cuffs!"

A Lightning-Change Artist

FATE plays jokes on the rustler just the same as on people who don't have to step so lively in making a living. Fate played it low on me once when I was getting out of the state with a pardner to set up elsewhere. No man likes to go to a new range without taking along something to show; so we had gone on to the grazing lands and gathered up twenty head of good saddle stock, every one branded with a "⊔." We were almost out of the state when my pardner, who had doubled on the back trail to see whether there were any signs of life, caught up and reported that a posse was coming along about ten miles behind. Our hope of avoiding trouble lay in doing some fancy hair branding and doing it mighty quick.

We got our horses into some outfit's old night corral and began to use our ropes and then our pocketknives. We plucked, snipped and curled hair the fastest we had ever done until every one of those "⊔" brands read "4." The job would answer if the posse weren't sure they were on the right trail and would be satisfied to inspect the brand as they loped by—in case they overtook us. We got out of the old corral and hustled the band

(Continued on Page 45)

Watching the Back Trail While My Pardner Stampeded the Band Into the Water

MADGE FIREBOOT'S HUSBAND

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

WHEN Madge Fireboot married Arthur Stone the great world simply lay back and gasped; the little world, which aped the great, gasped twice; while the tiny worlds which radiated in all directions from the other two fairly wriggled with emotion. It was a tremendous upheaval in the ocean of society, that sent its waves and circles through bay and harbor until it was finally reflected, by rockings and shakings, in every little creek and inlet on tidewater.

It was not that there was anything the matter with Arthur Stone—in fact, that was just where the wonder lay; for, if Madge Fireboot had come home, some evening, with an Austrian riding master, an aviator, or the leader of the Black Hand for a husband, society would simply have settled back complacently with an "I told you so!" attitude and reflected how nice it was for proper spheres to fit into each other.

For Madge was a dynamite bomb, a lyddite shell, a cordite cartridge in a society of naturally high explosives. As a hoyden of a child she startled a community not easily startled by galloping madly and wild-haired through its streets. She played baseball with boys long after such things were considered decorous, and when other maidens were politely introduced to society she entered with a running broad jump, the momentum of which carried her name over half the telegraph lines of the United States, and acquired such a reputation for her that when the society columns could think of nothing else to do they printed her picture in every costume, from ball gowns to bathing suits, with plates that were kept in stock for emergencies.

Madge, in short, was the kind of girl who was destined to elope with either a chauffeur or a royal duke. An intermediate destiny did not enter into the range of possibilities.

So when, one day, quiet, unobtrusive little cards appeared, announcing her marriage to Mr. Arthur Brainbridge Stone, of Chester, Massachusetts, society gulped and then asked who in the world he was! In due course of time he appeared, not with one of Madge's wild leaps, but quietly, naturally, officially—like a new postman—and entered into his duties as Madge Fireboot's husband.

He didn't shoot—much; though Madge shot better than most men. He didn't swim—much; though Madge could do double dives off the raft with the youngsters. He didn't drink—much; though most of the men of Madge's world took their meals after the manner of a chaser. He was big, but without the bigness that convinces; he was good-looking because he wasn't bad-looking; and when he talked it was as if to say: "My little body is aweary of this world."

Where Madge got him was a puzzle which even the time and the place could not quite explain. It was the fashion to say that Madge herself must have proposed to him; though, to tell the truth, the supposition did Madge an injustice—for, had she wanted to marry a man, she would not have proposed to him, but seized him by the collar and marched him off to the nearest justice of the peace.

In short, this latter idea had a foundation in fact—for three months before, at a house party in the Berkshires, Madge, who leaped from one end of the continent to the other, like a glorified grasshopper, had seen Stone in the corner watching the world with pathetic, bewildered gaze; and, breaking through the perpetual circle of men which surrounded her, she had wound a silken cord round him and tethered him in matrimony.

Meantime the entire masculine half of the Beach, which, in the end, half expected to marry its ex-playmate, looked on aghast and mourned for the waste of Madge's talents.

"Here come Mr. and Mrs. Madge Fireboot!" whimsically remarked Tom Taylor as he and Lorimer strolled listlessly along the boardwalk after dinner and the trim, aggressive figure of Madge, with the bulking, uncertain outline of her husband, loomed out of the darkness. It was typical of the two that, whereas Madge had not even a wrap over her evening gown and the wind was blowing her hair every which way, her husband was wound gloomily in a huge tweed coat, while a golf cap surmounted the big black cigar that was apparently the only instrument on which he performed with any aptitude.

Married life, however, had not changed perceptibly Madge's range of activities; and, exactly as of old, she fell into line arm in arm with Taylor, while Lorimer followed at a distance with the silent partner.

"Tommy," said Madge, who had always acted as a sort of power behind the throne in all the Beach's sporting activities and apparently continued to do so, "whom are you going to play against Longmouth tomorrow?"

Weddings in New York &c.

When the Society Columns Could Think of Nothing Else to Do They Printed Her Picture

"You know that Mercer broke his collarbone at Point Judith?" asked Taylor, who talked to Madge exactly as he would to a trainer.

"Yes, I do know it," replied Madge decisively. "And who goes in instead of him? You haven't got anybody that's worth a tinker's dam!"

"Oh, Smithy, I suppose," replied Taylor wearily. "He's the only one we have."

"Smithy's a quitter—and you know it!" rejoined Madge promptly, to which Taylor could answer only:

"But what am I going to do?"

Madge put her hand on his coatsleeve and turned him, face toward her.

"Tommy," she said, "you've always said you would do anything in the world for me. I want you to play my husband tomorrow."

Taylor gave a long, low whistle.

"Can he play polo?" he asked. "Where—where has he done it?"

Madge shook her head.

"Never mind where he has played. I say he can do it and that is enough!" she replied sharply.

"But, Madge," protested the team captain, "he hasn't any ponies."

"I have the mounts," replied the girl, unrelenting. "I want him to play."

Taylor looked dazed.

"Holy smoke, Madge!" he replied. "I only wish you could play yourself. You could have any place you wanted all season."

But Madge refused to be flattered.

"He knows more about the game in two minutes than I do in two years," was her answer.

"I don't believe it."

"Are you going to let him play or aren't you?" asked Madge, refusing to leave the main issue. "Yes or no!"

Used as he was to Madge's ultimatums, Taylor still hesitated. He would have burned down his house in a minute if Madge had asked it; but polo against Longmouth was another matter!

"I tell you what I'll do," he said at last. "I've got to play Smithy at least part of the time, because I've promised him; but if your husband is down at the field in his clothes, and the game goes right, I'll put him in for at least two periods."

And that ended the conversation, for the footsteps of its subject clumped perilously near on the boardwalk.

At that minute, back in the darkness, Stone was saying to Lorimer:

"Look at that! Did you ever see anything like it?"

"What?" asked Lorimer in listless curiosity.

"That faint gray line on the horizon. You can always catch it on the sea at just this hour. It looks almost as if the day were coming up and night were just as long as the distance from east to west."

"Oh, piffle!" muttered Lorimer within him.

. . . . . .

True to the promise which she had exacted, Madge sent her ponies to the polo field the following afternoon; and as the crowds began drifting into the grounds she sprang lightly from the motor which she always drove herself and, followed by her husband, took up a position inside the ropes in the exact center of the field, while the early spectators looked curiously at the brown boots that projected from under the greatcoat of her husband and the neckscarf that suggested that other than conventional attire was worn beneath.

Time was called to the minute; and immediately the rustling hum of conversation, the chug of motors and the moving picture of people that had been filling the sidelines gave way to dead silence, broken only by the click of the ball, the patter of the ponies' feet and an occasional shout from one player to another. Up and down in mad rushes surged the game, in whirlwind gallops, while bits of turf shot out behind; and the audience rose and sat in bursts and subsidings of excitement. The game was going with the Beach team; and Madge watched with jealous eyes the sharp, accurate work of Smith, who always played well when his team was winning.

"Just wait until some pony gets the legs of him!" she muttered to her husband, who was sitting with feet stretched out on the grass beside her, puffing the inevitable cigar and apparently watching a faint pink line over the low hills to the west, where the sunset was beginning to look autumnlike for the first time of the year. He did not answer, and she glanced toward him with a queer motherly look that the Beach had never seen.

"What are you thinking about, infant?" she asked.

Her husband laughed—a big, deep-throated chuckle.

"I was trying to think," he said whimsically, "what lines come just ahead of '"The night is fine," the Walrus said. "Do you admire the view?"'"

His wife laughed with him. Her active little mind seldom forgot anything, and she supplied:

"'But not on us,' the Oysters said, and turned a little blue. 'After so much kindness that would be a dismal thing to do.'"

She laughed again and together they finished it in chorus:

"'The night is fine,' the Walrus said. 'Do you admire the view?'"

"But what has that got to do with polo?" asked Madge.

Her husband smiled and turned back to the sunset; but his wife's glance rested pettingly on him a minute longer, she reached over and turned up the collar of his coat.

"Remember—you haven't any sweater on, dear," she said, "and it's pretty crisp for September."

Half a dozen people on the sidelines behind them saw the movement and smiled; but immediately the attention of the entire field was absorbed in the game, which had taken a new and exciting turn; for the Longmouth players, after allowing a couple of easy scores, had suddenly made a fluke goal, which braced them into fighting trim—and at the moment they were simply running away with the Beach. Madge leaped to one knee and crouched there, quivering with excitement—just as you have seen the substitutes do along the sidelines at a football game—her mouth drawn tense and her eyes watching every stroke.

Though the game had been strung up to concert pitch, Taylor was apparently equal to the occasion; and with a few daring strokes himself, just to give his men confidence, and with a few quiet orders, he smoothed his team into its gait and held his opponents.

The Beach had still the lead of a goal, and Smith, who was playing Number Two, began a magnificent carry up the field which for the moment put the ball out of danger, while the home crowd shouted.

"Heavens, what a carry!" yelled an excitable man in a motor behind Madge; but the latter snorted contemptuously to her husband.

"He isn't doing it!" she muttered. "It's Tommy Taylor feeding the ball out to him. He hasn't got the nerve to go into the scrimmage after it!" For, like few other people on the field, she knew that it was not the spectacular playing of Smith that was holding the game, but the quiet commands of the captain, who was ruling his men as if he held every one of them at the end of a string.

Better than any one in the game, she knew and appreciated the mind that was working and directing in that sweating, pushing mass of men and horses—knowing just when to encourage, just when to signal and just where to aim; for, odd as it was, a mind like that was the one thing she valued most of anything she knew.

Poor, gallant little Wildfire, that was her real secret; and, unformed as it might be, even in her own mind, it was the whole basis of her devotion to her crude, queer husband. The one thing she lacked in this world was the power of original, constructive thought; and consequently that was the one thing she regarded with simple and whole-hearted adoration.

You can see the thing work out in everything, from crusades to selling carpets. You find great, grizzled veterans, who could squeeze their officers to death in each hand, following beardless boys just out of school—and doing it gladly, without question. You find men who can draw a page like a steel engraving working in perfect faith for men who can hardly write their own names legibly, much less draw a straight line. It is simply that the men with bodies and hands fall back inevitably upon those who can see what has been, who see what is now, and who know, by the instinct of intellect, what is going to be. In her way, Madge was very much a leader; but she was a leader like Mad Anthony Wayne, who would storm hell if necessary—but required some one else to plan the attack. The only reason that people didn't see the truth in Madge and her husband was that one was a man and the other a woman—such a woman!

Still crouching, with tense lips, Madge watched the rushing game through the second period and into the third. She saw Taylor's system build itself up inch by inch and then go to pieces in a flash by sheer force of riding from the other team. His quiet, easy words of command had pulled the Beach out of one crisis, but another of a different sort now rose and the system began to lose its effect, like a stimulant too mild; for Longmouth was a big, hard-riding team, on very fast ponies—poor on the turns, but hopelessly outclassing its opponents on a straight run down the field. So long as the ball was kept in scrimmage and the play tied in a knot, the Beach could dribble all round the big fellows; but the landslide had started the other way and the fifteen-hand ponies were tearing into their opponents like battering-rams. Keen, accurate, billiard-like player that he was, Taylor was not the man to face this kind of crisis. It needed a leader of bigger stamp.

Following with her eyes the maddened rushes up the field, Madge suddenly caught sight of her husband—and her heart leaped within her. He had risen to his feet, watching the game; his fists were jammed into his pockets; his head was bent almost to a crouch, while the big jaw that every one thought so ugly was set in a shape that was positively brutal. Fascinated, she looked at him again and again. She knew! She knew!

The rushes of the Longmouth battering-ram were growing harder and harder, while the Beach's defense was tearing like paper. Disconsolate, but thrilled, the audience gasped and then broke into a cheer as one final rush, one final effort, sent the ball over the line.

At the same moment, halfway down the field, three or four men and half a dozen stable boys were jumping over the boards—for out on the turf a pony lay kicking and rolling, while Taylor's white form lay motionless a dozen feet away. Before help reached him, however, he was on his feet, holding his hand in pain to his side.

He Gave One of Those Rifle-Shot Strokes of His

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Madge. "It's that rib of his again."

She had had too many spills herself to be greatly frightened by them, and she regarded the arms and legs of the players about as she did those of her horses and dogs.

The pony rolled once more and rose to its feet, shaking itself until the stirrups rattled, while a man slipped Taylor's arm over his shoulder and helped him, limping, to the sidelines. The first person he met was Madge, who was up with the stable boys.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, grinning through his pain. "I'm done for this match. Can your husband go in?"

"Are you hurt much, Tommy?" asked the girl; but, before he had time to reply, "No—not very much," she was waving frantically for her grooms at the end of the field, where her ponies were stationed.

"Come on, infant!" she said, turning to her husband; and listlessly the big man turned and followed her.

"Give me Boxer," she said to the groom. "I want something heavy." And while her husband slipped out of his coat she waved the man aside and slipped a knowing finger under the pony's girth as she tightened it.

Stone grasped a mallet, twirled it once or twice and then approached the pony—his wife holding the stirrup—and clambered aboard. She regarded him with a critical eye.

"Your leather's too long," she snapped; and as her husband drew his foot from the stirrup she gave the strap a pull, jerked it up a couple of holes and yanked it back into place, repeating the operation on the other side, while half the grandstand smiled and two grooms, leaning over under pretense of squeezing a sponge, winked at each other.

"Now go it!" she said, hitting the pony a slap on the flank and sending him galloping into the field.

Any game slackens somewhat after an accident, and this one was no exception; so the period finished with no further scoring. In the next, however, the Longmouth men, eager to pursue their advantage, opened again with their sledge-hammer tactics—and no one was surprised when they drove a goal soon after the throw-in. Tommy Taylor, sitting with Madge in her old place on the turf, positively writhed with anguish.

"Either Lorimer or Smithy could hit all round them if he chose," he complained; "but those chaps have simply got their goat. They're sliding downhill. I couldn't stop it when I was in the game—and goodness knows what'll happen now!"

But Madge was on her feet with a little cry. The big Longmouth Number Two had taken the ball again and pounded it down the field in one of his great, ground-gaining strokes, while both teams were racing for it as fast as their ponies could leap. Lorimer, the Back, looked anxiously at his own goal and edged toward it; while McDermott, the Number One, followed after the field. Smith, as Number Two, was racing for the ball with the man who had hit it, while Stone and two Longmouth men completed the galloping mass. Twenty yards from the ball Smith and the Longmouth Number Two were neck and neck; but the visitor, contemptuously throwing over his pony's neck, crowded the Beach man out of the way.

An exultant yell arose from the Longmouth captain, but the next minute the winning rider saw the neck of a big brown pony loom up beside him; there was a squash of horseflesh and he felt himself forced aside like a leaf in an eddy, while Stone, reaching over his own pony's neck, sent the ball singing up the field in a raising backhander that cracked like a rifle. Three ponies were jerked into the air, three ponies clamped their hind legs to the ground and, turning on a penny, leaped away for the race back after the ball.

Stone shoved his helmet down over his eyes.

"Rough it up! That's what they need!" he said in a hoarse voice to McDermott as he passed him; and the little Irishman, who had been waiting to hear that all the afternoon, nodded gleefully and dug his blunt spurs into his pony, riding off the first man he saw, on general principles.

Stone watched him do it and grinned.

"Get after that Back and stick to him like a bur," he muttered as they galloped near each other. And from that minute at least two of the Beach team were playing together.

The effect of the sudden change in tactics was so electrical that even the sidelines felt it, and excited murmurs began to run up and down; but the fast ponies of Longmouth were still on the winning streak and another goal was pushed in before the period ended, though not without a good deal of scrimmaging.

There was a dead silence as the two teams lined up for the fifth period, broken by a sudden yell as the ball rolled on to the field. Astonished, the Longmouth Number One missed it; and, before any one knew what was happening, little McDermott was scurrying down the field all alone, Stone galloping madly behind him.

Diagonally across the field, riding easily, came the Longmouth Back, expecting that McDermott, like a proper Number One, would leave the ball to the other man and try to clear the Back out of the way; but, instead, just before the Back reached the line of attack, there was a rush and a plunge, and Stone was on him like a landslide, while little McDermott scuttled the ball all the way through the goalposts.

With the score three to two in favor of Longmouth and no penalties, both teams rose up for a whirlwind finish. Realizing that there was again a leader in command, Lorimer was defending his goal right and left, while Stone,

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She Waved the Man Aside and Slipped a Knowing Finger Under the Pony's Girth as She Tightened It

THE CROOKED DEAL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Ole Reliable Advertises a Hero Who Couldn't Stand the Gaff

Part II

DECKLIGHTS glowed dimly and foghorns gasped out their strangling cry. In a raincoat, gray as the night, Colonel Spottiswoode had been leaning against the rail where the mist blew in until it sheathed him with silver like a fine white frost.

When the big gambler approached Colonel Spottiswoode with that demand for a division of winnings it was too dark for him to see the flush that overspread the Southerner's face. Neither did Cap Wright know the other man well enough to realize the danger in which he stood. The Colonel remembered distinctly that it was on Cap's deals that he had made various lucky draws, but never once supposed it to be anything more sinister than a caprice of the cards. It was well for both men that Spottiswoode did not understand, that he had to stop and think—well that he got control of his temper before muscles and tongue began! Zack came shuffling aimlessly around the corner and stopped. He saw the Colonel facing the big man, standing with both hands behind his back as if afraid he might be tempted to use them. Zack sidled up closer and heard Cap Wright say: "Me and Joe couldn't figure out how you happened to let that sucker get off with a six-hundred-dollar pot."

The Colonel spoke; and Zack knew from his suppressed tones that something active was going to take place. "I don't understand you. How did I let the sucker get away?"

Cap felt easier—his man was beginning to talk hoss sense—and he warmed up. "It was just this way: that was the only trick we turned where you made a good scoop that I did not deal. You remember how I dealt you an ace to fill, a seven to make fours, two flushes under the whip and always had some good hands out against 'em."

The Southerner flinched—each item in the account was perfectly true. He clasped his hands tightly behind him and let Cap go on.

"That young fellow Shields don't know a thing about cards; he never watches nobody. Joe fixed 'em up and I slipped him a cold deck; that's how you got the king-full against Eaton's jack-full. We expected you to hit him for his stack; he was drinkin' and bettin' wild."

"You infernal scoundrel!" Colonel Spottiswoode spoke under his breath, but there was no mistaking what he said and no doubt that he meant it. Zack edged nearer. "You common thief! You ——"

Cap Wright needed the hide of a rhinoceros; he was so accustomed to being denounced; but the suddenness of this surprised him into a movement toward his pocket.

Quicker than thought the Colonel grasped both of his wrists. "No, you don't—not on me!"

"Cunnel, Cunnel, he's got a knife!—got a knife!" Zack called from behind.

Colonel Spottiswoode held Cap's wrists firmly and whispered: "You stand still! Zack, chuck that knife in the creek." Overboard went a long knife in a leather sheath. "Now feel his pockets."

Zack searched diligently. "Ain't got nothin' else, Cunnel."

The big gambler breathed heavily; he would have been no match for a seasoned bear hunter who could sit his saddle for a week. Before the Colonel released Cap's wrists they had a one-sided talk, but mighty straight. "Don't you leave this deck until I come back. Zack, watch this door and holler if he tries to come in. I'll hear you."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel." Zack's teeth gleamed and his eyes showed white, like a runaway mustang, as he looked at the bulky Cap. "I'll sho holler."

Spottiswoode, without another glance at Cap, turned inside and vanished down the grand staircase. He strode back to the poker game, which was still running five-handed, stepped abruptly into the room and left the door open.

Except for Joe Sloan, the men were all losers, playing for even; and Joe was playing to win. That made a tight game and no sociability. The players scarcely noticed his entrance. Shields flung down a worthless hand.

"Well, Mr. Spottiswoode, have you come back to get the rest of our chips?" he said pleasantly. "Sit in."

"No, thank you; I won't play." The Colonel dropped into a vacant chair and pushed back his hat. With one hand he pulled out his wad of money and with the other stopped Reifenstein from dealing. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for interrupting you; but this game is crooked ——"

"Crooked!" exclaimed Shields. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—the game is crooked! Sit down and don't get excited."

Both Italians nervously stuck their money into their pockets and hung over the table as the Colonel announced: "I have seven hundred and eighty-five dollars which doesn't belong to me ——"

"What!" they ejaculated in one breath—then looked at each other suspiciously.

"It has been a swindle, you say?" Reifenstein spoke quite deliberately; laying aside the cards he arose and stood with his left hand resting on the table. "May I inquire who is the swindler? Who has the money?"

"I have the money—here it is."

"But I do not understand," the German said with a wrinkled brow and his gaze concentrated upon the American.

Joe Sloan kept his mouth shut, but a pocket opened and his money disappeared somewhere. He fidgeted away from the table and glanced toward the door. Why didn't Cap come back? It took Cap to handle an awkward holler.

"Mr. Shields," asked the Colonel, "would you mind telling me how much you are loser?"

"Certainly not." Shields rapidly ran over his banknotes and little stack of sovereigns. "I have been doing better lately; I am one hundred and twenty dollars loser."

The Colonel set down these figures. "And you, Count Castle—Cass ——"

"Castelleone!" The Italian supplied his name with emphasis.

"And you, Count Castelleone, how much are you the loser?"

There was no need for the Italian to recount his money. After every pot he knew exactly how he stood. "I have lost fifty-two sovereigns, sir."

"Say two hundred and sixty dollars—I understand that better. And you, Signore Torreale?"

"Five hundred and forty-five dollars," that gentleman promptly responded.

The Baron von Reifenstein had been figuring his cash. Now he volunteered quietly: "I lose two hundred and ninety dollars."

The Colonel footed up these items. "That makes twelve hundred and fifteen dollars. I am winner seven hundred and eighty-five dollars, which leaves four hundred and thirty dollars to be accounted for."

He stepped to the door and called: "Zack! Zack! Go at once and find Mr. Eaton; and say to him I shall be greatly obliged if he will come to this room at once."

While Zack was gone the Colonel turned to Joe Sloan and asked abruptly:

"How do you stand, sir?"

Joe answered straight. "Sixty dollars winner."

The Colonel put that down. "That leaves three hundred and seventy dollars between Mr. Eaton and the man you call Captain Wright." And Joe Sloan squirmed at the way the Colonel said "Captain."

"Shoty, Missy, You is Heerd 'Bout Cunnel's Shootin'!"

Zack returned in a few moments. "Mr. Eaton say he's tolable tired tonight an' don't reckon he'll come back here for a while."

The Colonel arose. "I think he will come," he said, and went out of the door. Within five minutes he reëntered behind Mr. Eaton. "Now, Mr. Eaton, I should be pleased to know how you stood in this game."

"Well," remarked the other languidly, "I think I won something in the neighborhood of two hundred and eighty dollars."

"Exactly how much?"

"Exactly that; beastly nuisance!" And Eaton turned to go.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Eaton; don't hurry off—we want to settle up this game."

"The game is already settled as far as I am concerned," Eaton responded.

"But not so far as I am concerned." He added up the figures and showed the result.

Winners		Losers	
Sloan	$ 60.00	Shields	$120.00
Cap Wright	90.00	Reifenstein	290.00
Mr. Eaton	280.00	Torreale	545.00
Col. Spottiswoode	785.00	Castelleone	260.00
	$1215.00		$1215.00

"Now, gentlemen, the only way is to call the game off!" Colonel Spottiswoode began shoving the money into the center of the table. Eaton turned toward the door and the Colonel closed it with his foot. "I beg you, Mr. Eaton, not to hurry; we should like to settle this game properly."

"The game is settled, for my part," Eaton repeated doggedly.

Torreale and Castelleone had been whispering together, their eyes fixed on the gold—they were sitting directly across the table. Torreale reached out his hand and succeeded in getting it on the money.

"It's a swindle and you have my money. I want that five hundred and forty-five dollars!"

"I want my two hundred and sixty dollars!" added Castelleone.

Shields shook his head. "Wait a moment!" he urged.

Reifenstein said nothing.

Spottiswoode glanced into each of their faces as if asking for suggestions. The Italians seized upon what they supposed to be a moment of weakness and indecision. With all of that money in sight they lost control of themselves. They arose together and demanded: "You must give us our money! If you don't we will ——"

Colonel Spottiswoode swept the money from the table, folded up the bills and poured the jingling sovereigns into his pocket. "Don't say 'must' to me! I tried to straighten this game. Now I shall do as I like. You have not let me tell you what was wrong. Now you may protect yourselves as best you can."

The Italians drew close to the big German, while Reifenstein suggested: "It seems to me, sir, that the men to whom this money belongs should be consulted."

"Seven Hundred and Eighty-Five Dollars—Who Sent This?"

Colonel Spottiswoode was thoroughly angry by this time and his face began to flush again. "I tried that," he said abruptly; "but you foreigners are too infernally crazy to get your clutches on a dime."

Castelleone suddenly pointed his finger and said, like a dog barking through a fence: "You're a cheat! You're a cheat!"

The Colonel dashed a deck of cards into his face.

"You are a swindler!" Reifenstein spoke in a low tone.

"You are a liar!" retorted the Colonel.

For the first time Shields rose from his chair and stood calm, self-possessed and alert.

"You shall fight me!" Castelleone's face was beginning to bleed slightly; he fumbled in his pocket for a cardcase and tossed his card on the table in front of the Colonel.

"Of course you shall fight me!" added Reifenstein.

"And you shall fight me also!" said Torreale with the courage of two men between himself and danger.

Reifenstein's case held but a single card, which was soiled by a spot of ink. He apologized for its condition.

"That's all right," remarked the Colonel. "It's plain enough for me to read."

In the confusion Joe Sloan slunk out of the door and got away.

"Mr. Shields"—the Colonel turned to that gentleman—"give me your card and make it complete."

Shields shook his head and almost smiled. Being a hardheaded American, the affair struck him as a bit of opera bouffe.

"I insist upon it; I want your name and address," said the Colonel.

"Very well." And Shields gave him the card.

"Like yourself," remarked the Colonel, "I see no sense in fighting over a card game."

"You *must* fight! You *must* fight!" chorused the Italians.

"Or be forced to fight!" Reifenstein added with a sneer.

Slowly the blood mounted into Colonel Spottiswoode's face, then faded out again, leaving him quite pale. If these men had understood weather signs they would have recognized that as a most auspicious moment to leave old Beverley Spottiswoode alone.

"Very well," he said coolly; "if there's no way to get out of it. Zack! Oh, Zack! Go get those two pistols that Doctor Paulding gave me when we left home."

While Zack was gone no one spoke a word; there was scarcely a change in the positions of the men. The Colonel sat drumming on the table with his fingers. Shields leaned against the sideboard; the German and the Italians stood close together.

"Here dey is, Cunnel." Zack put down a heavy box.

Colonel Spottiswoode laid out a pair of blue-barreled six-shooters with buckhorn handles.

They were not ladylike, but they were honest, would never kick up, and shot true as a rifle.

"Gentlemen, I have the choice of weapons. Here we are. Fifty paces, fire; advance and fire at will. That is simple." He shoved one of the pistols across the table. Nobody touched it.

Colonel Spottiswoode rose, put the weapons back in the box and handed it to Shields. "Mr. Shields, will you kindly take care of these until we get to Gibraltar? That is a suitable place. A gentleman will meet me there to act as my second. Count Castelleone, I believe you are the first; Baron von Reifenstein comes next, and then I shall have the honor of meeting Signore Torreale."

The terms he named meant that somebody might get hurt. Castelleone, being first, began to realize that he stood a chance of having something unpleasant happen to him.

Young Shields walked out of the cabin some distance behind the Colonel. "Well," he thought, "I can't make out how much of this is bluff. And I'd hate to be in those fellows' shoes—shivering all the way to Gibraltar and hoping it's a mistake."

After breakfast next morning the Colonel went upstairs and Zack found him pacing, with a problem. Up and down the slippery deck he went; up and down the long, long lanes of dripping canvas, passing an interminable line of empty chairs, with here and there a disgusted passenger swearing at the weather. Every three minutes the foghorn let out its awful noise; to the left a hidden steamer was tooting another horn; behind them still another. Back and forth he went, with hands behind him, once in a while dropping into his chair, with a pad and pencil, and trying to figure how much he had won from each of those men on Cap Wright's crooked deals; but there was no way to untangle the complications of the poker game. If the other winners had agreed to call the game off and restore the original stacks it would have been easy. Whatever the others did, the Colonel must square himself. He could not carry that sort of money in his pocket.

Zack tagged at his heels, full of enthusiasm over the big concert, when "li'l' missy was goin' to play." He tried to tell about it, but after many shakes and turns caught the idea that the Colonel did not want to talk.

Meeting Mr. Shields, the men nodded. Neither made an advance. There the matter stood.

The Italians and Reifenstein kept together, close together, walking or standing. They moved along jerkily, stopped, circled around each other, put their heads together and talked in whispers. Every time the Colonel passed they were looking the other way.

"Cunnel," said Zack, "what you reckon ails dem gent'mens? Yistiddy dey axed mo' questions dan enuff 'bout li'l' missy an' de fiddle. Jes now, when I say 'Good mornin',' dat biggest one kinder nodded, but dem yuthers never said nuthin'—'cept 'bout 'barbrous murder.' Dey sholy got sumpin' on dey min'."

As a matter of fact, the three had quit discussing that all important seven hundred and eighty-five dollars, speaking instead of those pistols guardedly and evasively, even with each other. Castelleone modified his original enthusiasm at being the first man to get in a challenge.

Eaton came up blandly to the Colonel with a greeting more than effusive. Colonel Spottiswoode cut it short. "Our acquaintance, sir, began—and ended—last night!"

The Colonel Dashed a Deck of Cards Into His Face

The Colonel resumed his tramp, while Eaton stood staring. "Dear me, dear me! What can be the matter with the fellow?" When the Colonel turned and started back Eaton dragged his bulldog around the corner and gave him a vicious kick.

A stir at the head of the stairs attracted Zack's attention. He ran up to watch the triumphant progress of Signorina Aurora into the music room. Zack loved the orderly confusion of a grand entrance at the beginning of the main circus. He watched with open mouth.

First came the maid, Constanza, who entered the music room and, with artistic eye, chose the divan upon which Aurora would recline; the color scheme must harmonize. Deck stewards brought rugs and shawls; maids brought pillows, maids brought magazines, maids brought flowers, hung toilet bags over the back of the signorina's divan, placed bonbon dishes and dainty baskets of fruit. Constanza stepped back, eyed it critically; then a touch here, a pat there, and all was ready. Aurora emerged from her cabin—radiantly, smilingly emerged. Fussy assistants draped her properly on the divan and covered one of her pretty feet. The other pretty foot was left accidentally and artistically visible, with a sufficient visibility above it to indicate what the other ankle and stocking were like. The signorina affected purples and lavenders this morning—a purple deck-bonnet of Puritan primness, such as Priscilla might have worn to keep the wind from tossing her hair, leaving the streamers for the wind to play with.

"Sit here, *carissima*," she said to Doris.

Doris wore no purples, lavenders or jewels—just a simple skirt and waist; her firm, round forearms were bare of bracelets and her fingers devoid of rings. She had brushed her hair in soft curves from her forehead and it billowed round her head. Perhaps the signorina had thought of the effective foil that this gentle Southerner would make for her own voluptuous magnificence. And Doris lost nothing by the contrast.

Aurora's confident eyes turned to the happy brown ones. "Come now, *carissima*, we must talk about your benefit—what will you play?" Doris astounded the signorina by her familiarity with the world's great music. "Very well, you shall play what you choose. You will surprise us yes, yes. Captain, come here." She beckoned to the bewhiskered sailor. "I give a benefit, you know, for this young lady. She will play so wonderfully. I shall sing three times—three songs."

The gallant sailor bent over her. "When have we such happiness'"

"This night—this very night. I cannot sleep until *carissima mia* is provided for."

Doris moved uneasily and would have run away had not the other held her. "Please don't!" she whispered.

"Tut-tut-tut! It is their privilege. They feed their pigs and stable their cattle; such an artist as yourself comes once only in a lifetime. Captain, post a notice at once that Aurora will sing tonight at eight; tickets, five dollars. I shall myself buy twenty. It is worth twenty tickets to hear that violin."

The singer's enthusiasm gained strength like a rolling stone. She called passenger after passenger to her side; they were glad to come, proud to buy tickets from her own hand by the twos and fives and tens.

Zack stood grinning at the door; something important was going on—something that made the "li'l' missy" look very flushed and happy. When Doris caught sight of him she touched Aurora's hand.

"There's that old black man; you said you wanted to hear him talk."

"Call him, my dear; call him—he is so amusing."

Doris nodded cordially and Zack came sidewise into the big room.

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Zack?" she inquired. Aurora sat up straight to hear what the negro said.

Zack grinned. "I jes been alookin' at all dis water an' studyin' 'bout sumpin' "

"What is it?" Doris drew him out.

"You say 'tain't nuthin' but water up dataway?"—pointing toward the north. Doris nodded. "An' nuthin' but water down dataway?"—indicating the south. Doris nodded again. "An' de onliest banks is over yonder an' back yonder whar we come from?" Zack broke into a loud laugh. "I war jes studyin': Ef all de men was on one side an' all de wimmen on de yuther—an' 'twarn't no way to walk round dat water—it jes fell in my min' to laff at what a mighty scuffin' dere'd be to learn how to swim!"

Aurora leaned back and laughed, which tickled Zack into showing all his teeth. Doris kept him talking.

"Now, Uncle Zack, what did you say your name is?"

Zack bowed profoundly and brushed his cap against the crimson carpet; then he straightened up. "Zack Foster, ma'am; but everybody, white an' black, in de whole entire city o' Vicksburg, dey calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"Old Reliable!"

"Yas'm. Everybody sho do call me dat."

"What does he mean?" Aurora whispered, and Doris interpreted:

"People in America nickname a man for some trait of his character; and in that part of the country they call Uncle Zack 'Ole Reliable.'"

"What a splendid reputation!"

(Continued on Page 35)

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The Russian Treaty

PERHAPS it is possible to spin a fine technical argument in international law over the Russian treaty. Citizens of the two nations, says the treaty, shall have liberty to enter the territories of each party and "shall enjoy the same security and protection as natives of the country on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing." Natives of Russia who are Jews enjoy very little security and protection. The laws and ordinances there prevailing oppress them in many ways and deny them most of the essential rights of free citizenship. Russia claims, in effect, that in refusing to honor American passports issued to Jews she is not violating the treaty, but merely enforcing her own laws relative to that race. This refusal to honor American passports in the hands of certain of our citizens began about forty years after the treaty was signed, or about forty years ago. For a generation it has been a subject of futile negotiation and protest by our State Department.

Imagine the United States passing a law that forbade Episcopalians to travel in this country, and when Great Britain protested that we were excluding her citizens in violation of our treaty obligations we replied that the treaty imposed no obligation to treat British Episcopalians any differently from American Episcopalians, and we must be left free to manage our internal affairs as we saw fit! Probably we could spin an argument on that; but Great Britain's answer undoubtedly would be that a treaty which we construed in that way imposed an intolerable humiliation on her and must be abrogated—if our laws required us to insult British citizens she must decline to deal with us. That, of course, had to be our answer to Russia.

The Government and Bank Failures

IN FORTY-NINE years, to October 31, 1911—the date covered by the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency—the net loss to depositors in national banks that have failed and been liquidated was thirty-seven million dollars. This is only a negligible fraction of one per cent a year of the deposits in national banks. From the comptroller's report it appears, moreover, that sixty per cent in number of these failures were caused by acts in direct violation of the national-bank law; and the heaviest losses generally occur where violation of law is most flagrant.

It is safe to say that one-tenth of a cent deducted from each dollar of individual deposits now held by the banks would cover all losses that depositors have sustained in forty-nine years through failures where there was no violation of law; and it is well known that of late years national-bank inspection has become more rigorous and efficient, tending undoubtedly to prevent violations of the law.

In normal times everybody, broadly speaking, trusts the banks, and with good reason—that is, everybody except the Government itself. It is one of the anomalies of the present banking situation that the Government, which assumes guardianship of the national institutions in order that everybody else may have confidence in them, will not itself trust them at all—demanding that its own deposits be secured by bonds. Periodically distrust of the banks becomes widespread—to the country's great harm and loss.

How much the Government's example may have to do with inspiring this periodic distrust it would be hard to say; but there is soon to be, we hope, a different and much better relationship between the Government and the banking system.

Increasing Soldiers' Pensions

THE first important act of the House at this session was to pass the Sherwood Bill, granting a pension of thirty dollars a month to every surviving soldier of the Civil War who served a year or more; twenty-five dollars a month to those who served nine months and less than a year; twenty dollars to those who served six to nine months; and fifteen dollars to those who served three to six months. If passed by the Senate the bill will increase the amount on the pension roll by about fifty million dollars a year. The House struck out the original provisions that old soldiers with incomes of a thousand dollars a year or more should not be eligible, and that no pensioner receiving twenty-five dollars a month or more under the bill should be admitted to a Soldiers' Home.

In striking out these provisions of the Sherwood Bill, no doubt there was considerable politics and fear of the old-soldier vote.

On the other hand, pension records show that in the year ending June 30, 1911, almost forty thousand survivors of the Civil War—on the Union side—departed this life. Mortality during the last fiscal year is estimated at fifty thousand—and must increase steadily; for the average age of the survivors is upward of seventy years. It was brought out in debate that the last Congress passed nine thousand six hundred private pension bills, while something over ten thousand such bills are now pending before the Committee on Invalid Pensions. These two sets of facts mean that the half million Civil War survivors have but a few years to live, and that those among them who possess a little influence can readily procure a pension increase by way of a private bill.

We prefer the Sherwood Bill to the deluge of private-pension bills. The country should at least treat these old men impartially.

Where the Money Is

THE United States holds one-quarter of the world's visible supply of gold and silver; the people of this country have sixteen billion dollars deposited in banks, and the aggregate assets of our banks exceed twenty-three billion dollars. No other country comes anywhere near to matching these figures; but the money is very unevenly distributed. Nearly one-half of the aggregate assets of our banks—state and national—and of the individual deposits in banks is found in three states: Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

The state of New York alone holds almost thirty per cent of the total in both items, and this means mostly the city of New York, just as the great accumulations of money in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are largely in the industrial centers rather than in the rural regions. Individual deposits—excluding the deposits of one bank with another—in New York exceed such deposits in all the rich Middle Western states combined, and are more than three times as great as the aggregate in thirteen prosperous Southern states.

This doesn't imply that Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania are the happiest regions. On the contrary, it might be laid down as a general rule that where there is the most money a head there is also the most misery a head.

A Kansas farmer with a moderately mortgaged quarter section and not a dollar of money to his name is certainly more fortunately situated than a wage-earner on the lower East or West Side of New York whose possessions consist of a few hundred dollars in a savings bank. It does, however, imply where the banking headquarters of the country are going to be for a long while to come.

Combination and Regulation

MR. CARNEGIE, in his latest contribution to economic literature, writes: "The cheapest mode of production of articles in general use is best for the nation as a whole. Granted combination, there must be regulation. . . . It follows that an industrial court must be formed which shall fix maximum prices that the consumer may be protected against extortion."

No one whose views are worth considering doubts the economic advantage both of grand-scale production and of restriction of competition; but a great many who see that industrial combination is inevitable refuse to see that regulation of the combine in the interest of the public is equally inevitable. As President Butler, of Columbia, recently said: "The era of unrestricted individual competition has gone forever. No president, attorney-general, court or Congress can restore it." And if there is no escape from combination there can be no escape from Government supervision and control, because uncontrolled combination would be intolerable. Industrial combination will go on, compelled by the law of economic development. Government regulation will go hand in hand with it, likewise compelled by the necessities of the case. Perhaps this will eventually mean an industrial commission, with the power even to fix maximum prices in certain cases, as Mr. Carnegie suggests; but no one can turn back the hand of that clock any more than he can turn back the hand of the other clock which has marked the irrevocable passing of unrestricted competition.

The Fake Stock Swindle

COMMISSIONER RUDOLPH proposes for the District of Columbia a law similar to that of Kansas requiring reports from concerns that offer stocks for sale, with power to bar those that will evidently prove profitable to nobody except the promoter. Other states undoubtedly will follow Kansas' lead—there being no valid reason why any state which pretends to protect its citizens against theft in other forms should countenance by inaction this biggest and cruelest of modern swindles. A pickpocket, perforce, leaves his victim's clothes, and a burglar leaves the most useful articles of furniture. No such physical limitations are imposed upon the peddler of fake stock, and in many cases he makes a clean sweep. Any state is able to discourage the selling of wildcat securities within its own borders.

The interstate traffic in worthless engravings is conducted largely by means of advertisements, and it will probably be found possible to discourage this by putting the responsibility where it belongs—that is, upon the publication that circulates the advertisement. No publication can perform the office of tout for a wildcat stock by carrying its advertisement and escape the moral responsibility. It should no longer be possible for such publications to escape legal responsibility.

White and Negro Population

FOR thirty years the ratio of increase in white population has been nearly double that of negro population. The total increase in the period, in round numbers, is thirty-eight million whites and three and a quarter million negroes. In the last decade the white population, irrespective of immigration, increased in a greater ratio than the black. In the South itself, for thirty years, the proportion of negroes has slowly but steadily declined, until now the colored race is less than thirty per cent of the total. In 1880 there were roughly ten and a half million whites to six million blacks. There are now twenty and a half million whites to eight and three-quarter million blacks. In every state of the old South the ratio of white increase during the last decade much exceeded the ratio of negro increase. In South Carolina it was twenty-one per cent to seven; in Florida, forty-nine to thirty-four; in Alabama, twenty-three to ten; in Mississippi, twenty-three to eleven; in Louisiana, twenty-nine to ten; in Texas, thirty-two to eleven.

We hope these facts and others presage a speedy end of that prepossession with the race question which has made Southern politics so lopsided and which has often robbed the South of her due weight in settling national problems.

The Two Necklaces

AS MR. BRANDEIS astutely points out, the report that one of our most eminent Trust magnates bestowed upon his spouse at Christmas a pearl necklace costing five hundred thousand dollars, recalls that celebrated diamond necklace which Napoleon said was one of the three causes of the French Revolution. The one necklace does recall the other; but our conclusions from the coincidence differ from those of Mr. Brandeis.

Probably the scandal over the diamond ornament did as much to destroy the prestige of the French monarchy as half a dozen years of wild blundering in finance or half a hundred oppressive laws; but the scandal, it should be remembered, was a fake—and Marie Antoinette no doubt was quite innocent.

So probably our Trust magnate's half-million-dollar pearl necklace will stick in the craws of a good many people whose minds are rather hazy as to the steel tariff and who have already forgotten—if they ever knew—that the Trust worked men twelve hours a day for seven days in the week. And this pearl necklace, no doubt, is also a fake. If there is any such article—which is doubtful—we presume it cost somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars instead of five hundred thousand, and was presented by the magnate to his daughter three or four years ago—or, even if there should be a veritable half-million-dollar necklace, there is no public harm in that.

One necklace recalls the other because both illustrate how easy it is to provoke resentment over the wrong thing.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hunting Cox

TAKE the words of the gang for it and it's a shame and a disgrace the way these young squirts are mixing in nowadays, and not only putting politics at sixes and sevens but making that profession a most precarious pursuit by disturbing the even tenor of the graft.

All the boys have tales of woe. Things have come to such a pass that there is a terrible howl if a few of the crowd try to colonize a hundred or so floaters in a lodging house, and the shaking down of public-utility corporations and contractors for campaign money is as hazardous as it is non-productive; while the taking of a few dollars for a vote excites resentment in circles where the practice once was a recognized industry.

Likewise, the people who have hitherto voted as they were told, or had their votes counted as others chose—which amounts to the same thing in the end—are beginning to think they have rights. They are opposed to courts owned by politicians and to judges that work for bosses. They look with disfavor on municipal rake-off and have so far lost their perspective that they cannot see any merit in taking toll from vice. They think they should have a hand in running their own city and suburban affairs, and are actually insisting that men not approved by the bosses—and amenable to them—shall be elected to positions of trust.

The game is not what it once was. The graft is petering out. The dread alternative of work or hunger faces many a politician. Bosses have been pulled up and thrown on the dump in many cities and in many states; and here comes Cincinnati—a little tardy to be sure, but hand in hand with Philadelphia, also a little tardy—and asks for enrollment in the Amalgamated Association of Cities That Intend to Clean Up—Cincinnati—for years and years a typically boss-ridden city.

Everything must have a type, you know. When one speaks of a boss one cannot think of all the bosses—of the Quays and Platts and Buckleys and all the rest—all good types too; but one must establish a standard and use that for illustrative purposes. Hence, when it has been necessary in the past to talk about bosses, the basis of comparison has been George B. Cox, the boss of Cincinnati, Ohio, otherwise known as "Coxey, Old Boy." If, on occasion, a demand had been made, say, by certain ambitious residents of a young and flourishing city for information that would enable them to construct a boss, the plans and specifications of George B. Cox would have been furnished instantly by any person who knows about bosses and appreciates their finer slants.

Cox bossed Cincinnati for a good many years—bossed Cincinnati and grew rich and powerful, and ramified until he directed absolutely all the municipal machinery of that big city. Elections went as Cox directed. The votes were cast as Cox said. He ran things, elected mayors and councilmen and judges and law officers, and sat in a room above a saloon in the daytime and issued orders. At night he shifted to a table in a beer hall and issued his orders from that throne.

Young Sleuth on the Trail

EIGHT years ago, when Cox was fully in power and none of this agitation by the fool people had arisen to disturb him, a young chap named Henry T. Hunt, recently graduated from Yale and having a license to practice law, thought he would like to go into politics a bit. He had heard of the election abuses in Cincinnati and had deprecated them, but had no actual experience at polling places; and he had an idea the stories might be political and exaggerated. He applied to the committee that had charge of whatever municipal fight was in progress on the side against Cox; and the committee made him a challenger at the polls in the Silver Moon District and gave him a list of names of suspected repeaters and floaters and colonized voters to challenge.

He went to the polling place with his list and began challenging. The Silver Moon District was so named because in that district the gang had a lodging house known as the Silver Moon which they used to fill with colonizers and floaters. Hunt challenged and was laughed at by the ballot officials. He stood there all day and saw illegally registered white men and negroes go in, vote and come out to a gang leader, who handed each a two-dollar bill on satisfactory proof that he had voted "right."

He was young and ardent and became indignant. He protested there and afterward; but nearly everybody laughed, admitted the condition and asked: "What are you going to do about it?" Hunt didn't know exactly, but he had an idea, rather vague as to details but fixed in a general sense, that something might be done to stop it; and he kept agitating. Two years later he was nominated for the legislature. It was a good year for him. The gang ticket was weak. Mr. Taft went to Akron and denounced it in a public speech. Hunt was elected.

He served in the legislature for three years. His experiences in the Silver Moon District had shown him the need of revised election laws. He accomplished some reforms and lost some, but he did a lot of good work and was very active in the appointment of two investigating committees for Cincinnati. The courts knocked out both these committees, but one of them sat long enough to show the illegal collection of "gratuities" on public funds deposited by the gang.

The gang prosecutor refused to proceed on the results of these investigations and there was a demand for a change. This was in 1908. Hunt was nominated for prosecutor and elected.

He is an earnest, serious, efficient young man, and he made appalling charges against the gang in that campaign, but in a most calm and convincing manner.

When Hunt took the office of prosecutor he began a three years' fight in the local courts. Hunt tried to investigate a public utility that was thought to have close relations with the gang, and he was blocked. He tried to get after protected vice, and he was held off. He fought desperately, but the gang influence was too strong. However, he was reëlected prosecutor at the end of his first term; and when he began the term, in January, 1911, he had on the bench of the criminal division of the Common Pleas Court—an antigang judge. This enabled Hunt to get a grand jury not selected by the gang, and he straightway started after Cox. He indicted Cox for perjury on the ground that, though Cox had denied under oath he had received any of the "gratuity" graft for illegally collected interest on public funds, there was evidence Cox did get sixty-five thousand dollars of that money. It took all of the resources of Cox to get out of this difficulty; and when he did get out Cox was broken as a boss in Cincinnati.

They nominated Hunt for mayor last fall. Cox picked the strongest man he could find from the regulars, and even secured an indorsement for his man from President Taft, who a few years before had advised all good citizens to vote against the Cox ticket. Hunt was elected, notwithstanding the efforts of Cox to defeat him and the support Cox's man had from the President.

Hunt is now the mayor of Cincinnati. He is only thirty-three years old and has ability, a high sense of civic responsibility—and believes in clean politics. So far as Cox is concerned, he is done. His day as a boss is over. A thirty-three-year-old man, backed by courage, energy and an awakening public conscience, has thrown him on the municipal ashheap. And Cox was a perfectly good boss too! He made his henchmen perform for years and years, and grew to be a banker. In his opinion the country is skidding for ruin and Cincinnati is already there; and what he thinks of Henry T. Hunt ——

Beware, young man; the postal regulations are below you!

A Deadly Expert

A CERTAIN great Chicago physician and A. S. Trude, a lawyer of that city, are close friends, but one time when the physician was called as an expert witness in a case Trude was on the opposite side and had to cross-examine the physician.

The physician had given his expert testimony. It upheld the contention of his side perfectly.

When it came Trude's turn he squared away, glared at his friend and, after the usual preliminary questions, began the examination:

"Doctor ——, you are frequently called into consultation when prominent men are ill in this community, are you not?"

"I am."

"Were you in attendance on George M. Pullman?"

"I was."

"Where is Mr. Pullman now?"

"He is dead."

"Ah, yes! And were you called in by Mr. Marshall Field?"

"I was."

"Where is Mr. Field now, may I ask?"

"He is dead."

"Indeed! And were you in attendance on Philip D. Armour?"

"I was."

"And where is Mr. Armour now?"

"He is dead."

Trude knew that his friend was called in consultation in almost every big case in Chicago, and there was a malicious gleam in his eye as he named dead man after dead man and asked if the expert had attended them. After he had named about a dozen prominent citizens who had passed away he turned to the jury with a wave of his hand, as if to say "There's your expert!" and sat down.

Still a Drake

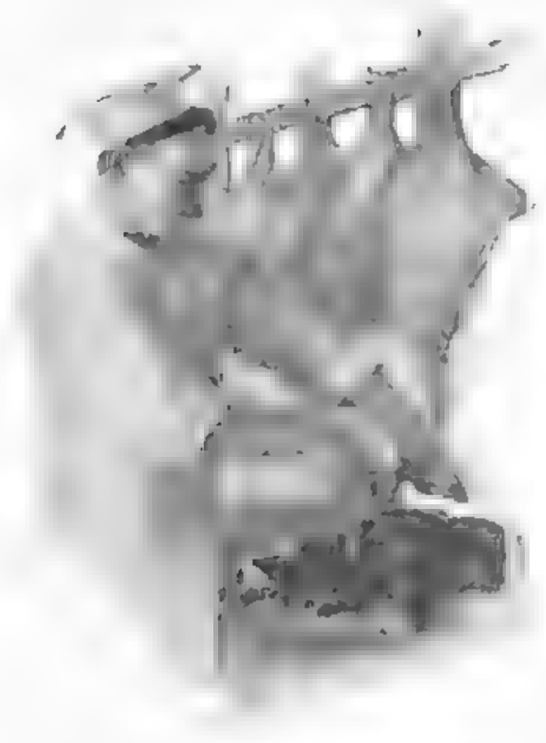
ALBERT G. FOSTER, a lawyer of Madison, Georgia, bought some Indian Runner ducks. His wife and her father were out in the yard looking at them.

"How can you tell a drake from a duck?" asked Mrs. Foster of her father.

"The drake has a curled feather in his tail," the old gentleman replied.

"Lord-a-mercy!" said Mrs. Foster. "Suppose he should lose his feather?"

"Well," said her father, after thinking of the matter for a minute, "he would still be a drake."



This photograph taken in our butcher-shop shows you what good prime fresh meats we use in our soups.

WE use big whole quarters of beef and mutton. Every one bears the United States Government-inspection stamp. And our own inspectors are even more particular than Uncle Sam.

You get the real thing when you eat

Campbells'

SOUPS

Our broths are strong, full-flavored and meaty. Our meat soups also contain plenty of the solid juicy meat. Everything is handled with the same dainty care as in the finest home kitchen. And our soups are all sterilized after sealing; and by *heat alone*. So that they open as fresh and savory as if you had just made them.

Order them by the dozen. That is the handiest way. The grocer returns your money if you are not completely satisfied.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus — Julienne
Beef — Mock Turtle
Bouillon — Mulligatawny
Celery — Mutton Broth
Chicken — Ox Tail
Clam Chowder — Pea
Consommé — Pepper Pot
Julienne — Printanier
Mock Turtle — Tomato
Mulligatawny — Vegetable
Mutton Broth — Vermicelli-Tomato
Ox Tail — Vienna
Pea — Vegetable Gumbo
Pepper Pot — Vegetable Okra
Printanier — Vermicelli-Tomato
Tomato — Vienna
Vegetable — Vegetable Gumbo
Vegetable Okra — Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Harry Hooker
hiked ashore
And cried, "There's
Campbell's Tibet,
Just look, I'll hook
Two cans of it
To grace the Captain's
table."

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 8)

to your employees—that, indeed, is funny! You do amuse me very much. Come."

The door was pushed fully open now and a woman entered, at the sight of whom Arnold forgot all his feelings of mingled annoyance and amusement. She was of little over the medium height, exceedingly slim—a slimness that was accentuated by the fashion of the gown she wore. Her face was absolutely devoid of color, but her features were almost cameolike in their sensitive perfection. Her eyes were large and soft and brown, her hair a Titian red, worn low and without ornament. Her dress was of pale blue. Her neck and throat, exquisitely white, were bare except for a single chain of pearls that reached almost to her knees. The look in Arnold's face as she came slowly into the room was one of frank and boyish admiration. The woman came toward him with a soft smile about her lips, but she was evidently puzzled. It was Mr. Weatherley who spoke. There was something almost triumphant in his manner.

"This is Mr. Chetwode, dear, of whom I was speaking to you," he said. "Glad to see you, Chetwode," he added with ponderous condescension.

The woman laughed softly as she held out her hand.

"Are you going to pretend that you were deaf, to forgive me and be friends, Mr. Chetwode?" she asked, looking up at him. "One foggy day my husband took me to Tooley Street, and I did not believe that anything good could come out of the yellow fog and the mud and the smells. It was my ignorance. You heard but you do not mind? I am sure that you do not mind?"

"Not a bit in the world," Arnold answered, still holding the hand that she seemed to have forgotten to draw away and smiling down into her upturned face. "I was awfully sorry to overhear, but you see I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"Of course you could not help it," she replied. "I am so glad that you came and I hope that we can make it pleasant for you. I will try and send you in to dinner with some one very charming."

She laughed at him understandingly as his lips parted and closed again without speech. Then she moved away to welcome some other guests who were at that moment announced. Arnold stood in the background for a few minutes. Presently she returned to him.

"Do you know any one here?" she asked.

"No one," he answered.

She dropped her voice almost to a whisper. Arnold bent his head and listened with a curious pleasure to her little stream of words.

"It is a strange mixture of people you see here," she said, "a mixture, perhaps, of the most prosaic and the most romantic. The Count Sabatini, whom you see talking to my husband, is my brother. He is a person who lives in the flood of adventures. He has taken part in five wars, he has been tried more than once for political offenses. He has been banished from what is really our native country, Portugal, with a price set upon his head. He has an estate upon which nothing grows and a castle with holes in the roof in which no one could dwell. Yet he lives—oh, yes, he lives!"

Arnold looked across at the man of whom she was speaking—gaunt and olive-skinned, with deep-set eyes and worn face. He had still some share of his sister's good looks and he held himself as a man should.

"I think I should like your brother," Arnold declared. "Will he talk about his campaigns?"

"Perhaps," she murmured; "although there is one about which you would not care to hear. He fought with the Boers, but we will not speak of that. Mr. and Mrs. Horsman there I shall say nothing about. Just imagine where they belong."

"They are your husband's friends," he decided unhesitatingly.

"You are a young man of great perceptions," she replied. "I am going to like you, I am sure. Come, there is Mr. Starling standing by the door. What do you think of him?"

Arnold glanced across the room. Mr. Starling was apparently a middle-aged man—clean-shaven, with pale cheeks and somewhat narrow eyes.

"A Canadian, without a doubt," Arnold remarked.

"Quite right. Now the lady in the gray satin with the wonderful coiffure—she has looked at you already more than once. Her name is Lady Blennington and she is always trying to discover new young men."

Arnold glanced at her deliberately and back again at his hostess.

"There is nothing for me to say about her," he declared.

"You are wonderful," she murmured. "That is so exactly what one feels about Lady Blennington. Then there is Lady Templeton that fluffy little thing behind my husband. She looks rather as though she had come out of a toy shop, does she not?"

"She looks *nice*," Arnold admitted. "I knew ——"

She glanced up at him and waited. Arnold, however, had stopped short.

"You have not yet told me," he said, "the name of the man who stands alone near the door—the one with the little piece of red ribbon in his coat?"

It seemed to him that, for some reason, the presence of that particular person affected her. He was a plump little man, sleek and well dressed, with black hair, very large pearl studs, black mustache and imperial. Mrs. Weatherley stood still for a moment. Perhaps, he thought, she was listening to the conversation around them.

"The man's name is Rosario," she replied. "He is a financier and a man of fashion. Another time you must tell me what you think of him, but I warn you that it will not be so easy as with those others, for he is also a man of schemes. I am sorry, but I must send you in now with Mrs. Horsman, who is much too amiable to be anything else but dull. You shall come with me and I will introduce you."

Dinner was announced almost at that moment. Arnold, keen to enjoy, with all the love of new places and the enthusiasm of youth in his veins, found every moment of the meal delightful. The guests took their places at a round table, with shaded lights artistically arranged so that they seemed to be seated before a little oasis of flowers and perfumes in the midst of a land of shadows. He found his companion pleasant and sympathetic. She had a son about his age who was going soon into the city, and of him she talked ceaselessly. On his left Lady Blennington made frank attempts to engage him in conversation whenever an opportunity arose. Arnold felt his spirits rise at every moment. He laughed and talked the whole of the time, devoting himself with very little intermission to one or the other of his two neighbors. Mr. Weatherley, who was exceedingly uncomfortable and found it difficult even to remember his few staple openings, looked across the table more than once in absolute wonder that this young man, earning a wage of twenty-eight shillings a week and occupying almost the bottom stool in his office, should be entirely and completely at his ease in this exalted company.

More than once Arnold caught his hostess' eye, and each time he felt for some unknown reason a little thrill of pleasure at the faint relaxing of her lips, the glance of sympathy that shone across the roses. Life was a good place, he thought to himself—for these few hours at any rate. And then, as he leaned back in his place for a moment, Ruth's words seemed suddenly traced with a finger of fire upon the dim wall. Tonight was to be a night of mysteries. Tonight the great adventure was to be born. He glanced around the table. There was, indeed, an air of mystery about some of these guests, something curiously aloof, something it was impossible to put into words. The man Starling, for instance, seemed queerly placed here. Count Sabatini was another of the guests who seemed somehow to be outside the little circle. For minutes together he sat sometimes in grim silence. About him, too, there was always a curious air of detachment. Rosario was making with his neighbor the small conversation that the occasion seemed to demand, but he, too, appeared to talk as one who had more weighty matters troubling his brain. It was a fancy of Arnold's, perhaps, but it was a fancy of which he could not rid himself. He glanced toward his employer and a curious feeling of sympathy stirred him. The man was unhappy and ill at ease. He had lost his air of slight pomposity, the air with which he entered his offices in the morning, strutted about the warehouse, went out to lunch with a customer, and which he somehow seemed

to lose as the time came for returning to his home. Once or twice he glanced toward his wife, half nervously, half admiringly. Once she nodded back to him, but it was the nod of one who gathers up her skirts as she throws alms to a beggar. Then Arnold realized that his little fit of thoughtfulness had made a material difference to the hum of conversation. He remembered his duty and leaned over toward Lady Blennington.

"You promised to tell me more about some of these people," he reminded her. "I am driven to make guesses all the time. Why does Mr. Starling look so much like an unwilling and impatient guest? And where is the castle of the Count Sabatini that has no roof?"

Lady Blennington sighed.

"This table is much too small for us to indulge in scandal," she replied. "It really is such a pity. One so seldom meets any one worth talking to who doesn't know everything there is that shouldn't be known about everybody. About Count Sabatini, for instance, I could tell you some most amusing things."

"His castle, perhaps, is in the air?" Arnold inquired.

"By no means," Lady Blennington assured him. "On the contrary, it is very much upon the rocks. Some little island near Minorca, I believe. They say that Mr. Weatherley was wrecked there and Sabatini locked him up in a dungeon and refused to let him go until he promised to marry his sister."

"There are a good many men in the world, I should think," Arnold murmured, "who would like to be locked up on similar conditions."

She looked at him with a queer little smile.

"I suppose it is inevitable," she declared. "You will have to go through it too. She certainly is one of the loveliest women I ever saw. I suppose you are convinced already that she is entirely adorable?"

"She has been very kind to me," Arnold replied.

"She would be," Lady Blennington remarked dryly. "Look at her husband. The poor man ought to have known better than to marry her, of course, but do you think that he looks even reasonably happy?"

Arnold was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. He was conscious of a strong desire not to discuss his hostess. Yet his curiosity was immense. He asked one question.

"Tell me," he said, "if she came from this little island in the Mediterranean why does she speak English so perfectly?"

"She was educated in England," Lady Blennington told him. "Afterward her brother took her to South America. She had some small fortune, I believe, but when she came back they were penniless. They were living as small market gardeners when Mr. Weatherley found them."

"You don't like her," he remarked. "I wonder why!"

Lady Blennington shook her head.

"One never knows," she replied. "I admire her, if that is anything."

"But you do not like her," he persisted.

She shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"I am afraid it is true," she agreed.

"You admit that and yet you are willing to be her guest?"

She smiled at him approvingly.

"If there is one masculine quality that I do appreciate," she said, "it is directness. I come because I love bridge and because I love my fellow-creatures and because my own friends are none too numerous. With the exception of those worthy friends of our host and his wife who are seated upon your right—Mr. and Mrs. Horsman, I believe they are called—we are all of the same ilk. Mr. Starling no one knows anything about; Count Sabatini's record is something awful."

"But there is Rosario," Arnold protested.

"Rosario goes into all the odd corners of the world," she replied. "Sometimes the corners are respectable and sometimes they are not. It really doesn't matter so far as he is concerned. Supposing, in return for all this information, you tell me something about yourself?"

"There isn't anything to tell," Arnold assured her. "I was asked here to fill up. I am an employee of Mr. Weatherley."

She turned in her chair to look at him. Her surprise was obvious.

"Do you mean that you are his secretary or something of that sort?" she demanded.

"I am a clerk in his office," Arnold told her.

She was evidently puzzled, but she asked him no more questions. At that moment Mrs. Weatherley rose from her place. As she passed Arnold she paused for a moment.

"You are all coming in five minutes," she said. "Before we play bridge come straight to me. I have something to say to you."

He bowed and resumed his seat, from which he had risen quickly at her coming. Mr. Weatherley motioned to him to move up to his side. His face now was a little flushed, but his nervousness had not disappeared. He was certainly not the same man whom one met at Tooley Street.

"Glad to see you've made friends with the wife, Chetwode," he said. "She seems to have taken quite a fancy to you."

"Mrs. Weatherley has been very kind," Arnold answered.

"Enjoying yourself, I hope?" asked Mr. Weatherley.

"Very much indeed," Arnold declared. "It has been quite a treat for me."

Sabatini and Starling were talking earnestly together at the other side of the table. Rosario, bringing his wine down, came and sat at his host's other side.

"Beautiful vintage, this, Mr. Weatherley," he said. "Excellent condition too."

Mr. Weatherley, obviously pleased, pursued the subject. In a way, it was almost pathetic to see his pleasure in being addressed by one of his own guests. Arnold drew a little away and looked across the banks of roses. There was something fascinating to him in the unheard conversation of Sabatini and Starling, on the opposite side of the table. Everything they said was in an undertone, and the inexpressive faces of the two men gave no indication as to the nature of their conversation. Yet the sense of something mysterious in this house and among these guests was growing all the time with Arnold.

IV

MR. WEATHERLEY laid his hand upon his young companion's arm as they crossed the hall on their way from the dining room.

"We are going to play bridge in the music room," he announced. "Things are different, nowadays, to when I was a boy. The men have to smoke cigarettes all the time while they play cards. A bad habit, Chetwode! A very bad habit indeed! I've nothing to say against a good Havana cigar in the dining room or the smoke room, but this constant cigarette-smoking sickens me. I can't bear the smell of the things. Here we are. I don't know what table my wife has put you at, I'm sure. She arranges all these things herself."

Several guests who had arrived during the last few minutes were already playing at various tables. Mrs. Weatherley was moving about, directing the proceedings. She came across to them as soon as they entered and, laying her hand upon Arnold's arm, drew him to one side. There was a smile still upon her lips, but trouble in her eyes. She looked over her shoulder a little nervously and Arnold half unconsciously followed the direction of her gaze. Rosario was standing apart from the others, talking earnestly with Starling.

"I want you to stay with me, if you please," she said. "I am not sure where you will play, but there is no hurry. I myself shall not sit down at present. There are others to arrive."

Her brother, who had been talking languidly to Lady Blennington, came slowly up to them.

"You, Andrea, will wait for the baccarat, of course?" she said. "I know that this sort of bridge does not amuse you."

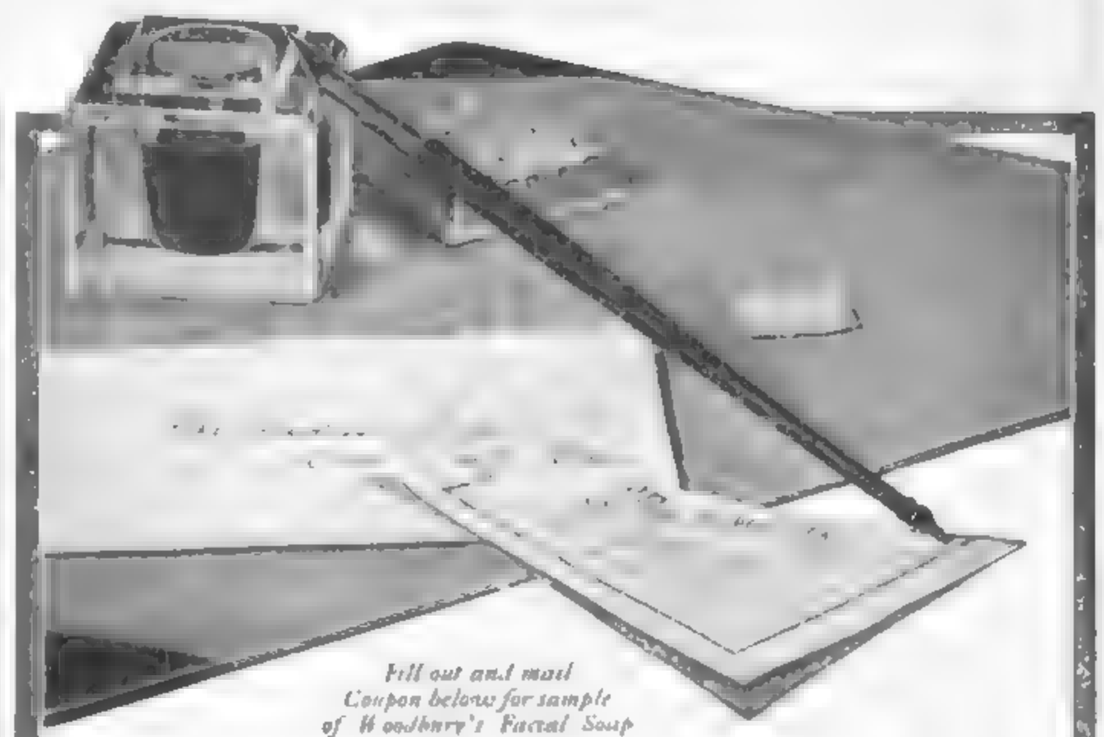
He answered her with a little shrug of the shoulders and, leaning toward her, spoke a few words in some tongue that Arnold did not at once recognize. She looked again over her shoulder at Rosario and her face clouded. She replied in the same tongue. Arnold would have moved away, but she detained him.

"You must not mind," she said softly, "that my brother and I talk sometimes in our native language. You do not, by chance, know Portuguese, Mr. Chetwode?"

"Not a word," he replied.

"I am going to leave all these people to amuse themselves," she continued, dropping her voice slightly. "I want you to come with me for a moment, Mr. Chetwode. You must take care that you do not slip. These wooden floors are almost dangerous. I did give a dance here once," she continued, as they made their way across the room, talking a little vaguely and with

(Continued on Page 28)



Fill out and mail Coupon below for sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap TODAY.

Prepare your skin for rough winds

This is the hardest season in the year on your complexion. The sudden changes and the sharp, harsh winds that roughen and chap, soon ruin an *unprepared* skin. This is when complexions are spoiled for months to come.

By proper precautions, you can keep your skin in an active, healthy condition in which it can *withstand* results from such exposure.

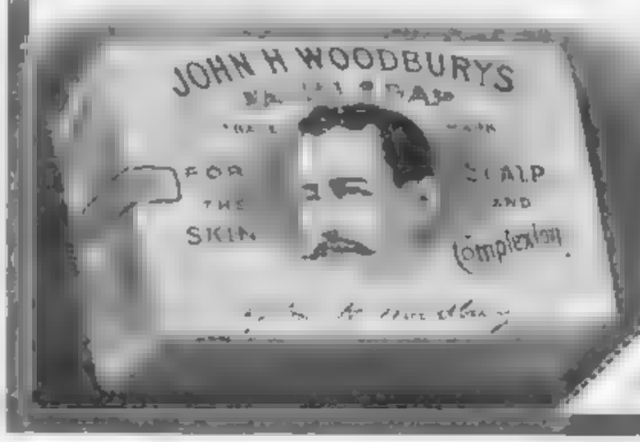
During bad weather, always rinse in cold water. Select your soap carefully. Woodbury's Facial Soap re-supplies what is exhausted by the wind, keeps your skin active and healthy. The regular use of Woodbury's and cold water protects your skin, gives it, all during cold weather, the delicate freshness and glow of health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*. The feeling it gives the first time you use it is a promise of what its steady use will do.

[illegible] sample cake. For 10c sample of [illegible] cream and Powder. For 50c a [illegible] of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrea Jergens Co., 2033 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



Winton Six Owners, Traveling 744,000 Cut The World's Lowest Repair Expen To 22.8 Cents per 1000 Mile

Sworn Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the **sworn** *statements of car owners whose names, addresses, and reports are printed on this page.*

Mileage Registered

The mileage credited each car was made by a regular stock-model Winton Six in the individual service of the owner, between the following dates, and was registered by odometer:

1911 records — April 1, 1911, to Nov. 30, 1911
1910 records — April 1, 1910, to Nov. 30, 1910
1909 records — Nov. 1, 1908, to June 30, 1909
1908 records — Nov. 1, 1907, to June 30, 1908

Total Repair Expense

The repair expense charged against each car is sworn to by the owner as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of tire repairs)."

Passed Upon by Judges

Each mileage and expense report was passed upon and accepted by a Committee of Judges having no connection with the Winton Company. These Judges exercised their own judgment without restriction, and have themselves sworn to their annual decisions.

Dependable Figures

Every possible precaution has been taken to render these reports free from error, in order that automobile buyers might have for their consideration an absolutely reliable set of figures showing **the actual cost of keeping a high-grade car in operation after purchase.**

Here are the Results for Four Years

Year	Cars	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
1911	20	394,333.9	$ 20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
Totals	50	744,426 2	$170.27
Grand Average		22.8 Cents per 1000 Miles	

Repair Records for 1911

Car Owner	City	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
R. R. Reily	Cincinnati	27,3.5	$ 1 20
S. J. Franklin	Melrose, N. J.	25,290	None
:Martin Daab	Hoboken, N. J.	24,221 4	.10
Mrs. Wm. E. Fox	New York	24,082.6	None
I. W. Strackbein	Chicago	23,970	None
F. M. Hauthaway	Boston	22,932	None
Mrs. Anna M. Hermes	Pittsburgh	21,258	None
*J. E. Clenny	Chicago	21,133	None
W. B. Simpson	Chicago	20,551	None
F. H. Greene	New York	19,096	None
Dr. A. H. Hilsman	Albany, Ga.	21,505	1.25
F. W. Edwards	Cincinnati	19,084 1	None
Jas. W. Stevens	Chicago	18,960	None
A. S. Gilman	Cleveland	15,017	.25
F. M. Potter	New York	14,259	None
Chas. F. Lembke	New York	14,235	None
Earl B. Putnam	Philadelphia	17,396	7.32
Dr. Espy L. Smith	Chicago	16,531.7	10 76
Henry Hall	Philadelphia	13,853	None
W. R. Noone & Co.	Boston	13,634.1	None
Totals		394,333.9	$20.88

:Same car two years. *Same car four years

Repair Records for 1908, 1909, 1910

Car Owner and Address	Year	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
Axelrod, Jacob, New York	‡1908	7,570	None
Axelrod, Jacob, New York	‡1909	17,720	$60.00
Bacharach, Isaac, Atlantic City	1909	11,000	.30
Bacharach, Isaac, Atlantic City	1910	17,390	3.46
Boothe, S. S., Los Angeles	1910	13,526	None
Boutell, W. T., Minneapolis	1910	21,127	1.40
Barnsdall, T. N., Pittsburgh	1909	15,669	31 15
Brennan, Jas. T., Brooklyn	1908	6,806	3 00
Burnham, Wm., Philadelphia	1909	8,702	None
Cheney, H. M., Toledo	1910	14,059	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1908	5,155	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1909	17,003	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	*1910	19,015	.30
Cuddy, Loftus, Cleveland	1909	8,728	30
Daab, Martin, Hoboken, N. J.	1910	17,130.9	None
Fish, Joseph, Chicago	1908	5,535	None
Friedlander, W. J., Cincinnati	1910	18,809	30
Frost, G. W., Montclair, N. J.	1909	10,595	None
Malcolm, H. W., Chicago	1909	7,572	1.50
Martin, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,726	7 50
Martin, W. B., Cleveland	1910	14,847	None
McAllister, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,788	26 55
Petersen, L. T., Youngstown, O.	1910	15,796	None
Phipps, H. J., Boston	1910	14,208	1 50
Pickands, H. S., Cleveland	1908	6,632.8	None
Roberts, H. H., Philadelphia	1908	5,4.5	None
Rooney, F. A., Buffalo	1908	4,594	.10
Schnaier, Milton, New York	1908	11,683	12.00
Somers, Warren, Atlantic City	1908	6,183	.03
Speare, Mrs. L. R., Boston	1908	6,113 6	None
Totals for three years		350,092 3	$149.39

‡Same car two years. *Same car three years.

REPAIR expense is the acid test of a car's merit.

Low repair expense means vastly *more* than money saved.

When repairs become necessary, expense is *only part* of the owner's loss.

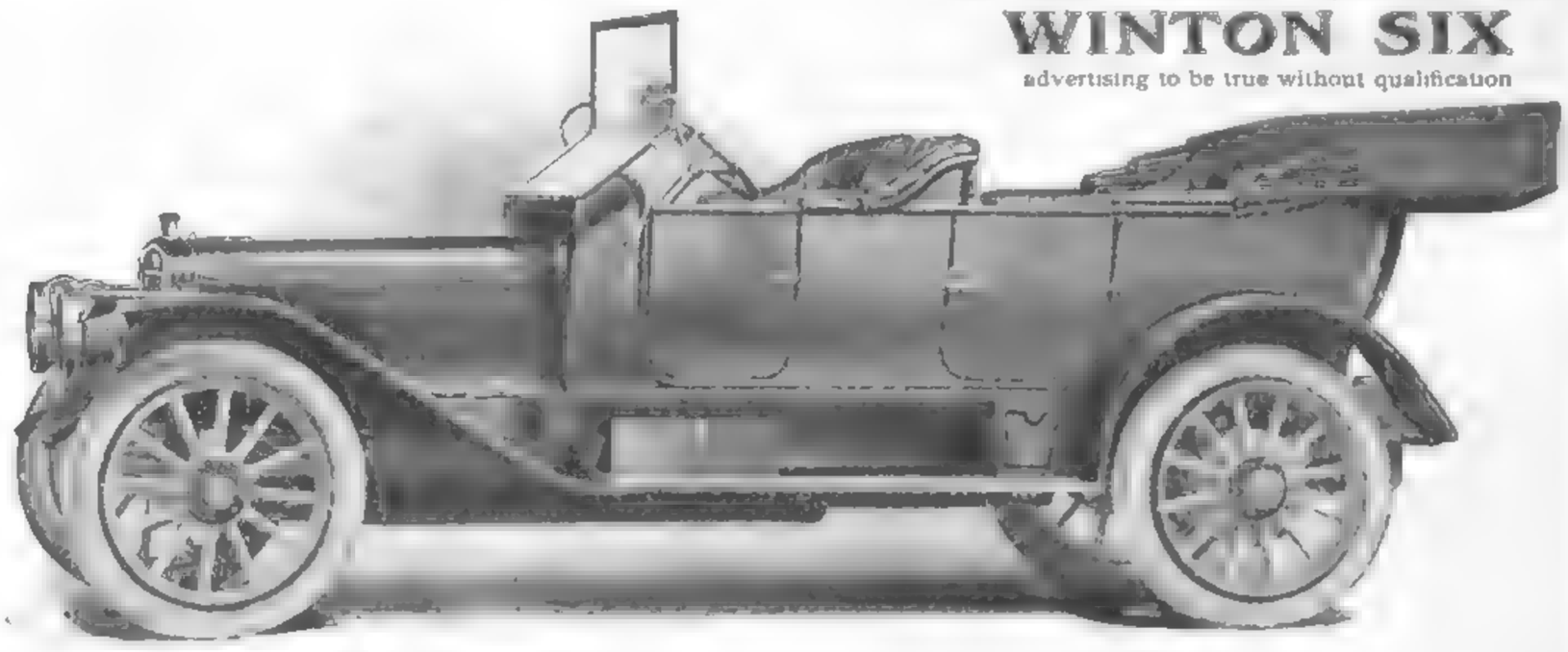
For, every time a repair is needed, the car owner loses some of his respect for his car, some of his pride in its ownership, and some of his faith in its merit.

Furthermore, every time a car goes into the repair shop, the owner suffers the loss of its use. So that, financially and otherwise, the man whose car is undergoing repairs is, temporarily at least, worse off than the man who has no car at all.

Winton Six Four-Door L

Miles, se Record s

The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in
WINTON SIX
advertising to be true without qualification



Utility or Expense?

The motor car is a utily, pure and simple.

Its only value is in its bility to carry its passengers rom place to place.

And the measure of its alue increases in proportion s it is able to do this safely, uickly, quietly, comfortably, nd *surely*.

A car in the repair shop ails *in every one* of these espects, and its failure costs ne owner a repair bill that nakes the car just that much nore of an expense to him.

And the chagrin and humiltion of it all is that the wner thereby pays an addional price to make his car do the very work, service, that he supposed he paid for in the purchase price.

Little wonder, then, that repair bills and the losses they represent are the bugbear of motordom.

Little wonder, either, that car buyers want cars that will free them from repair expense burdens, annoyances, and losses.

These Owners are Satisfied

Winton Six owners know the joy of freedom from repair bills.

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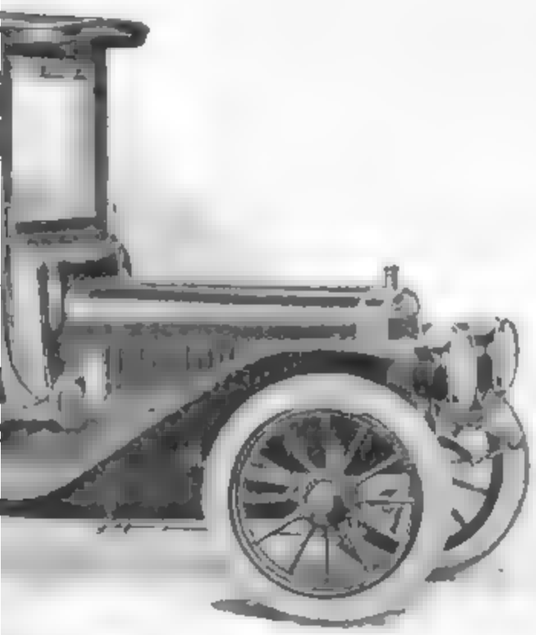

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(Continued from Page 28)

an obvious effort. "I did not enjoy it at all. To me the style of dancing in this country seems ungraceful. Look behind, Mr. Chetwode. Tell me, is Mr. Rosario following us?"

Arnold glanced over his shoulder. Rosario was still standing in the same place, but he was watching them intently.

"He is looking after us, but he has not moved," Arnold announced.

"It is better for him that he stays there," Mrs. Weatherley said softly. "Please to come."

At the farther end of the apartment there was a bend to the left. Mrs. Weatherley led the way round the corner into a small recess out of sight of the remainder of the people. Here she paused and, holding up her finger, looked round. Her head was thrown back, the trouble still gleamed in her eyes. She listened intently to the hum of voices, as though trying to distinguish those she knew. Satisfied, apparently, that their disappearance had not occasioned any comment, she moved forward again, motioned Arnold to open a door and led him down a long passage to the front of the house. Here she opened the door of an apartment on the left-hand side of the hall and almost pushed him in. She closed the door quickly behind them. Then she held up her finger.

"Listen!" she said.

They could hear nothing save the distant murmur of voices in the bridge room. The room they had entered was in complete darkness, through which the ivory pallor of her arms and face and the soft fire of her eyes seemed to be the only things visible. She was standing quite close to him. He could hear her breathing, he could almost fancy that he heard her heart beat. A strand of her hair even touched his cheek.

"I do not wish to turn the light up for a moment," she whispered. "You do not mind?"

"I mind nothing," Arnold answered, bewildered. "Are you afraid of anything? Is there anything I can do?"

A sense of excitement was stirring him.

"Just do as I ask, that is all," she murmured. "I want to look outside in a moment. Just do as I ask and keep quiet."

She stole from him to the window and, moving the curtain a few inches, knelt down, peering out. She remained there motionless for a full minute. Then she rose to her feet and came back. His eyes were becoming more accustomed to the gloom now and he could see the outline of her figure as she moved toward him.

"Take my place there," she whispered. "Look down the drive. Tell me whether you can see any one watching the house."

He went down on his knees at the place she indicated and peered through the parted curtain. For a few seconds he could see nothing. Then as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he saw two motionless figures standing on the left-hand side of the drive, partly concealed by a tall laurel bush.

"I believe," he declared hoarsely, "that there are two men standing there."

She drew a little breath.

"Tell me, are they moving?"

"They seem to be simply watching the house," he replied.

She was silent. He could hear her breath come and go.

"They still do not move?" she asked after a few seconds.

He shook his head. She turned away, listening to some footsteps in the hall.

"Remember," she whispered, "I am standing where I can turn on the light in a moment. If any one comes you are here to see my South American curios. This is my own sitting room. You understand?"

"I understand," he assented. "Whatever you tell me to say I will say."

She seemed to be gathering courage. She laughed very softly as though amused at his earnestness. There was little enough of mirth in her laughter, yet somehow it gave him heart.

"What do these men want?" he asked. "Would you like me to go out and send them away?"

"No," she replied. "I do not wish you to leave me."

"But they are terrifying you," he protested. "What right have they in your garden? They are perhaps thieves."

"Hush!"

She sprang away from him. The room was suddenly flooded with light. She was leaning with her arm upon the mantelpiece, a statuette of black ivory in her hand.

"If you are really fond of this sort of thing," she began, "you should come with me to the South Kensington Museum one day. Who is that?"

The door had opened. It was Mr. Weatherley who appeared. Mr. Weatherley was distinctly fussy and there was some return of his pompous manner.

"My dear Fenella!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing in here, with half your bridge tables as yet unarranged? Your guests are wondering what has become of you."

"Has any one fresh turned up?" she asked, setting down the statuette.

"A Lady Raynham has just arrived," Mr. Weatherley replied, "and is making herself very disagreeable because there is no one to tell her at which table she is to play. I heard a young man who came with her, too, asking Parkins what time supper was. I do not wish to criticise the manners of your guests, but really, my dear Fenella, some of them do seem to have strange ideas."

"Lady Raynham," she remarked coldly, "is a person who should be glad to find herself under any respectable roof, without making complaints. Mr. Chetwode," she continued, turning to him, "it is my wish to finish showing you my treasures; therefore, will you wait here, please, for a short time while I go and start another bridge table? I shall return quite soon. Come, Samuel."

Mr. Weatherley coughed. He seemed unwilling to leave Arnold behind.

"I dare say young Chetwode would like a game at bridge himself, my dear," he protested.

"Mr. Chetwode shall have one later on," she promised. "I think that very likely he will play at my table. Come."

They left the room together. She looked backward for a moment before they disappeared and Arnold felt his heart give a little jump. She was certainly the most beautiful creature he had ever seen and there was something in her treatment of him, the subtle flattery of her half-appealing confidence, that went to his head like wine. The door closed and he was left alone. He listened to their departing footsteps. Then he looked round him, for the first time forming some idea of his surroundings. He was in a very charming, homely looking apartment, with deep easy-chairs, a divan covered with luxurious cushions, numbers of little tables covered with photographs and flowers, a great bowl of hothouse roses, and in the farther corner of the room an oak cabinet with an oak background, which was packed with curios. After his first brief inspection, however, he felt scarcely any curiosity as to the contents of the room. It was the window that drew him always toward it. Once more he peered through the chink of the curtains. He had not cared to turn out the lights, however, and for several moments everything was indistinguishable. Then he saw that the two figures still remained in very nearly the same position, except that they had drawn, if anything, a little closer to the house.

A tiny clock upon the mantelpiece was ticking away the seconds. Arnold had no idea how long he remained there watching. Suddenly, however, he received a shock. For some time he had fancied that one of the two figures had disappeared altogether, and now, outside on the window-sill, scarcely a couple of feet from the glass through which he was looking, a man's hand appeared and gripped the ledge. He stared at it, fascinated. It was so close to him that he could see the thin yellow fingers, on one of which was a signet ring with a blood-red stone, the misshapen knuckles, the broken nails. He was on the point of throwing up the window when a man's face shot up from underneath and peered into the room. There was only the thickness of the glass between them, and the light from the gas lamp that stood at the corner of the drive fell full upon the white, strained features and the glittering black eyes that stared into the room. The chink of the curtain through which Arnold was gazing was barely an inch wide, but it was sufficient. For a moment he stared at the man. Then he threw the curtains open and stooped to unfasten the window. It was the affair of a few seconds only to throw it up. To his surprise the man did not move. Their faces almost touched.

"What the devil do you want?" Arnold exclaimed, gripping him by the arm.

The man did not flinch. He inclined his head toward the interior of the room.

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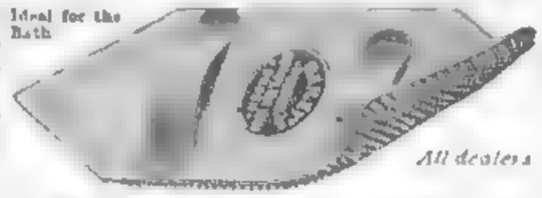

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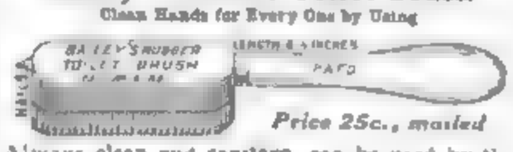

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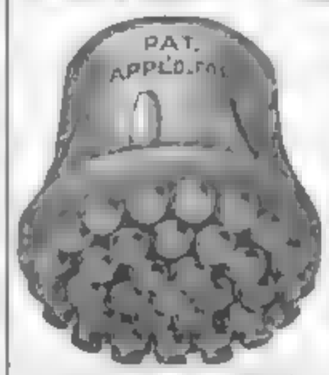

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"Rosario, the Jew," he answered thickly. "He is in the house there. Will you take him a message?"

"Ring at the door and bring it yourself," Arnold retorted.

The man laughed contemptuously. He stared at Arnold for a moment and seemed to realize for the first time that he was a stranger.

"You are a fool to meddle in things you know nothing of!" he muttered.

"I know you've no right where you are," Arnold said, "and I shall keep you until some one comes."

The intruder made a sudden dive, freeing himself with an extraordinary turn of the wrist. Arnold caught a glimpse of his face as he slunk away. While he hesitated whether to follow him he heard the door open and the soft rustle of a woman's skirts.

"What are you doing out there, Mr. Chetwode?"

He turned round. Mrs. Weatherley was standing just behind him, leaning also out of the window, with a little halo of light about her head. For a moment he was powerless to answer. Her head was thrown back, her lips parted. She seemed to be listening as well as watching. There was fear in her eyes as she looked at him, yet she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen in his life. He pulled himself together as they stepped back into the room.

"Well?" she asked breathlessly.

"I was waiting here for you," he explained. "I looked through the curtains. Then I saw a man's hand upon the sill."

Her hand shot to her side.

"Go on," she whispered.

"I saw his face," Arnold continued. "It was pressed close to the window. It was as though he meant to enter. I threw the curtains back, opened the window and gripped him by the arm. I asked him what he wanted."

She sat down in a chair and began to tremble.

"He said he wanted Rosario, the Jew," Arnold went on. "Then when he found that I was a stranger he got away. I don't know how he managed it, for my fingers are strong enough, but he wrenched himself free somehow."

"Look out once more," she implored; "see if he is anywhere round. I will speak to him."

He stood at the window and looked in every direction.

"There is no one in sight," he declared. "I will go to the corner of the street if you like."

She shook her head.

"Close the window and bolt it, please," she begged. "And draw the curtains tight. Now come and sit down here by me for a moment."

He did as he was bidden with some reluctance.

"The man was a villainous-looking creature," he persisted. "I don't think that he was up to any good. Look! There's a policeman almost opposite. Shall I go and tell him?"

She put out her hand and clasped his, drawing him down to her side. Then she looked steadfastly into his face.

"Mr. Arnold Chetwode," she said slowly, "women have many disadvantages in life, but they have had one gift bestowed upon them in which they trust always. It is the gift of instinct. You are very young and I know very little about you, but I know that you are to be trusted."

"If I could serve you ——" he murmured.

"You can," she interrupted.

Then for a time she was silent. Some new emotion seemed to move her. Her face was softer than he had ever seen it, her beautiful eyes dimmer. His mind was filled with new thoughts of her.

"Mrs. Weatherley," he pleaded, "please do believe in me, do trust me. I mean absolutely what I say when I tell you there is nothing in the world I would not do to save you from trouble or alarm."

Her moment of weakness was over. She flashed one wonderful smile at him and rose to her feet.

"It is agreed," she declared. "When I need help—and it may be at any moment—I shall call upon you."

"I shall be honored," he assured her gravely. "In the meantime please tell me—are we to speak of this to Rosario?"

"Leave it to me," she begged. "I cannot explain to you what all this means, but I think that Mr. Rosario can take care of himself. We must go back now to the bridge room. My husband is annoyed with me for coming away again."

Mr. Weatherley met them in the passage. He was distinctly irritable.

"My dear Fenella!" he exclaimed. "Your guests do not understand your absence. Mr. Rosario is most annoyed and I cannot imagine what is the matter with Starling. I am afraid that he and Rosario have had words."

She turned her head as she passed and smiled very slightly.

"I have no concern," she said, "in the quarrel between Mr. Starling and Mr. Rosario. As for the others ——" She made a little gesture. "Mr. Chetwode and I are quite ready for bridge now," she added. "We are going in to do our duty."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Me and Yem

VE GOT little faller har,
Name ban Yem;
Das whole ralroad over dar
Blong to hem.
Beld it purty doggone kvick
From San Pol to Passafick,
An he turn kvite many trick,
Das same Yem.

Fallers laugh ven he come har,
Das man Yem;
But he ain't ban fraid for scare,
Not for hem.
Call das ralroad strak o' rust
An say Yem vill go clean bust;
But he keep still an he yust
Vork for Yem.

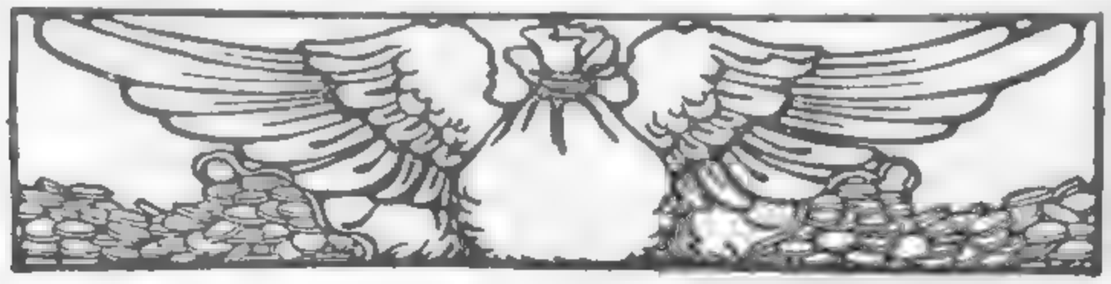
Val, Ay tal you Ay don laugh,
Ay explode,
Van his inyine kal my calf
On das road;
An Ay shak my fist an svar
At das doggone inyinaar
An Ay vish das Yem ban har
Van Ay knowed.

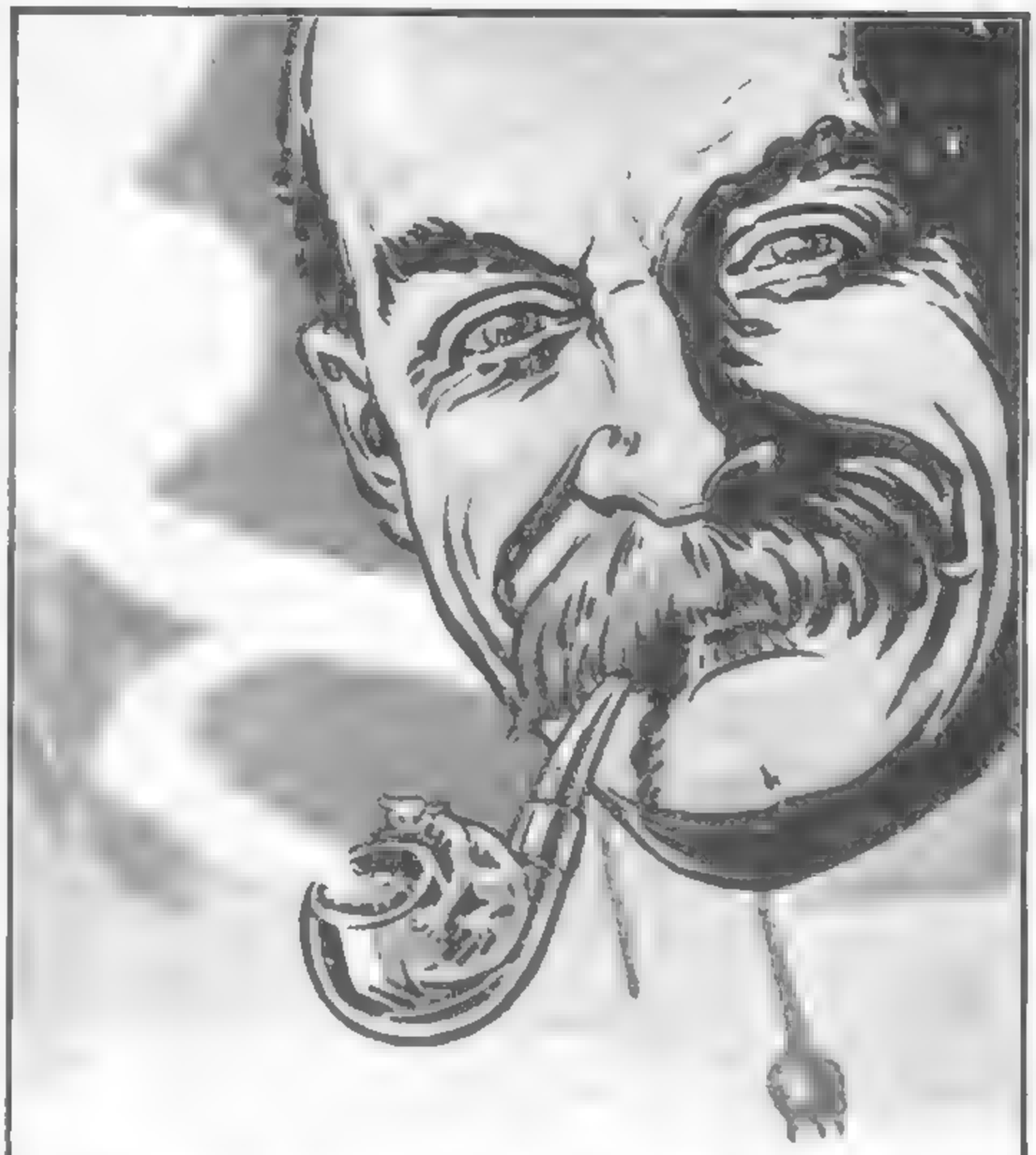
An Ay say my calf ban kal
On das track;
Ay skol fight das man Yem Hal.
Ay don lak
Suts a tang as das, Ay say,
Tak das ralroad kvick avay,
An das oxcart he skol stay,
Breng him back.

Val, Ay wrote das note to hem
On das calf;
An a faller har say Yem
Had big laugh;
An he wrote me letter too
An say: "Ole, Ay lak you,
An how much you tenk ban due
On das calf."

Val, das calf ban purty fine
(Van hees dead),
An Ay wrote das Yem a line
An Ay said:
"Ay vil lat das ralroad run
For tan doller in gude mun—
Das calf vood have veighed a ton,
Yust lak lead."

Val, Ay got my gude hard mun
From das Yem,
An Ay lat das ralroad run
Yust for hem;
An Ay tenk das Nortvest har
Yump ahead gude many yar
Yust by not ban fraid for scare,
Me an Yem. —*J. W. Foley.*





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Philadelphia, U. S. A.

THE MOVING PICTURE WRITES

(Continued from Page 10)

"But——" Miss Duckman began. Again she attempted to explain that Rudnik was not her husband and again the conductor forestalled her.

"And if he's able to go home tonight," he said finally, "ye'll be given free transportation, in a parlor car d'ye mind, like ye'd be on your honeymoon."

He patted her gently on the shoulder as he turned to a waiting brakeman.

"Let her go, Bill," he cried, and with a jubilant toot from the engine Miss Duckman's elopement was fairly under way.

V

WHEN Harris Rudnik opened his eyes in the little white curtained room of the Emergency Hospital, Miss Duckman sat beside his bed. She smiled encouragingly at him, but for more than five minutes he made no effort to speak.

"Well," he said at length, "what are you kicking about? It's an elegant place, this here Home."

Miss Duckman laid her fingers on her lips.

"You shouldn't speak nothing," she whispered, "on account you are sick, *aber* not serious sick."

"I know I am sick," Rudnik replied. "I was just figuring it all out. I am getting knocked down by a train and——"

"No bones is broken," Miss Duckman hastened to assure him. "You would be out in a few days."

"I am satisfied," he said faintly. "You got a fine place here, Missis."

Miss Duckman laid her hand on Rudnik's pillow.

"I ain't a Missis," she murmured. "My name is Miss Blooma Duckman."

"Blooma," Rudnik muttered. "I once used to got a sister by the name Blooma, and it ain't a bad name neither." He was not entirely softened by his mishap, however. "But, anyhow, that ain't here or there," he said. "Women is just the same—always kicking. What is the matter with this Home, Miss Duckman? It's an elegant place already."

"This ain't the Home," Miss Duckman explained. "This is a hospital, which when you was hit by the engine they put you on the train and took you up here."

"*Aber* what are you doing here?" he asked after a pause.

"I come along," Miss Duckman said; "and now you shouldn't talk no more."

"What d'ye mean you come along?" he cried. "Didn't you go back to the Home?"

Miss Duckman shook her head, and Rudnik turned on his pillow and looked inquiringly at her.

"How long am I up here anyhow?" he demanded.

"Four days," Miss Duckman said, and Rudnik closed his eyes again. For ten minutes longer he lay still and then his lips moved.

"What did you say?" Miss Duckman asked.

"I says Blooma is a pretty good name already," he murmured, smiling faintly, and the next moment he sank into a light sleep.

When he awoke Miss Duckman still sat by the side of his bed, her fingers busy over the hem of a sheet, and he glanced nervously at the window through which the late afternoon sun came streaming.

"Ain't it pretty late you should be away from the Home?" he inquired. "It must be pretty near six, ain't it?"

"I know it," Miss Duckman said; "and the doctor says at six you should take this here powder."

"*Aber* shouldn't you got to be getting ready to go back to the Home?" he asked.

Miss Duckman shook her head.

"I ain't going back no more," she answered. "I got enough of them people."

Rudnik looked helplessly at her.

"But what would you do?" he said. "You ain't got no other place to go to, otherwise you wouldn't got to live in a Home."

"Sure, I know," she replied as she prepared to give him his powder; "but *Gott sei Dank* I still got my health, and I am telling the lady superintendent here how they work me at the Home, and she says I could stop here till I am finding something to do. I could cook already and I could sew already, and if the worser comes to the worst I could find a job in an underwear factory. They don't pay much, but a woman like me she don't eat much. All I want is I could get a place to sleep, and I bet yer I could make out fine. So you should please take the powder."

Rudnik swallowed his powder.

"You says you could cook," he remarked after he had again settled himself on his pillow. "*Tzimmus*, for instance, *und Fleisch Kugel?*"

"*Tzimmus und Fleisch Kugel* is nothing," she declared. "I don't want to say nothing about myself, understand me, because lots of women to hear 'em talk you would think wonder what cooks they are, and they couldn't even boil a potater even; *aber* if you could eat my *Gefullte Rinderbrust*, Mister——"

"Rudnik," he said as he licked his moist lips—"Harris Rudnik."

"Mister Rudnik," she proceeded, "*aber* my *Tebeches*, you would got to admit I ain't so helpless as I look."

"You don't look so helpless," Rudnik commented; "I bet yer you could do washing even."

"Could I?" Miss Duckman exclaimed. "Why, sometimes at the Home I am washing from morning till night, *aber* I ain't kicking none. It really agrees with me, Mr. Rudnik."

Rudnik nodded. Again he closed his eyes, and had it not been that he swallowed convulsively at intervals he would have appeared to be sleeping. Suddenly he raised himself on his pillow.

"Do you make maybe a good cup coffee also?" he inquired.

"A good cup coffee I make in two ways," Miss Duckman answered. "The first is——"

Rudnik waved his hand feebly.

"I'll take your word for it," he said, and again lapsed into quietude.

"D'ye know," he murmured at length, "I ain't drunk a good cup coffee in years already?"

Miss Duckman made no answer. Indeed she dropped her sewing and passed noiselessly out of the room, and when she returned ten minutes later she bore on a linen-covered tray a cup of steaming fragrant coffee.

"How was that?" Miss Duckman asked after he had emptied the cup.

Rudnik wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"All I could say is," he replied, "if your *Tzimmus* ain't no worser as your coffee, Miss Duckman, nobody could kick that you ain't a good cook."

Miss Duckman's faded cheeks grew pink and she smiled happily.

"I guess you are trying to make me a compliment," she said.

"In my whole life I never made for a woman a compliment," Rudnik declared. "I never even so much as met one I could make a compliment to yet except you, and *mit* you it ain't no compliment after all. It's the truth."

He lay back on his pillow and gazed at the ceiling for fully a quarter of an hour, while Miss Duckman sewed away industriously.

"After all," he said at last, "why not? Older men as me done it."

"Did you say something?" Miss Duckman asked.

Rudnik cleared his throat noisily.

"I says," he replied, "you should please be so good and don't bother yourself about that—now—underwear factory job till I am getting out of here."

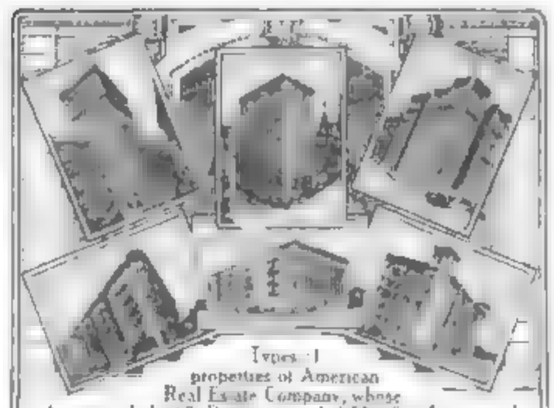
VI

"A HOME is a Home," B. Lesengeld said as he and Belz sat in the office nearly a week later; "but if Schindelberger wouldn't show up here with Rudnik today yet, Belz, we would foreclose sure."

"Would we?" Belz retorted. "Well, I got something to say about that too, Lesengeld, and I'm going to give the Bella Hirshkind people a couple days longer. Today is Blooma Duckman's day out again, and me and Mrs. Belz we sit home last night and we couldn't do a thing on account Mrs. Belz is dreading it so. Think what it would be if that woman is thrown back on our hands."

"If she is so terrible as all that why do you let her come at all?" Lesengeld asked, and Belz heaved a great sigh.

"I'll tell you, Lesengeld," he said, "she's really got a very good heart, y'understand; *aber* is it Mrs. Belz's fault she ain't such a A-Number-One cook? Every time that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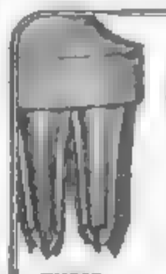

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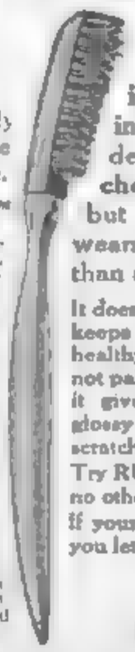

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Blooma Duckman comes round she rubs it in yet, and she snoops under beds to see is it clean *oder* not, and she gets the girl so worked up, understand me, that we are hiring a new one every week. At the same time the woman means well, Lesengeld, but you know how that is: some people means so well you couldn't stand 'em at all."

Lesengeld nodded.

"Sure, I know," he said. "I seen it last week a case where a feller all the time means well and is trying to do good. He is taking pity on a tramp, understand me, and the tramp *ganvers* his silver spoons and everything, and I says to Mrs. Lesengeld: 'Mommer,' I says, 'it only goes to show,' I says, 'if you feel you are beginning to take pity on a feller,' I says, 'you shouldn't got no mercy on him at all,' I says. 'Otherwise he will go to work and do you every time,' I says. So that's why I am telling you, Belz, I guess the best thing we could do is we should right away foreclose Rudnik's house on him. Then if Schindelberger is such a charitable sucker as all that, let him buy in the house for the Bella Hirshkind Home and be done with it. All we want is our money back and we would be satisfied. What is the use we consider Rudnik's feelings. Ain't it?"

"Do you think I am holding off on Rudnik's account?" Belz exclaimed indignantly. "I never even got an idee to take pity on the feller at all. An old snoozer like him which he's got only one house to his name, understand me, he don't deserve no better. So go ahead and ring up Schindelberger and tell him that's what we would do."

Lesengeld turned to the desk, but even as he took the telephone receiver from the hook Schindelberger himself came in.

"*Endlich!*" Belz exclaimed. "We was expecting you the whole week yet. Are you ready to fix up about Rudnik's mortgage?"

Schindelberger sat down and carefully placed his hat on Belz's desk.

"The mortgage I didn't come to see you about exactly," he said. "I got something else to tell you."

"Something else I ain't interested in at all," Belz rejoined. "We was just going to telephone and ask you why don't Rudnik fix it up about the mortgage?"

"I am coming to that presently," Schindelberger said. "What I want to say now is, Mr. Belz, that I am very sorry I got to come here and tell you an information about your wife's cousin, Miss Blooma Duckman,"

"Blooma Duckman!" Belz exclaimed. "What's the trouble; is she sick?"

Schindelberger shook his head.

"Worser as that," he explained. "She disappeared from the Bella Hirshkind Home a week ago already and nobody sees nothing from her since."

For a brief interval Belz stared at his visitor and then he turned to Lesengeld.

"Ain't that a fine note?" he said.

"All we are discovering is a couple packages she got with her, which the superintendent sends her over to West Farms she should buy some groceries, and on her way back she drops the packages and disappears."

"Might she fell down a rock maybe," Lesengeld suggested. "The other day I am seeing a fillum where a feller falls down a rock already and they search for him a hundred people yet. They get near him as I am to you, Schindelberger, and still they couldn't find him anyhow on account the feller is too weak to say something."

"How could she fall down a rock?" Schindelberger interrupted. "It's all swamps up there. But anyhow, Belz, we are wasting time here talking about it. The best thing is you should ring up the police."

"What d'ye mean wasting time?" Belz cried. "You're a fine one to talk about wasting time. Here the woman disappears a week ago already and you are only just telling me now."

Schindelberger blushed.

"Well, you see," he said, "we all the time got hopes she would come back." In point of fact he had purposely delayed breaking the news to Belz in order that the settlement of Rudnik's mortgage extension should not be prejudiced. "But now," he added ingenuously, "it don't make no difference, because Rudnik telephones me yesterday morning that the whole thing is off on account he is married."

"Married!" Lesengeld cried. "Do you mean to told me that old *Schlemiel* gets married yet?"

"So sure as you are sitting there. And he says he would come round here this morning and see you."

"He should save himself the trouble," Belz declared angrily. "Now particularly

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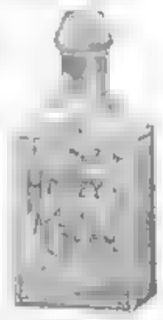

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that Blooma Duckman ain't up there at all, I wouldn't extend that mortgage, not if he gives a deed to that Home to take effect right today yet. I shouldn't begun with you in the first place, Schindelberger."

Schindelberger seized his hat.

"I acted for the best," he said. "I am sorry you should get delayed on your mortgage, gentlemen, *aber* you shouldn't hold it up against me. I done it for the sake of the Bella Hirshkind Home, which if people gets sore at me on account I always act charitable, that's their lookout, not mine."

He started for the door as he finished speaking, but as he placed his hand on the knob some one turned it from the other side and the next moment he stood face to face with Rudnik.

"So!" Schindelberger exclaimed. "You are really coming up here, are you? It ain't a bluff, like you are taking my card to go up to the Home and you never went near the place at all."

Rudnik shut the door behind him.

"What d'ye mean I didn't go near the place at all?" he said angrily. "Do you think I am such a liar like you are, Schindelberger? Not only did I go near the place, but I got so near it that a hundred feet more and the engine would knocked me into the front door of the Home already."

It was then that Lesengeld and Belz observed the stout cane on which Rudnik supported himself.

"I come pretty close to being killed already on account I am going up to the Home," he continued; "and if nobody is asking me to sit down I would sit down anyway, because if a feller gets run over by a train he naturally don't feel so strong, even if he would escape with bruises only."

"Did you got run over with a train?" Schindelberger asked.

"I certainly did," Rudnik said. "I got run over with a train and married in six days, and if you go to work and foreclose my house on me today yet, it will sure make a busy week for me." He looked pathetically at Belz. "Unless," he added, "you are going to give me a show and extend the mortgage."

Belz met this appeal with stolid indifference.

"Of course, Rudnik," he said, "I'm sorry you got run over with a train; but if we would extend your mortgage on account you got run over with a train and our other mortgagees hears of it, understand me, the way money is so tight nowadays, every time a mortgage comes due them suckers would ring in trollyer-car accidents on us and fall down coal-holes so as we would give 'em an extension already."

"And wouldn't it make no difference that I just got married?" Rudnik asked.

"If an old feller like you gets married, Rudnik," Belz replied, "he must got to take the consequences."

"An idee!" Lesengeld exclaimed. "Do you think that we are making wedding presents to our mortgagees yet, Rudnik?"

"It serves you right, Rudnik," Schindelberger said. "If you would consent to the Home getting your property I wouldn't said nothing about Miss Duckman's disappearing and Belz would of extended the mortgage on you."

"I was willing to do it," Rudnik said, "*aber* my wife wouldn't let me. She says rather than see the house go that way she would let you gentlemen foreclose it on us, even if she would got to starve."

"I don't know who your wife is," Schindelberger rejoined angrily, "but she talks like a big fool."

"No, she don't," Rudnik retorted; "she talks like a sensible woman, because in the first place she wouldn't got to starve. I got enough strength left that I could always make for her and me anyhow a living, and in the second place the Home really ain't a home. It's a business."

"A business!" Schindelberger cried. "What d'ye mean a business?"

"I mean a business," Rudnik replied, "an underwear business. Them poor women up there makes underwear from morning till night already, and Schindelberger here got a brother-in-law which he buys it from the Home for pretty near half as much as it would cost him to make it."

"*Posher!*" Max Schindelberger shrieked. "Who tells you such stories?"

"My wife tells me," Rudnik replied.

"And how does your wife know it?" Belz demanded.

"Because," Rudnik answered, "she once used to live in the Home."

"Then that only goes to show what a liar you are," Schindelberger said. "Your wife

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couldn't of been in the Home on account it only gets started last year, and everybody which went in there ain't never come out yet."

"Everybody but one," Rudnik said as he seized his cane, and raising himself from the chair he hobbled to the door.

"Blooma *leben*," he cried, throwing the door wide open; and in response Mrs. Rudnik, née Blooma Duckman, entered.

"*Nu*, Belz," she said, "ain't you going to congradulate me?"

Belz sat back in his chair and stared at his wife's cousin in unaffected astonishment, while Schindelberger noiselessly opened the door and slid out of the room unnoticed.

"And so you run away from the Home and married this *Schnorrer?*" Belz said at length.

"*Schnorrer* he ain't," she retorted, "unless you would go to work and foreclose the house."

"It would serve you right if I did," Belz rejoined.

"Then you ain't going to?" Mrs. Rudnik asked.

"What d'ye mean he ain't going to?" Lesengeld interrupted. "Ain't I got nothing to say here? Must I got to sacrifice myself for Belz' wife's relations?"

"*Koosh*, Lesengeld!" Belz exploded. "You take too much on yourself. Do you think for one moment I am going to foreclose that mortgage and have them two old people *schnorring* their living expenses out of me for the rest of my days, just to oblige you? The mortgage runs at six per cent and it's going to continue to do so. Six per cent ain't to be sneezed at neither."

"And ain't he going to pay us no bonus nor nothing?" Lesengeld asked in anguished tones.

"Bonus!" Belz cried; "what are you talking about bonus? Do you mean to told me you would ask an old man which he nearly gets killed by a train already a bonus yet? Honestly, Lesengeld, I'm surprised at you. The way you talk sometimes it ain't no wonder people calls us second-mortgage sharks."

"But lookyhere, Belz ——" Lesengeld began.

"'Senough, Lesengeld," Belz interrupted. "You're lucky I don't ask you you should make 'em a wedding present yet."

"I suppose, Belz, you're going to make 'em a wedding present too, ain't it?" Lesengeld jeered.

"That's just what I'm going to do," Belz said as he turned to the safe. He fumbled round the middle compartment and finally produced two yellow slips of paper. "I'm going to give 'em these here composition notes of Schindelberger's, and with what Blooma knows about the way that *Rosher* is running the Bella Hirshkind Home she shouldn't got no difficulty making him pay up."

He handed the notes to Rudnik.

"And now," he said, "sit right down and tell us how it comes that you and Blooma gets married."

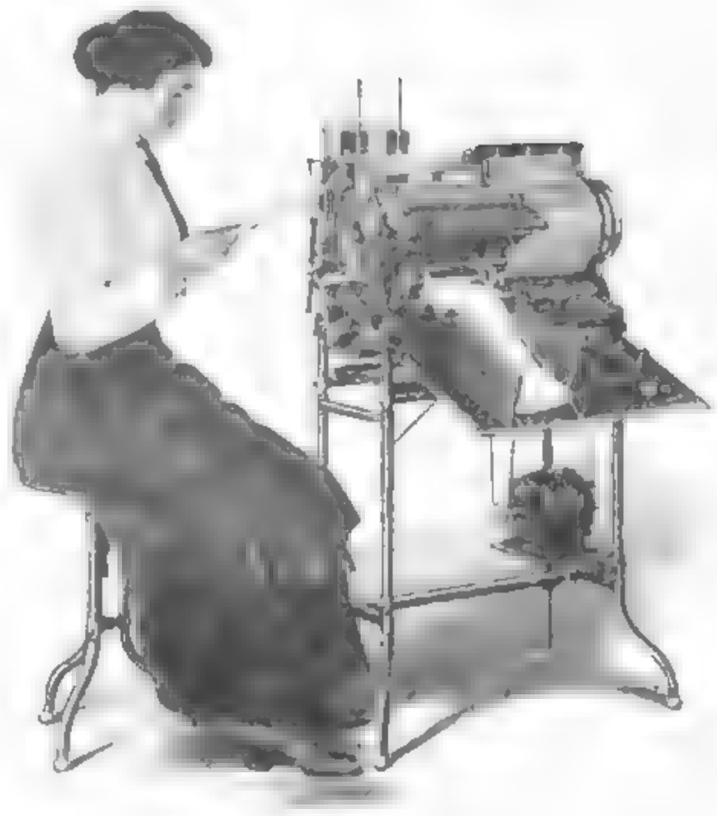
For more than a quarter of an hour Rudnik described the details of his meeting with Miss Blooma Duckman, together with his hopes and aspirations for the future, and when he concluded Belz turned to his partner.

"Ain't it funny how things happens?" he said. "Honestly, Lesengeld, ain't that more interesting than most things you could see it on a moving pictures?"

Lesengeld nodded sulkily.

"It sure ought to be," he said, "because to go on a moving pictures you pay only ten cents, *aber* this here story costs me my half of a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar bonus. However, I suppose I shouldn't begrudge it 'em. I seen the other evening a fillum by the name The Return of Enoch Aarons, where an old feller stands outside on the street and looks through a winder, and he sees a happy married couple *mit* children sitting in front of a fire. So I says to my wife: 'Mommer,' I says, 'if that old snoozer would only got married,' I says, 'he wouldn't got to stand outside winders looking at other people having a good time,' I says. 'He would be enjoying with his own wife and children,' I says, and I thinks right away of Rudnik here." He placed his hand on Rudnik's shoulder as he spoke. "But now Rudnik is married," he concluded, "and even if he wouldn't got children he's got a good wife anyhow, which it stands in the *Siddur* already—a good wife is more valuable as rubies."

Rudnik seized the hand of his blushing bride. "And," he added, "rubies is pretty high nowadays."



All our salesmen do is to let your own business argue the need of a Multigraph

WOULD you expect a window-display of paint-cans to lead to the purchase of a Multigraph? It did.

Passing a Boston show-window, a Multigraph salesman was attracted by a display of paint-cans.

The labels were lithographed; but the name of the color in the can was imprinted from type.

"Here," said the salesman to himself, "is a need for the Multigraph." So he made a note of the paint-maker's name, and sought an interview.

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Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment

How the Facts Talked

The Multigraph could be operated in the paint-maker's office. Labels need not be sent to the printer for imprinting. Here was convenience.

The Multigraph could imprint a lot of labels in the time a boy would take to go from the paint-factory to the printing-office. Here was time-saving.

And besides the shorter time required, the Multigraph could be operated by unskilled labor. Here was money-saving.

Convenience, speed, economy—and any one of them worth the price of the Multigraph! It didn't take long to get the signed order—and the purchaser is enjoying a much greater profit from his purchase than we made on the sale.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

The foregoing incident is unusual in its details; but it illustrates how the Multigraph is introducing efficiency and economy into many a business.

Moreover, it [illegible] the people that controls every sale—making your own business argue your need of the Multigraph. You needn't fear the salesman's silver tongue. Unless your [illegible] can *prove* a profit from the Multigraph, we shall not [illegible] We mean that, absolutely.

Nevertheless, we shall be glad to aid any investigation you [illegible] as you we have a representative whose time [illegible] at your service. We shall be glad to send [illegible] literature, specimens of work, and any data we may have pertaining to your line of business.

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Crisco makes white cake equal to angel food in whiteness

An Absolutely New Product

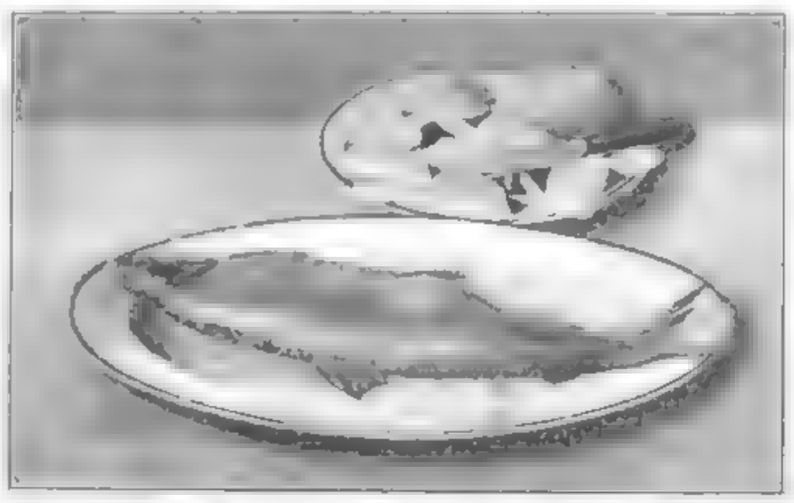
Foods fried in Crisco are light and flaky

A Scientific Discovery Which will Affect Every Kitchen in America

TWO years ago, a new and heretofore unknown food was discovered. This discovery remained a secret while the food was submitted to every possible test. Then, within the last year, it was furnished to a large number of chefs and domestic science teachers to experiment with. The tests were successful and proved that the food was *ideal*, something that the American housewife had always needed.

The many advantages of this new food may seem unbelievable to women who never have had an opportunity to use it, but they are now known, proven facts in domestic science schools and in hotel kitchens, where cooking is a science or business.

This product is purely vegetable and is to be used in cooking wherever you now use animal fats, such as butter or lard. There is not a meal served in your home in the preparation of which Crisco, the new product for frying, for shortening, and for general cooking, is not needed. It is impossible to give here *all* the advantages of Crisco, but the ones which come closest to home are outlined.



Fry Fish, then Potatoes in the same Crisco
The Potatoes will not Taste of the Fish

This Seems Impossible Until You Do it Yourself

YOU can fry fish in Crisco, and the Crisco will not absorb the fish odor! You then can use the same Crisco for frying potatoes without imparting to them the slightest fish flavor. Heretofore, you may have hesitated to fry fish because it meant the wasting of so much lard. With Crisco, not a drop need be thrown away; it can be used and re-used, which makes it very economical. Will you not make this fish and potato test and learn for yourself that it is possible to fry food after food in the same Crisco without imparting to one food the flavor of another?

Dry Frying—A Radical Change

THERE is another unusual feature of Crisco which makes a radical change in frying. You have noticed that the quicker you fry, the better results you secure. All cook-books say "Heat your fat smoking hot." Lard smokes and burns at 400 degrees, and any temperature above this point is not practical, owing to the discoloration and the quantity of smoke given off. You can heat Crisco very much hotter than lard (455°) and it will not burn nor smoke. To realize fully the advantages of this high frying point of Crisco, cook potatoes in it.

Cut the slices a quarter of an inch in thickness; soak them in cold water; then thoroughly dry them in a cloth.

Heat the Crisco very hot and put in just a few potatoes at a time.

Do not put in too many at once, or they will cool the Crisco and you will lose the benefit of its high frying point.

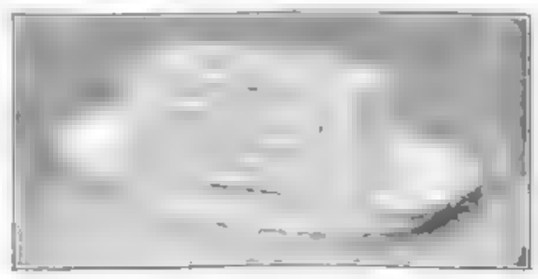
Crisco fries so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption; thus the full flavor is retained and the potatoes are more healthful than when soaked with grease. The outside is a rich, golden brown and the inside is light and mealy, like a baked potato. No black specks spoil your food, and no "frying odor" permeates your dining-room and kitchen. When you use Crisco for frying, the improvement is so marked that you can see the difference at once.

Have you Hesitated to Eat Pastry?

FROM a standpoint of health, the discovery of Crisco is of great value. Pie has been called the great American dessert, and many have eaten it *in spite of the fact that they believed it to be indigestible.* Crisco makes foods more digestible. Doctors are the strongest advocates that Crisco has. Many physicians personally are recommending it to their patients, because the vegetable ingredients of which it is made are more readily assimilated than are animal fats. They know that Crisco has great nutritive value, and since its discovery you can eat freely foods that heretofore you could not digest.

A New Standard

UNTIL Crisco was discovered, butter was the standard for good cake-making. Crisco gives a richer, finer flavored cake than can be made with butter. Butter is nearly *one-fifth* water, while Crisco contains no moisture, but is *all* shortening. Cake made with Crisco may be kept longer without loss of its original fine flavor and soft texture. Both table and cooking butter vary in flavor and richness during the different seasons. Crisco never varies. There is but one quality—the best. Every package is as rich as the first one. This unfailing richness, this absolute uniformity, enable you to make your cake delicious with regularity. Your results in cake-making do not vary in the exasperating way they have done heretofore, so you never waste foods because they do not "turn out" well.



Butter Nearly One-fifth Water

You get actually better results than with butter, *at about half the cost.* Crisco makes as fine and wholesome a cake as rich cream, with an equally delicate and delicious flavor.

Every Woman is Interested in This

FROM the viewpoint of economy, Crisco, the new product for cooking, excels. Foods fried in Crisco absorb less, consequently there is more Crisco left. In deep frying, it is apparent how little Crisco is used—how much of it is left, as one woman said, so little Crisco was absorbed that it seemed to her as though she had just as much when she finished as when she started to fry. This is another reason why Crisco is so economical.

Crisco also keeps excellently. It does not become strong. It is so clean and pure in origin and manufacture that it stays sweet and fresh. Crisco is never sold in bulk, but is put up in immaculate packages, perfectly protected from dust and store odors. No hands touch it, no unsanitary paddles nor wooden boats. You are sure that every package of Crisco is wholesome.

Lard Two-thirds Gone

Dip out a spoonful and look at it. You will like its very appearance, for it is a pure cream white, with a fresh, pleasant aroma. It is crisp and flaky, just the proper consistency to make it ideal for creaming in cake or for working into pie crust.

Crisco Two-thirds Left

THESE are strong statements, but they are facts which you can prove for yourself. Give your grocer an order for a package today. It requires no experimenting—you use it where you now use butter or lard, and in just the same way. Make the fish and potato test; try it for "dry" frying, try Crisco pastry, Crisco white cake, best of all try Crisco doughnuts, and you will become a Crisco enthusiast and realize what its use will affect every family in America.

On request we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco, the new, and heretofore unknown, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking. Address Dept. K.

Sold by grocers at 25c the package except in the Far West

Crisco—Better than Butter for Cooking

Crisco is being placed in the grocery stores as rapidly as possible. If your own grocer does not yet keep it, you probably will find it in one of the other stores in your neighborhood; if not, we will send you by mail or express, charges prepaid, a full sized package for 25c. If you order from us, write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. Not more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

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We teach you by mail. Free booklet "Money in Drawing," tells how, gives proof. NAT PRESS ASS'N Dept 67 Indianapolis

THE CROOKED DEAL

(Continued from Page 21)

Zack smiled broadly at the lady's praise and opened his mouth so wide that if it hadn't been for his ears the top of his head would have been an island.

"Yas'm. I got a pow'ful good reputation down yonder in Vicksburg—an' mos' everywhar. Ef you don't believe what I sez you jes go an' ax Cunnel."

"Do you always travel with the Colonel?" asked Doris.

"Yas'm; me and Cunnel allus goes together. He's gwine to Afriky now to he'p me larn dem niggers how to raise cotton."

Reifenstein and the Italians drifted in and stood talking within a few feet of Aurora, without noticing her—which was very insulting. They drew her attention from the diverting negro. Very distinctly she heard Torreale say: "Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars." Then she called: "Torreale! Reifenstein! My dear Count! Come here. You stupid creatures—to talk about money! How vulgar, when I am giving a benefit tonight!"

The three men bent over and listened quite politely until Reifenstein heard Zack say:

"Yas'm; me an' Cunnel sojered durin' de entire war. An' sence den we ben together all de time—continual—continual. Mos' in generally us hunts."

"The Colonel is a good shot, I suppose?" suggested Doris.

"Good shot? Did you say 'Good shot'? Sholy, missy, you is heerd 'bout Cunnel's shootin'!"

Reifenstein did not intend a rudeness to Signorina Aurora, nor did Torreale—and Castelleone, who had followed her over three continents, had no thought of being ungallant; but the three turned from the lady and listened to the negro.

Zack sidled round until he could watch the door; then took the bridle off of his imagination and roamed through the gory field of Colonel Spottiswoode's hunting exploits, with details of certain marvelous shots. The three listened eagerly—and Zack did his best.

"But the gentleman is getting old; his eyes ——" Castelleone inquired.

"Lordy! suh; 'pears like de Cunnel is jes now gettin' de hang o' dem eyes. I looks fer 'im to be at his best dis comin' fall."

"Has he killed anybody lately?" asked Torreale.

"No, suh; 'cept in de war. Dat war wouldn't lasted no time ef Cunnel hadn't been tuk down sick an' I had to tote 'im home. While he wuz outen his head wid fever de s'render come. You jes ought to heerd Cunnel stomp an' cuss when dey tole 'im dat! Fust he say he war gwine to git right up from dat bed an' have de fightin' all over agin. Fer de longest time nobody couldn't 'swade him dat Marse Robert done s'rendered—he wouldn't never believe dat 'til his own ma say 'twuz so. Doctor Paulding kep' 'im full o' medicine, so he'd lie down and be still. Ef 'twarn't fer dat medicine, 'tain't no tellin' what moughter happened. Lordy! gent'men, you all oughter see de Cunnel ketch holt o' his bridle wid his teef an' take a six-shooter in each han'! He'd go gallopin' round a saplin' an' put every one o' dem twelve bullets smack in de middle. Dat warn't nuthin'! Everybody done dat or dey couldn't stay in *his* army."

Doris Stanton turned her face away and gazed out of the porthole; she hated to let Zack see her laughing. At the first symptom of a halt Doris touched him off again.

"Has he got in a good humor yet about the war?"

Zack laughed. "Yas'm. Cunnel kin sorter smile 'bout it sometimes, 'cept when he sees one o' dem biggety niggers in Washington; but, scusin' dem biggety niggers, Cunnel say now he is sho glad he got tuk down sick, so everything passed off nice an' pleasant. I heerd Cunnel speak dem very words to a passel o' white gent'men in N'Yawk."

"All of that—that shooting, must be in—what do they call it?—the Wild West?" Torreale put the question in a whisper to Castelleone. Then he spoke aloud to Zack. "Does he kill many people in duels?"

"No, suh; Cunnel wouldn't hurt a fly. But he don't git no chance. Dey won't fight no mo' dools wid 'im—done quit dat long ago. When folks notices de Cunnel

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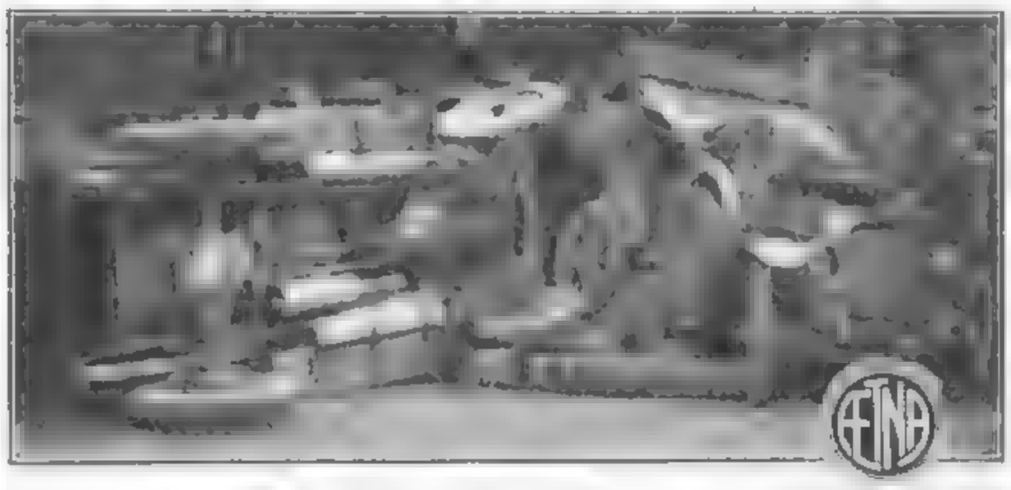

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Automobile	2,362	513,344.26
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Athletic sports	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Fingers crushed	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eye injuries	[illegible]	[illegible]
Elevator	[illegible]	[illegible]
Machinery	[illegible]	[illegible]
Toes crushed	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stepping on nails or glass	[illegible]	[illegible]
Falls—accidents (contact with furniture)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hands lacerated on hooks, nails, etc.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bites—dogs or insects	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tripping over mats or rugs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Splinters in hands or feet	[illegible]	[illegible]
Motor boats	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fingers caught in electric fans	[illegible]	[illegible]
Miscellaneous accidents	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	106,000	$8,216,647.97

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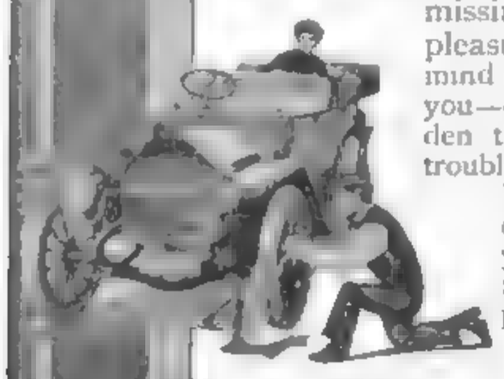

You can save every dollar of tire repair expense, save three-fourths or more of your first tire costs, and make every moment of your motoring full of uninterrupted pleasure—just by equipping your car with

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Made of the only practical materials for tire protection—rubber, a new rubber, the toughest ever produced—and high grade Sea Island Cotton Fabric, so hard woven that it's almost like armor plate around your tires. Skidding protection is [illegible] your tires [illegible] not skid much, which you may [illegible] instead of [illegible] protection at the cost of one. Prices on Standard Tire Protectors for the year have been reduced on an average of 20% by our new manufacturing advantages—a bigger value at a lower price—the greatest motoring economy ever put at your service.

Standard Tire Protectors really cost you nothing—they quickly reimburse you with money saved and pay a big profit besides. Not only do they save all your tire repair expense—but they save you the expense of buying new tires [illegible] They make your tires last years instead of months. They are the greatest of all motoring economies—beyond comparison with any other money-saving or pleasure-giving feature of automobile equipment.

No mechanical attachments—the Protectors are easily applied and held firm and tight on your tires simply by inflation pressure. Sand or gravel cannot get between the Protectors and the tire. Standard Tire Protectors give you protection against every form of tire trouble—and keep 90% of your motor car up-keep costs in your pocket.

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It explains the construction of Standard Tire Protectors and proves their economy, their pleasure-giving value. Writing for this *Free Book* will open the way for you out of your tire troubles and tire repair expenses forever. And ask us for a Free Sample of Standard Tire Protector rubber—so you can test its amazing toughness. Write us today.

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Ask the Man Who Uses Them

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gittin' riled dey jes goes out in de woods an' climbs a tree. Dat makes Cunnel grin; an' he sez: 'It's all right, boys; you-all come down again and let's be friends.' 'Taint no yaller dog in Vicksburg what can't make friends wid Cunnel—scusin' dem times when he's pestered."

Zack's audience kept growing, which encouraged the negro to take another deep breath. "I ain't seen Cunnel mad what yer call red mad fer de longest 'fo jes befo' us let' home. He was settin' in front of de hotel, him an' some mo' gent'men; up come a white man from some place or 'nuther an' butted in. Cunnel warn't sayin' nuthin' to dat white man; warn't studyin' 'im; warn't payin' 'im no min'. Dem gent'men war talkin' friendly politics 'mong deyselves; dis man he gits up outen his chair and walks over whar dey wuz an' 'lows he war one o' dem—I can't zactly call de words like he said it; but some kind o' standpatter—dat's how he spoke—an' he didn't care who knowed it. Cunnel got up and sez sumpin' to 'im, soft an' low; dis white man lifted one han' an' popped it down in de udder han' wid a loud cuss word; an' 'twarn't but two licks passed—Cunnel hit dat white man an' dat white man hit de groun'. I ain't seen Cunnel wid dat kin' o' look on his face no mo' 'til las' night. Sumpin' sho is pestered de Cunnel. Dat's why I ain't gwine near 'im today."

"Is he very, very rich?" inquired Aurora.

"Cunnel, he got aplenty; but, lady, he gives away money jes same as ef 'twuz buttons—fo' bits here an' a dollar yonder. Folks jes laff an' say de onliest thing Cunnel is stingy 'bout is ammynition—he sho do hate to waste none o' dat. I been wid 'im, man an' boy, fer nigh on to fifty years, an' he ain't never wasted none to my knowin'—— Comin', suh; comin'!" Zack reached down, grabbed his hat and hustled out of the door, for the Colonel had appeared and beckoned him.

The foreigners stared at each other. Castelleone wasn't satisfied. "Mees Stanton, what does the black mean when he says 'stingy 'bout ammynition'?"

Doris laughed outright. "He says the Colonel never misses a shot—always gets something for each bullet. Hates to waste a shot, just as you hate to waste a dollar—to throw it away and get nothing for it. Do you understand?"

"*Si*, signorina—oh, y-es—mees ——" Castelleone answered slowly.

Later in the afternoon Colonel Spottiswoode sat in his steamer chair still thinking, still figuring. Zack leaned against the rail and gazed upon the water.

"Zack! Oh, Zack! If you had some money that you didn't want what would you do with it?"

Zack grinned. "Well, Cunnel, you know how niggers is. Dey's mighty ginrous wid money what dey ain't got. But ef I had a lot o' money what I didn't want I'd buy tickets to missy's concert. She sho is one high-qualified young lady an' ain't got no bizness puttin' her foot to de groun'. Dem gent'men is plumb crazy 'bout de way she plays dat fiddle."

The Colonel straightened up in his chair. "Zack, you've got more sense than a lead mule. Go find that little sharp-faced steward and bring him to the writing room." Then the Colonel disappeared.

In the corner of the writing room, where nobody could see him, Colonel Spottiswoode placed seven hundred and eighty-five dollars in an envelope. Then he took the four cards—Reifenstein, Castelleone, Torreale and Shields—put them in with the money and sealed the package.

"Steward," he said, "take this envelope straight to Signorina Certosa and tell her it is from these gentlemen whose cards are inside—one ticket each. If you mention my name you don't get a cent; if you keep your mouth shut I'll give you five dollars."

As he started for the music room the steward's mouth could not have been opened with a jimmy. Colonel Spottiswoode hurried out on deck and watched through a porthole. He saw the steward as he laid the envelope in the signorina's hand and delivered the message accurately.

"Four more tickets sold, my dear!" The singer laughed and patted Doris' hand; but when she saw the large size of the bills, their number, and the gold besides, her eyes widened. Excitedly she counted: "Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars—who sent this? Who ——" She looked up, but the steward had vanished. A card dropped out. "*Carissima*, look—it's that dear, dear Reifenstein. Where is he? Where is he? Come, we must find him—dear, generous Reifenstein!" The signorina sprang up and led Doris to the deck.

Reifenstein was standing near the forward screen, talking confidentially with the two Italians. Colonel Spottiswoode flattened himself against the wall as the signorina dragged the unwilling girl and went rushing by him.

Signorina Certosa ran up behind Reifenstein, pulled him round, put both hands upon his shoulders and kissed his cheek. "Oh! you generous, generous darling!" The German stepped back amazed; the Italians looked on with blank and stupid faces. "How splendid of you!—princely! And when I heard you say 'Seven hundred and eighty-five dollars' I thought you were taking no interest in my benefit—oh!"

None of the men had spoken. "Seven hundred and eighty-five!" Reifenstein repeated vaguely; then he reached out and took the card from her hand—his own card, with the inkspot. "Who sent this?"

"You sent it—with the money—such an odd amount seven hundred and eighty-five dollars!"

The three men glanced wonderingly at each other.

Halfway down the long deck Colonel Spottiswoode was standing. Reifenstein went up to him and presented the card.

"Did you send this, sir, to Signorina Certosa?"

"I did, sir."

"And you sent her the money that was in dispute—for the young lady's benefit?"

"I did, sir."

Reifenstein tore up the card and extended his hand. "I shall make any apology you demand; you must be my friend."

"I never wanted to be anything else!" The Colonel wrung his hand warmly and the men leaned against the corner of the passage, laughing at the untangling of their troubles.

Zack came along and pulled the Colonel's sleeve. "Look out; dey's comin'."

And they were coming—the signorina still dragging Doris by the wrist. After her came the chattering and excited Italians, radiant with delight. Behind them the Colonel saw, or imagined, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of curious eyes. They had seen her kiss the German and were watching to see what the signorina was going to do next. Every human being on the vessel drifted toward them. The Colonel gave one look—just one. "I can't stand the gaff!" he whispered to Reifenstein; then melted backward behind the corner, turned and fled.

"Where is he?" demanded the breathless signorina. "Where is that dear, dear American prince?"

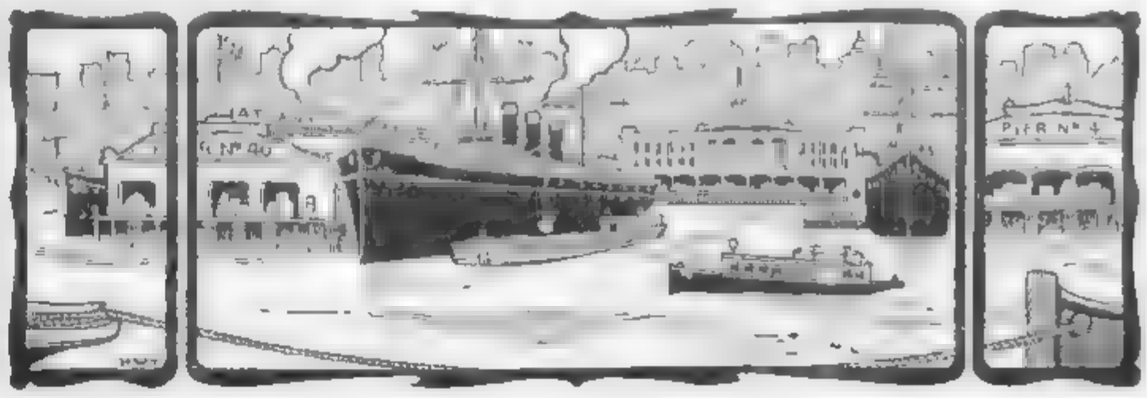
"Gone." Reifenstein choked out the word, his face very red.

"Run away? From me? Me?" Then the singer turned upon Zack and berated him. "So, your terreeble, terreeble fighter is run away—run from a woman?"

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am, he ain't run from you. I seen Cunnel look at his watch—he got er engagement downstairs to kill a man."

They could not embrace the Colonel; so Castelleone and Torreale embraced each other.

(THE END)



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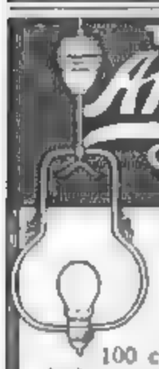

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THE CALL

(Continued from Page 13)

no way bound to her. She knew nothing of what had happened to him outside of his business disasters. He might have found friendship in other quarters, consolation at other hands. He might, and this would be doubly tragic, have experienced some inner and personal change of feeling. She had never confided to him how much she needed him, how essential he was now to her happiness. She had given no sign. She had done nothing to hold him. He might have grown away from her. He might have ascended from his valley of illusion into the sanities and lucidities of everyday life.

These thoughts were still torturing her when she went to bed. They kept her awake, tormenting her with the same white light of wakefulness that had so often come to her from overstudy with her stockwork.

It was long after midnight when she got out of bed and began a search for her box of sleeping tablets. She remembered, when she had the tablets in her hand, that she had left a call for the early morning train. It would be foolish to drug herself into a sleep that could last only two or three hours at the most. So she sat in the worn plush armchair, holding in her hand the picture of Ruthven and the Great Dane. She continued to look at it passively until a sense of peace settled over her. Then she crept into bed and slept until awakened by the call.

. . . . . .

The rain had ceased falling by the time Una's train drew into the station at Chesterville. From this fact she extracted a ghostly comfort, forlornly insisting that a symbol of better things lay in the clearing weather.

Her face was calm—calm with the tragic fortitude that comes with last chances—as she stepped from the car and looked about the crowded platform.

She saw Ruthven waiting, with a waterproof hung over his arm, startlingly close to her—almost at her side. A tremor sped through her tired body as she beheld him, for his own face was calm and strangely altered.

It had lost much of its ruddy look. It seemed leaner and longer, touched with an austerity which secretly terrified her. She stared at him a second or two before she realized that he was dressed entirely in black.

"I have the car waiting," he said very quietly as he shook hands with her.

Her heart slowly sank. There was something so non-committal in that handshake—something that was so fixed and sorrowful in the face with which he regarded her.

"Has anything—happened?" she asked with a second tremor creeping through her limbs.

"My sister died ten days ago," he said. He was leading the way to the far end of the platform, where the automobile stood.

"And you never told me!"

He turned and faced her again as he opened the tonneau door for her.

"That would not have been generous!" he said.

"But surely ——"

She stopped, faltering on the cry that surely she had a right to be told; but that claim, she remembered, was foolish.

"You look tired," he said out of the silence as they stood face to face.

"I am tired," she acknowledged.

He was helping her into the seat.

"I'd like nothing better than an hour now in the open air—in the country!" she confessed. That confession, she knew, conceded nothing.

She heard Ruthven say a brief word or two to the man in the driving seat. It was the same boyish-faced chauffeur who had once driven them from the Country Club to her hotel. Then Ruthven drew on his waterproof and stepped in beside her. Neither of them spoke as they threaded and rocked their way out to the open country, splashing through the mud and water that still covered the roads.

She waited, she scarcely knew for what, fighting back the tears which she felt welling up to her eyes.

"I saw that you were to play in New York this fall," he said without looking at her; "that you were to have a wonderful new play."

"Yes," she murmured—"a new play."

"That means a great step forward, doesn't it?"

ALCO 1912

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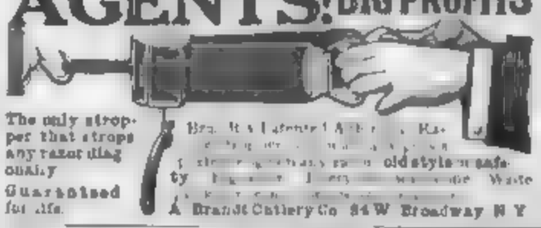

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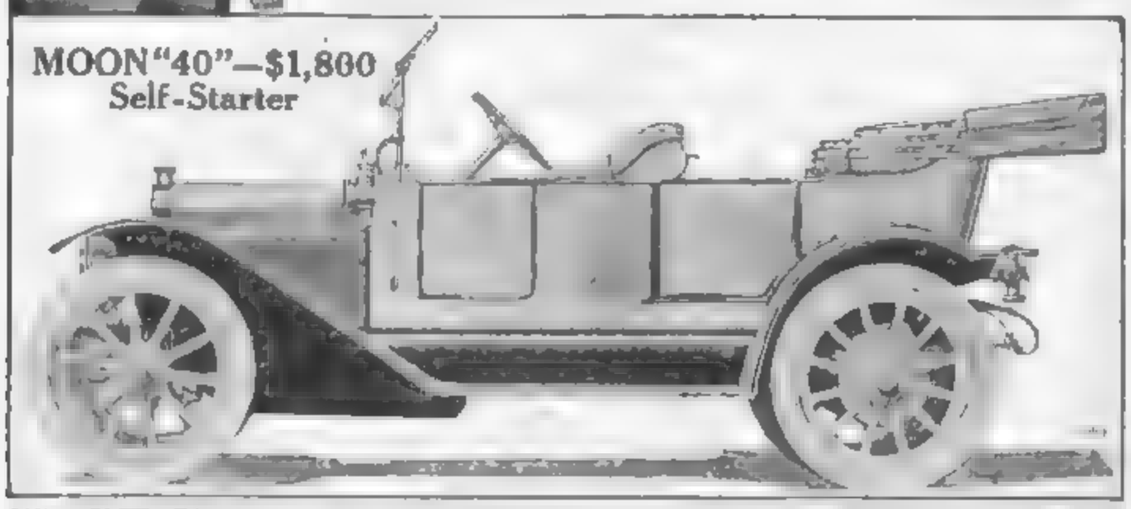

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A spirit of untimely perverseness seemed to possess her. Her weakness of body left her almost childlike in her willfulness, pitifully in need of a sustaining hand.

"Yes, it's a great step forward," she echoed. Yet she added after a moment's silence: "But I want to go backward!"

"Backward! How?" he asked with his direct and candid literalness.

"To the boneyard!" was the cry that was on the tip of her tongue—but she did not have the courage to utter it.

"That's the way I've been going," he said after waiting for the answer she did not speak.

"How?" she asked.

"I've lost my business," he told her. "It's a terrible thing for a man to lose his business. There isn't much left to take its place—with a man like me!"

A surge of pity swept through her. It carried away at a stroke the willfulness that had weighed on her.

"My dear, dear friend, I know it," she said with calm and bell-like clearness. "I know everything. I know what you have lost. That is what brought me here!"

A lunge of the car flung her swaying body against his. The hand with which she steadied herself still clung to his arm.

"And I'm going to save you," she went on. "You don't know how rich I am—how I wondered what I could ever do with that foolish money!"

"Save me from what?" he asked.

"From ruin!" she cried with the happy tears of which she was no longer ashamed, even as he stared down at her.

"But I'm not ruined," he said with his grim candor. "They took over my works and put me out; but you don't suppose I let them do it without paying me well for it?"

"Then you're not—not ruined?" she cried in terror.

"No. My pocketbook isn't empty," he said with his slow and solemn smile—"only my life is."

She saw it all at a glance. She, the child of the theater, had been the victim of a theatricality.

"Then I can't help you?" she said almost in a wail. "Then I never should have come!"

He had turned in the seat and taken her two helpless hands.

"Only if you will go backward," he said very quietly as his hungry eyes met hers.

"Back to what?" she said. He smiled a little as he looked down at her. There was neither merriment nor mockery in that hesitating smile. It seemed more self-derogatory, more touched with a sober wistfulness. It was the smile of a much-traveled man finally somewhat uncertain of his way. "Back to what?" she repeated.

"To the boneyard," he said, wise with the wisdom of a great love. "To the boneyard—and be a failure!"

He did not wait for her to speak. His old-time honest strength seemed to justify itself—to make all things clear. He took her in his arms and held her there, watching the shadowy hazel eyes to which the tears were still welling.

"We'll be failures together!" he said as her yearning arms crept up and clasped about his shoulders. And she clung to him wistfully, abandonedly, as he bent low and kissed her wet eyelids.

(THE END)

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All these things were brought to him at once. He put them all on one enormous platter and proceeded to slice everything up together. Two women watched him in horror from the next table.

"My dear," said one, "that is the most appalling thing I ever witnessed! I'll wager a box of candy he eats that mess with his knife."

"I'll take the bet," said the other. "He is dressed like a gentleman and, despite his barbaric taste in food, I wager he'll eat it with a fork."

They both lost. He ate it with a spoon.

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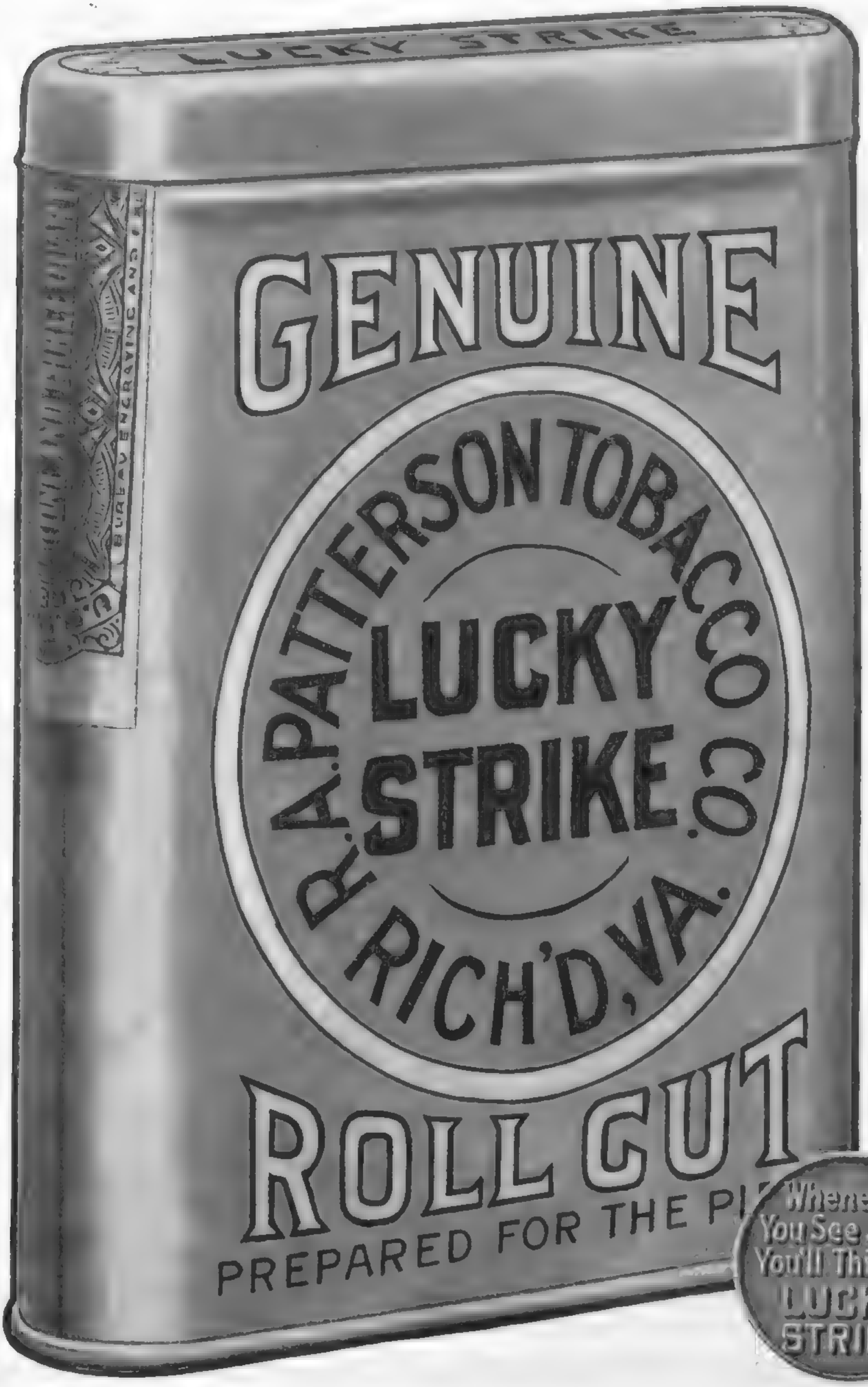

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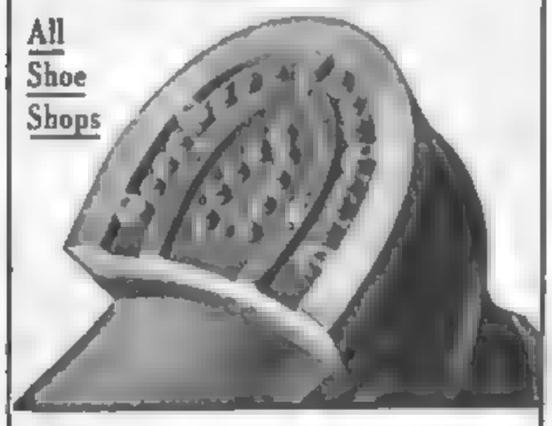

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MADGE FIREBOOT'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 19)

just ahead of him, took his passes with great, driving swings and drove them well up to midfield; but there they met the stone wall, for Longmouth, massing in defense, formed the scrimmage at that point, and Smith, key to the situation, seemed unable to break it. In the middle of the period two clean drives looked like a goal, but the Longmouth Back and Number Two pounced on the ball and held it in the tangled mass of horses beyond any extricating. Smith, though unguarded, hovered on the edge and made a futile pass at it, but his horse wavered and backed deliberately out of the mix-up.

"The horse is pony-shy!" yelled the would-be expert in the motor car behind Madge and Taylor, but the latter muttered:

"Pony-shy nothing! No horse will do more than he's made to. It's Smithy that's quitting. You see what I was up against."

Madge's eyes were sparkling however.

"Just wait a minute!" she said. "If I know the shoulders on that husband of mine something's going to happen."

And happen it did, for again Smith refused to mix it up; and the third time, just as he hung on the outskirts of the group, there was a leap from the big horse behind him. Stone appeared suddenly at his side; there was a little flash as a spur—not that of his rider—dug into Smith's pony, and the startled animal leaped square into the bunch, scattering the Longmouth ponies right and left.

Besides the grooms, probably not three people on the field saw what had happened; but they knew immediately that something had occurred, for Smith, wheeling his pony, came face to face with Stone, livid with anger.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" he roared; but the big man's jaw stuck out in its ugly way and he raised his mallet, pointing down the field toward the ball.

"Get where you belong and shut up!" he roared; and, without a word, Smith turned and went, while the crowd, who knew Smith and inwardly gloated, tried to look as if nothing had happened.

The one weak link in the Beach team's chain had been strengthened, however, for Smithy was the kind of dog that fawns on the hand that beats him, and the play of the home team held its opponents without another score.

By the sixth period ponies that had played before began to reappear, while the men themselves showed very visible signs of wear; and the attack and defense were by fits and starts. Stone's leadership was now tacitly acknowledged, for the Beach players were looking to him constantly for their cue; but apparently a waiting game was the one he wanted. Once, in the middle of the period, Longmouth tried again its sledge-hammer tactics; but there was a hoarse command from Stone which everybody understood; little McDermott went after his Back like a flying tackle, Stone himself rode off the Number Two until his pony's wild eye was pleading for mercy, and the game relapsed into very ladylike proportions.

"I guess they won't try that again," said McDermott to Stone gleefully as they rode off for the change of ponies. "They're afraid of you—and everybody on the field knows it."

All this, however, did not change the fact that Longmouth still led by one goal, and Taylor stamped excitedly on the sidelines in spite of his pain, while Madge stood with clenched hands beside him. She had not gone near her husband in any of the rests since he had started, and evidently the big man was best left alone, as the very first play in the next period showed that something had been brewing. When the teams lined up, instead of McDermott taking his place at Number One, Stone faced the referee, while the little Irishman crouched like a pigmy behind him. It was really an infinitesimal matter; but, as McDermott had said, the Longmouth players were actually afraid of the big stranger; and, just as a misplaced shoestring will take the nerve of an overexcited athlete at a critical moment, the mysterious change made them anxious and uncertain.

The result was that Stone had not the slightest difficulty in getting the throw-in and carrying the ball well down the field, while McDermott broke through the line

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

WHEN children clamor for more Beech-Nut Peanut Butter you don't have to worry about its hurting their teeth or digestion. It is cram full of nourishment and is easily digested.

Made solely of fresh peanuts, roasted and salted and ground to a rich creamy nut butter. No wonder it tastes good.

Eat some on cracker or bread, as you would jam or cheese, and you'll always keep it on hand for luncheons, picnics or 'tween-meal snacks. Should be on every table.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is never sold in bulk, always in glass jars with all the freshness, moistness and fragrance protected by airless sealing. Be sure you get *Beech-Nut Brand*. Order a 15c. jar from your grocer *today*.

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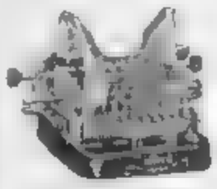

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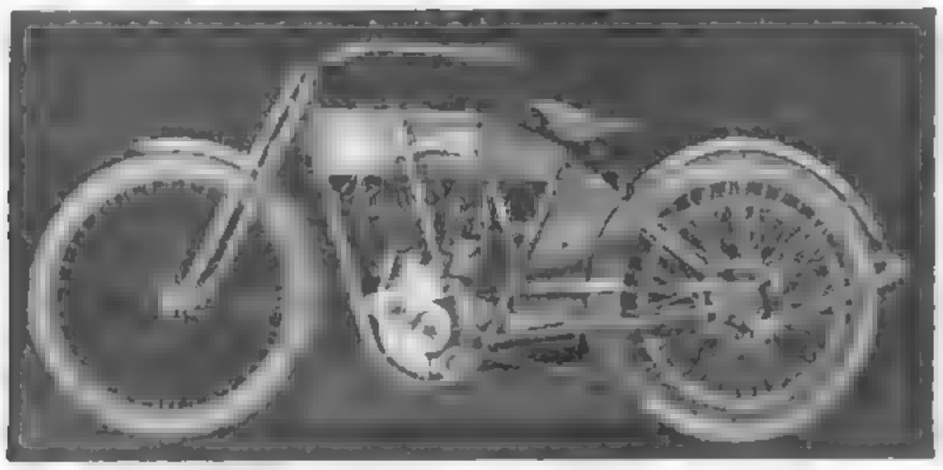

At Last—A Comfortable Motorcycle

THE NEW

Harley-Davidson

"The Silent Gray Fellow."

THE seat springs on the ordinary motorcycle have about one-half inch action either way. This means when the rider strikes a stone or crossing, say 3 inches high, that the ordinary motorcycle saddle springs absorb only the first ½ inch of the jolt, and the rider's back bone gets the rest. These jolts, and in fact all vibrations, are entirely eliminated in the new Harley-Davidson by the incorporation of a *Ful-Floteing* Seat, the greatest comfort device ever built. The saddle springs, the only shock absorbers of the ordinary motorcycle, are retained, and these, combined with our *Ful-Floteing* Seat, give a range of action of about 4 inches as against the scant 1 inch of the ordinary motorcycle.

Sectional view of Full Floteing Seat

This means that the new Harley-Davidson is four times as comfortable as the ordinary motorcycle. For four years the Harley-Davidson has held the world's official record for economy. The Harley-Davidson is not a racing machine, but is built primarily for comfort and service. In addition to the *Ful-Floteing* Seat, the new Harley-Davidson incorporates the *Freewheel* control, the latest and greatest invention of Mr. Wm. S. Harley, the world's foremost motorcycle designer and engineer. This ingenious device has done away with the hard pedaling or the necessity for running alongside the machine, and permits the Harley-Davidson to be started like an automobile. Send for catalogue.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

216 B Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

and raced after. Again the Longmouth Back diagonaled across the field; but, on the instant, the situation struck him exactly as it struck every spectator on the sidelines who saw the odd situation of the little man rushing after the big one. Two periods before the two had done exactly the same thing in reverse order, and had played the game exactly as it shouldn't be played. What they were up to now the Back couldn't imagine. He wavered, hesitated and was lost, for a galloping pony does not give one much time for deliberation; and, before he could make up his mind, both Stone and McDermott were by him with an absolutely clear field, for Lorimer and the renovated Smith were holding their men like vises—and McDermott shot in the goal.

Back on the sidelines, Taylor and Madge simply doubled with laughter. They shook hands; they tore up handfuls of grass; they did almost everything that joyous persons do except embrace each other, while the grinning Beach players trotted back for the throw-in.

By all rules of the drama, Stone should have waited until the next and last period to win his game; but Stone was not staging a drama—he was winning a polo match, and he knew that now was the minute to do it; so from the instant the ball was thrown in his men were after it like tigers. It was now their advantage, and they pushed the ball on and on until it rolled past the Back toward the goalpost. There was the usual shout, the usual turning of horses, the usual mad dash—and then from the bunch, as if he had been saving this one shot for himself, rode Stone with his opposing Number Three hard beside him. Whichever man got the ball, he would have to take it on the backhand; but it is easier to shoot backward than it is to shoot forward on the near side, and the Longmouth man had thus the advantage as, neck and neck, they plunged for the rolling white sphere, each trying to crowd the other away from it.

Which won? Were there two ways that race could come out? Waiting for the exact minute when the push would unbalance the other, Stone threw his whole great strength against the opposing rider—and then, reaching over the neck of his own pony, he gave one of those rifle-shot strokes of his and the ball rose squarely between the posts.

There must have been an eighth period—there generally is in a polo game; but nobody remembers much about it, as most of the spectators were cranking motors and putting on veils to go home. When the players reached the boundaries after the finish, little Madge was among the grooms and the stable boys to meet them. Her husband slid deliberately off his horse and into the greatcoat that she held for him.

And then, though strangers edged curiously round them, and the little kiddies began shouting and swarming after the spent balls—while half the Beach crowded in to shake his hand—the little Wildfire fished out the neckscarf and reached it carefully round her husband's yielding neck.

"It's a bit sharp, deary," she said simply, "and you must be awfully careful not to get cold."

Every one heard her—the tough little stable boys, the cynical old grooms, the wits of the Beach; every one watched her wrap the scarf deliberately round the great awkward figure that stood foolishly before her—and even tuck in the ends; but, strange to say, not one of them smiled.

Ready Repartee

MARTIN LITTLETON, the Congressman from the Oyster Bay District, says he crossed from Europe last summer with two Englishmen of a serious and conservative turn of mind. Though they shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table and sat side by side in their deck-chairs, neither spoke to the other—they hadn't been introduced. Finally, though, on the last day, when the shores of New York loomed dead ahead and the pilot was coming out to take the liner in, one of them decided the time had come to waive conventionalities and get acquainted with his fellow countryman.

They were lounging side by side on the rail. The one with the more initiative thought out a timely introductory remark and said:

"Hem! Goin' over?"

"Yas; rather thought I would," said the second Englishman. "Are you?"

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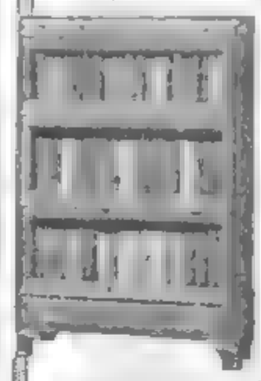

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The Buckeye guarantee that goes with every Hatch[illegible] They can't fail. We guarantee Success! They are so simple that a beginner can operate them just as successfully as the experienced poultryman, and a chick from every hatchable egg is assured. Buckeye Incubators are equipped with every desirable device that can possibly add to incubator efficiency, and they are proclaimed by experts to be the world's best hatchers.

No other incubator has so many points of merit. On the market 21 years—over 225,000 in successful operation. Buckeye Incubators are made in three sizes and sold by more than a thousand dealers in every State in the Union—as low as $8.00.

Be sure to see a Buckeye before you buy an incubator! Send us your name on a postal card and we will send you our book called "Incubator Facts," a copy of our five year guarantee and the name of your nearest dealer. Write today.

The Buckeye Incubator Co., 567 Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio

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PERFECT BEAUTY

assures the poise which comes from knowing [illegible] Thousands of women [illegible] using LABLACHE [illegible]

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous [illegible] Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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French Perfumers

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"A good pen is a conduit for the flow of thought, but a poor pen is a dam."

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

are good pens—always, in all styles, for all purposes

Sample card of 12 different styles and 2 good penholders sent for 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway New York

SELL STORIES 2c TO 5c A WORD — STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL

MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet "Writing for Profit" tells how; gives proof. HAT PRESS ASS'N, Dept 67, Indianapolis

Who I am

1. I am born of Mother Earth—my heart is of steel—my eyes are of glass—my limbs are of iron—my fingers are of brass.

2. I do brain work, but have no brain—I work fast, early and late and am too stupid to make a blunder.

3. You find me in every country, my voice rings out around the world.

4. I speak every language, tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

5. When I speak, millions listen: (1) The Caucasians, (2) the Mongolians, (3) the Ethiopians, (4) the Malayans, (5) the Indians.

6. I need no food, but live as long as metal endures.

7. I handle all kinds of money, (1) Gold, (2) Silver, (3) Nickel, (4) Copper, (5) Paper in all currencies.

8. I make unchangeable records of all I do.

9. I remove temptation, shorten the hours of labor and keep people correct.

10. I protect the weak and strengthen the strong.

11. I give hope to the weary and make the world better.

12. I give (1) Publicity, (2) Protection, (3) Prosperity, (4) Profits, and (5) Peace of mind.

13. I cost but little and do so much.—I am the cash register.

(Advertisement)

No Advertiser Can Prosper Alone

THERE are three-quarters of a million retail storekeepers in the United States. They are not merely "indexes of the business situation,"—they *are* the business situation. They are the beginning, the source, the cause of those mysterious visitations called "good times" and "bad times." When they feel hopeful, business booms and Wall Street smiles. When they feel depressed, they curtail their buying and factories run on part time.

In short, these 750,000 retailers are the heart of American commerce, and any great influence that affects their well-being is worth the careful study of every business man.

Dividend-Paying Altruism

One of the greatest factors in the prosperity of American retail merchants is national advertising. Figure it out for yourself:—It is like Socialism in that it is basicly founded on the principle of the coöperation and community of interest of great numbers of people. Of the hundred million dollars spent in national advertising every year, practically every penny must flow back over the counters of some retail merchant. Very few manufacturers spend as much as 10% of their income for advertising. That means that at least one billion dollars—this estimate is low, perhaps 50% too low—must be paid annually to the retail merchants in purchases of nationally advertised goods.

Mutual Benefits

Keep in mind that these retail dealers are the heart of American business, that your prosperity depends upon their prosperity, and you will then see how much of a factor in the commercial progress of the United States advertising has been, and you will begin to appreciate what a strong guarantee it is of the continuation of good business with the retail merchants. There has never been a more successful, more practical and more extensive working out of the principles of coöperation and community of interest than the relations of hundreds of our great national advertisers with the retail merchants of this country. Their interests are absolutely interdependent. Without the nationally advertised lines of worthy goods, the retail merchant would be much less than he is. Without the prosperous and intelligent retail merchant, the advertising manufacturer could not exist. Without advertising, the spread of new and improved lines of goods would be intolerably slow. By means of advertising, their merits are made known in such fashion in every township within a week that the retail merchant immediately profits by the new demand.

The Upward Trend

In previous articles we have pointed out that advertising is steadily becoming more and more recognized as a method suited only to reputable goods. Compare the advertisements in a magazine of twenty years ago with any recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and it will be borne home to you that the character and standing of the articles described are much higher at present than ever before. Advertising could not have grown to its present great stature if it had not been largely beneficent, conforming to the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. National advertising benefits the consumer by helping him to buy wisely. It benefits the manufacturer and the selling organization by making their work easier and quicker; but those who receive the most benefit from national advertising are the retail merchants—the 750,000 dealers who form the heart of American business.

Not Socialism, But—

The modern retail merchant studies current advertising as his buying guide. He scans the pages of such publications as *The Saturday Evening Post* for new articles which promise ready sale and which are well advertised. He gains new customers by establishing the reputation of having the shop at which they are most likely to find new and improved goods. The merchant finds that his time and that of his clerks is more profitable to him when devoted to selling these advertised lines. Find the retail store of which you commonly hear "It is going ahead very rapidly," and you will almost always find it conducted by a man who realizes that national advertisers offer him an opportunity to profit by their practical application of the principles of coöperation and community of interest. *No advertiser can prosper alone.* To earn his dollar he must make it possible for others, many others, thousands of others, to earn theirs. It isn't socialism, it is doing good on a big scale.

An Invitation: We have printed a book dealing concretely with many phases of advertising, called "National Advertising—The Modern Selling Force." If you would like to read it, it is yours for the asking.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Present circulation 1,747,960
BOSTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Present circulation 1,864,229
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present circulation 50,000
CHICAGO

THE BRAND DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 17)

along to where we understood a bridge spanned the Big Sandy. We came to a good-sized muddy stream, but there was no bridge in sight. There was nothing to do but take chances in swimming the treacherous current.

I sat in my saddle up on the bluff watching the back trail while my pardner stampeded the band down the bank and into the water. The last horse was climbing out on the other bank when I made out a party of riders a mile away. I spurred down the bank, got across with a nasty wetting, and rode up to where my pardner was sitting in the middle of the dripping bunch scratching his head and wearing a painful sort of grin.

"What river did you call this?" says he.

"Guess it's the Big Sandy."

"You guess wrong," he answers; "it is the miraculous River Jordan that changes the leopard's spots and other things. These horses were all '4|' when they jumped in, but they were sure all '⌊' when they climbed out!"

It was too true. The muddy water that plastered down the long hair of the horses' coats was too much for our dainty hair brands; our own lines had simply disappeared and the old brand stood out like a forty-five aimed in your face.

"Posse's coming," I said.

"All right," pardner replies cheerfully; "I lays down my hand to Providence; they'll find these nice miracle horses right here. Bet you ten dollars I can beat you down into Montana!"

He didn't beat me, because my saddle animal could run some too. We had gone a good many miles when my pardner pulled up and I saw he was swaying like a man about to throw a fit. He wasn't sick; that was his way of laughing.

"I was just thinking," he finally jerks out, "that those mustangs will sure dry out into '4|' horses again; and when the posse gets them home maybe the '⌊' boss won't be able to identify his own property!"

Jeff Cull was one of the gamest men I ever worked with, but he was not born lucky—and nobody needs luck like a rustler. We were out to pick up a bunch of saddle stock and we were doing well: we had about forty—all "tops." We kept to the mountain roads and risked traveling by daylight except where the ranches were thick. We trotted out of timber into a meadow and bumped right into a horse rodeo. We would have given a good deal to have been a little more careful. The boss of the rodeo, an old fellow with a long white beard, loped over and sized up our band and asked where we were going.

"Pulling East," was all I answered him.

"You've got some good horses there; they act gentle."

The Sheriff's Posse Sighted

We had been working in cattle, I told him, and were going home with the saddle stock—the remuda. He wanted to trade us unbroke animals, two for one; but I was afraid every minute his eye would light on a brand he knew, so I refused and we went along.

Next morning we guessed somebody was on our trail. We had no mixup that day or that night, for we never stopped going. The next day we lost time in hunting water—in Nevada water is a mighty scarce article to find sometimes. I camped a mile down the back trail that night and I didn't do much sleeping. At sunup I climbed a steep little hill for a look round. Seven or eight miles off a pillar of white dust was boring up into the sky. The horsemen making that pillar were moving rapidly; they ran away from their dust. I knew it was a posse—you can tell men on a man hunt as far as you can see them. One, two, five, ten—I didn't wait to pick out any more, but slid down and spurred along to where Jeff was broiling strips of bacon on a stick.

"Company coming!" I told him.

He made no remark—never glanced round—this Jeff Cull. He handed me some bacon and crackers, and then poked shells into his rifle and forty-five until neither would swallow another one. With a rock for a table, he wrote a letter to a horse-dealer in town on a piece of paper the bacon had been wrapped in. When he had finished he jumped up and said:

"How soon?"

"Middling quick, unless we let the stock go and make a run for it," I told him.

When Jeff swung into the saddle and began to shout at the horses I knew he hadn't any overpowering notion of leaving them behind. We got going at a gallop.

By-and-by a bullet ripped the air just over our heads. Then another. Then the ground round us and under us began to go "Pack! Pack!" The men who were shooting at us over their horses' ears were getting the range. It is a mean sound—that "Pack! Pack!" You lean low over the horn and urge on the flying bunch with yell and quirt. They are your prizes; you want to get away with them. But that "Pack! Pack!" gets you by-and-by in spite of yourself. Your mind gets off what's in front of you and swings round to what's behind you.

"Pack! Pack! Pack! Pack!"

Retreat Under Fire

"All right!" Jeff sung out to me, meaning we would give up the stock; and we cut round and came back to the road in front of the band. The posse knew by that sign that we gave up the animals, but they were not satisfied—it was us they wanted. Some dropped out to look after the horses we turned over to them, but most of them came on. Their lead spattered the dust like it was hailing. We turned in the saddle and let them have it back. We had plenty of cartridges and we filled that road as full of unhealthy possibilities at one end of a moving two-hundred-yard stretch as it was at the other.

The sheriff and his friends began to get enough. I could see them heading back, one at a time, to help with the band of horses. It seemed like the storm was about over when Jeff called out: "They got me!"

"Where?" I shouted.

"Leg—the right one; bone busted!" Then he said, just like it was some other fellow's right foot that was flapping out of his stirrup: "Shoot hell out of 'em! Scare 'em off! We'll make our getaway yet!"

We passed the rifles back and forth—I doing the shooting and he the loading; for, with his leg swinging, he couldn't turn in the saddle to shoot. They came on harder when they saw that Jeff wasn't doing any more shooting, but I peppered away fast enough for us both and got two of their horses. At that they let us run away from them, though they kept pumping as long as we were in sight.

I asked Jeff how he was feeling. "Leg hurts," he said; "but I can keep going. When can we reach water?" I told him we could make a mud-spring I knew in an hour if he could stand to travel fast. "Go it!" was all he said.

We had gone five miles and I was doing some mighty tall scheming to see daylight out of a hard situation when something happened. Jeff was using his hands to hold his leg—to keep the tourniquet we had put on in place; so, when his mustang put his foot in a badger hole, Jeff couldn't check him and they went down. I turned back and had the horse up and off him before I took time to get out of the saddle.

"Stick out your good leg and give me your hand," I told him as I slid down. Jeff, lying there on his side, threw me a funny look. I leaned over and took hold and started to set him on his one good peg—and then he let it out:

"Lengthy, so help me, the left leg's busted too!"

I was ready to ride back hard, waving my shirt, and surrender to the posse—we needed help so bad I didn't care where it came from. Jeff simply wouldn't have it. His face was about the color of the alkali he was lying on, but he tried to jerk a smile on to it and said: "My pegs are a mite wobbly, maybe; but if you will sling me back on my mustang I can ride all right."

He could and he did; but it took more than the cantle to keep him from toppling over backward, and he couldn't use the stirrups to save himself from going out sideways. Jeff's horse came trailing up to the spring without any rider at all, and I rode up to it like I had a baby in my arms. It was a ride! One of us cussed about every rod of the way—and it wasn't Jeff.

It was just a white alkali mudhole such as Providence sticks in the Nevada wilderness so strangers won't get the place mixed up with hell itself—just an alkali hole, half full of stuff that looked like coffee; but,

COLT AUTOMATIC PISTOL
HAMMERLESS
AUTOMATICALLY SAFE
SOLID BREECH
LOOK FOR THE AUTOMATIC SAFETY IN THE GRIP
It makes the COLT take care of itself in preventing accidental discharge. No thought or attention required by the shooter SAVES WORRY!
ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU A COLT .25, .32 OR .380 AUTOMATIC PISTOL
The Automatic Grip Safety positively locks the action against firing until automatically compressed by the shooter when he intends to pull the trigger.
"YOU CAN'T FORGET TO MAKE IT SAFE"
This allows you to put a COLT in your pocket, hand-bag or other convenient place LOADED AND COCKED—READY FOR INSTANT USE without risk of accidental discharge. The SLIDE LOCK SAFETY can be thrown on if desired, making the COLT DOUBLY SAFE. This is an additional rather than an essential protective device. The COLT is always safe. It takes care of itself—and you.
The COLT HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC PISTOL has no working parts exposed—no hammer to catch in the pocket. The COLT SAFETIES indicate whether or not the pistol is cocked. Remember COLTS have proved their superiority over all others.
Catalogue No. 85 mailed free. It's full of interest.
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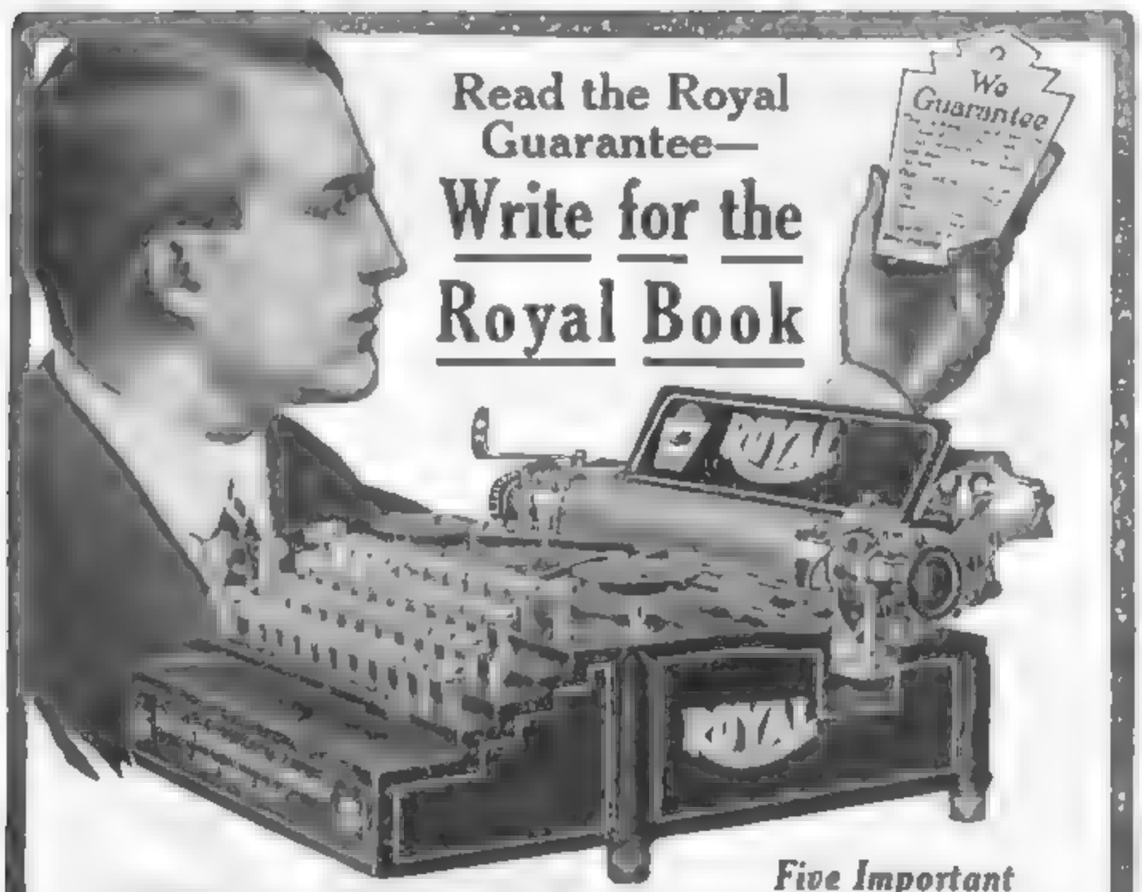

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for welcome scenery, I don't think I ever came across anything that quite equaled it. I got Jeff's clothes off him by feeling, not by seeing, for Jeff's head was lying back comfortably on the rim of the hole and his body was sunk in the coffee. Dropping him from the saddle into the hole couldn't make his garments any wetter than they were already, and Jeff was just crazy to let every pore of his broken body begin drinking at the same instant. It was good, he told me after five minutes—it was good to be there.

When I could take my hands off him I cut willows that grew by the spring and trimmed up a dozen sticks of the same size. I tore our outside shirts and a blanket into strips and cut the leather tie-strings from the two saddles. It would have been awful enough even with a real surgeon. Jeff never cheeped, except once when he whispered up at me that I wasn't hurting him bad enough to make me cuss so hard.

We camped right there for the night, because water meant life. Once I dozed off—and woke up in time to reach over and take Jeff's gun out of his hand. He had thought he heard some of the posse slipping up, he told me, and maybe that's why he was caressing his hardware; but I laid the gun out of reach, so he wouldn't be tempted to look down the barrel to see if she was working easy on the trigger.

At daylight I was riding round looking for two poles—two poles of any kind or description. Somehow I found them, which probably exhausted the pole supply in that neighborhood. I rigged Jeff's horse by tying a pole on each side of the saddle and letting the ends drag behind the animal, Indian fashion. I slung saddle blankets between the poles to make a hammock and lifted Jeff Cull in. We set off very slowly—and he said it wasn't so bad.

About noon I climbed a little rise and looked back. Five miles off I saw it—that dust-cloud mounted men make when they are hunting humans. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened—somebody had found a red spot by the road where we stopped to put on the tourniquet and they were just like hounds. I went down and told Jeff we were going to have company and begged him to give it up. Jeff Cull shook his head—I guess he was thinking of me mostly. So I dragged him as far up in the rocks of the hillside as we could get, handed him his gun, and we prepared to make a stand—likely a last one. And that crazy posse, riding their fresh horses like wild men and not watching the tracks of the poles, sailed past and never saw us!

Keeping away from the roads as much as we could, we traveled two terrible days and two terrible nights and one more terrible day—taking a long chance every time I exposed myself to get water and food for my patient—and then we reached a doctor. Jeff Cull's gameness won that doctor on the spot. He kept us both under cover in his own house for a good many weeks, until Jeff was able to ride his crutches without being bucked off. He had a beard now and it was black; but his hair wasn't—his hair was white. I got him back to his old home in Montana, to friends he knew as boys; and they found him a job as keeper of a toll bridge, where he could make a living sitting round. I handed him half of everything I had—it wasn't enough to keep me from telling about it now—and we shook hands.

"Going back to the old trade?" says Jeff Cull, the bridgekeeper.

I went and took my best rope out of my valise and spread it out on the ground. Then I got out my old jack-knife and snipped the honda off the loop—which, in cowboy, means either that a man is plumb loco or that he has got enough.

A Prudent Statesman

ONE time when Private John Allen, of Mississippi, was in Congress the subject of pensions came up. After several members had been heard Allen rose up.

"Mr. Speaker," he drawled, "this matter interests me deeply. As far back as the spring of 1861 I gave a good deal of consideration to this subject. I resolved at that time to do what I could to spare this country the great burden of pensions that would one day be laid upon her. In fact, sir, so profound was my consideration that on one occasion I retreated across three states, and if the Gulf of Mexico hadn't been in the way I should have retreated still farther."

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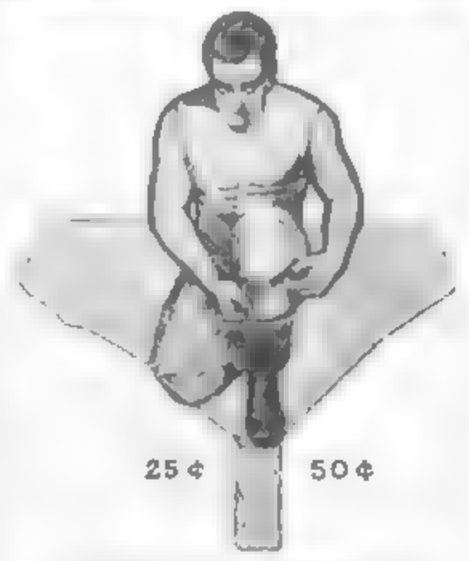

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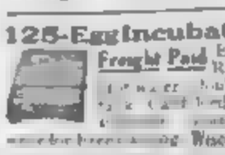

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On the Radiator

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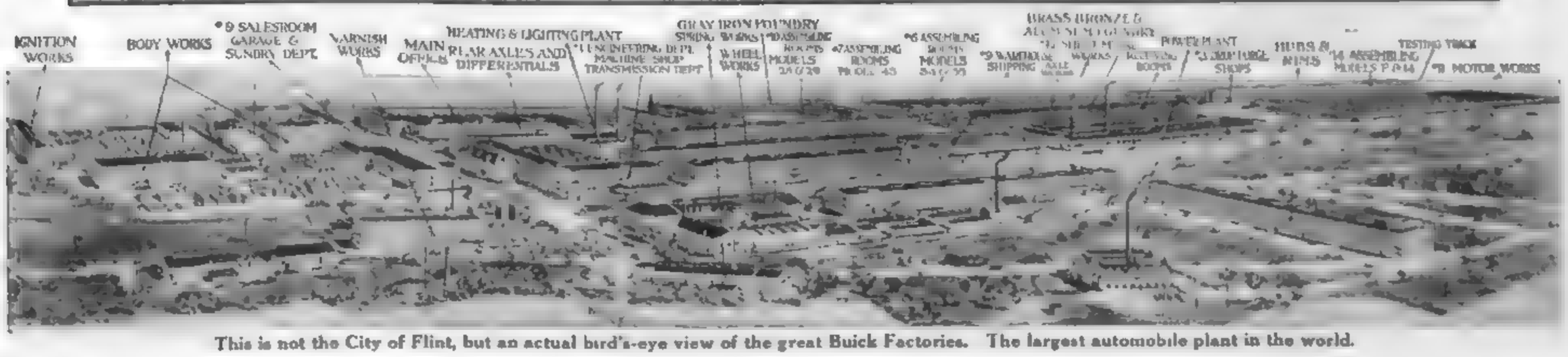

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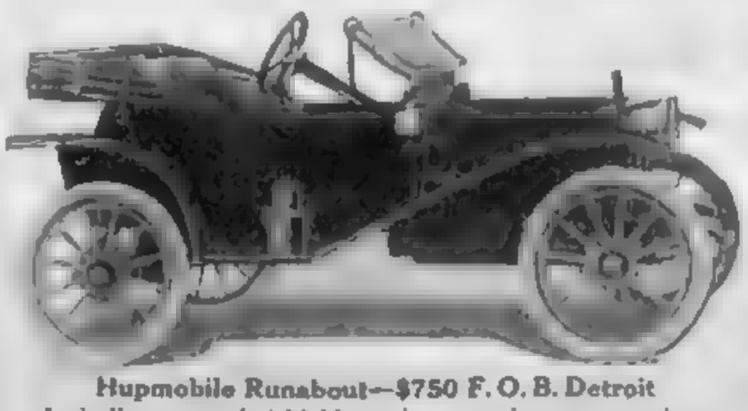

Hupmobile Runabout—$750 F. O. B. Detroit
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Hupmobile Exhibit at Grand Central Palace, New York, Jan. 10-17

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 18)

wind of his preconceived notions is the only light he gets upon a situation. The same criticism may apply to a foreigner taking impressions of a people different from her own in their standards of living. I am admitting this at the start. It is the doubt you are entitled to cast over what is set down here in regard to France and French women. It may be a kind of bigotry to judge them by the standards that obtain in Georgia for women, but in the fear of the Lord I have made up my mind to tell as much of the truth about them as I could discover, which is what I hope no French person will ever undertake to do about us. We are so much more apparent he would have too much the advantage.

In every community there is some woman who is "talked about." In the community of nations it is the French woman. She has such good ideas of style and such original notions about putting it on that she has attracted undue attention to herself. She is so artificially pretty to look at that she has become noticeable. I think her genius for dressing herself consists in the fact that she follows no fashion slavishly, as we do, but adapts all of them, subjugating them to her particular needs. She knows how to make a collar which reaches halfway down her back behind, and to her knees in front, look like a collar and not a cape. Then she knows how to show herself. She never distracts your attention while you are looking at her by suggesting any train of thought that might lead away from just her. She can be very deliberate. We saw a beautifully dressed woman enter our compartment at Rouen early one afternoon wearing a hat so large that she was obliged to sit upon the edge of her chair to give the brim room behind. But, so far as I could see, she did not move hand or foot until we reached Paris at nine o'clock in the evening. There you have it. If a French woman is in a public place she considers that she is on exhibition and behaves like a well-hung picture in the Louvre.

This is the difference between the French woman and the German woman: The latter appears to have been made by God on the morning of the first day, when the calm had not been broken by any odd fancies in creation. She has the dignity of a phenomenon of Nature—with rather thick ankles, to be sure, but intended for a noble purpose. On the other hand, the French woman appears to have made herself.

What France Has Appropriated

In appearance she differs from the American in that, although she shows much of the same fragile delicacy, she has far better health. This is remarkable enough to require explanation, when you consider that she is less hygienic in her habits, keeps later hours and eats the most indigestible mixtures. As a matter of fact, the health of women does not depend so much upon pathological conditions as it does upon other conditions. For example, when a woman has the love she desires she enjoys good health and good spirits even if she outrages every law supposed to govern both. The French woman gives this impression. She has a way of looking beyond you, sweetly, dangerously preoccupied, as if she were radiantly conscious of a love letter tucked away under her jabot. One must not find fault with her for that. It all depends upon who sent her the letter. I have known many an American woman who could do more harm. No man is ever equal to his mind, either in the accomplishment of good or in the accomplishment of evil. But an American coquette can more than equal her power thinking or doing, right or wrong. One of our nice little society girls with a Molly Cottontail soul and a bisque-doll mind can do more mischief in a day without taking thought than the meanest man or the most accomplished French *demimondaine*, because she refuses to know what she does, while the French woman does not refuse to understand. It is "by my spirit," saith the woman always, never by mind or by might, when she is in her most dangerous mood. Our American flirt has a fallacious spirit, while, on the other hand, the French mischief-maker has the courage of her evil, though she practices it with less art because she admits the evil to herself. The American of the same class never does. She clings to the lie of her innocency as if it were her virtue.

The French never see themselves as others see them. They have a self-centered egotism that is as naïve as it is invincible. Thus they have adapted some of the best and, as we think, most indispensable virtues to their Latin natures so thoroughly that an American cannot recognize them now as virtues at all. Still, one finds among them the same good women and clean men that exist everywhere, not powerful personalities, but personalities endowed with spirits that cast before them a light in which they walk sweetly entranced. I recall in this connection a young French matron.

"We think that the marriage relation with us is especially happy," she said. "In Germany the wife is far below her husband. She is merely the *Hausfrau*, his obedient servant. In America the wife is placed upon a pedestal; but in France she is the comrade of her husband, neither above nor below him. She shares all his successes, all his anxieties. He consults her about his business. They are together in everything."

The Tales the Women Tell

This French matron was an exception among those we met, in the clear effulgence of her spirit by which she lighted the social life of France and caused it to shine so beautifully. Others were especially spiteful toward their own sex. In Germany I observed that the average woman referred protectingly always to other women. Even when admitting a frailty she appeared to recognize the bond of a pathetic sisterhood. The English are only less so—like, you may say, quarrelsome sisters. In America every self-respecting woman is almost a passionate upholder of the honor and dignity of womanhood; but in nearly every instance I found that the French woman knew and believed the worst of her countrywomen and was willing to tell it—the only information you can get in France without difficulty! This, as much as anything else, accounts for the bad reputation they have. Whenever women talk about each other you learn the evil they do, added indiscriminately to the evil they are merely capable of doing.

The French are queer about this—they exploit their immorality as we do our ancestors at home. It is a kind of distinction they claim, the peculiar character of it.

On a warm summer evening we went with two American friends to dinner at Henri's; afterward we sat in front of the Café de la Paix and had our coffee. You cannot be said really to have been in Paris, properly speaking, until you can testify in regard to this experience. This is no compliment to Peggy and me, but if you are to understand one side of Parisian life you must sit for an hour in front of the Café de la Paix, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and see the jeweled city, shining in ten thousand lights of every color, and watch the people that go by, of all nations and of every kind in every nation.

"I have never been here any length of time," said our host, "without seeing some one I know at home."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a New York journalist passed whom we all knew. And the next moment Peggy and I recognized in a long, black-coated figure a preacher from Georgia.

No one seemed conscious of any one else; each jostled the other as straws in a swift flood swing round as they touch and are swept apart. A young man and a young woman carrying between them a heavy trunk made their way across the street, with the lonesome look upon their faces of travelers across the desert. They were accompanied by a dog with his head down and his tail at half mast. One inferred that the whole family had been kicked out of somewhere and were now seeking another home. A long, looped, winding necklace of gayly dressed women with painted faces and little feet that take hold upon hell seemed to be conscious of everybody, seemed to test every person they passed with a wild, enigmatical smile. I am an old woman, but that was the first time in my long life I ever saw the women of the street. And I was astonished at my own emotions. The tears filled my eyes. I began to sniff.

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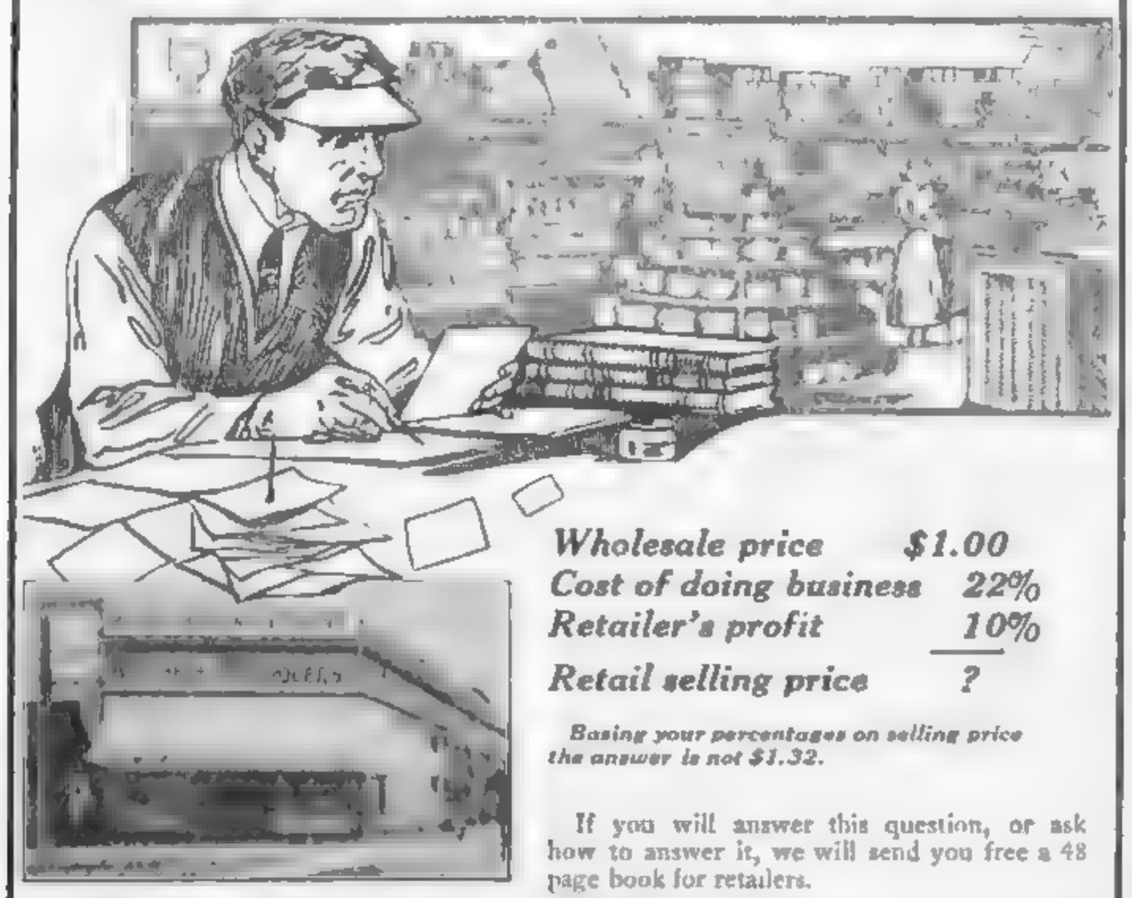

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Burroughs Adding Machine Company

European Headquarters, 76 Cannon St., London, E. C., England. **99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan**

"What is the matter?" exclaimed my niece in alarm.

"It's these girls, Peggy," I whispered "I never understood before. The poor things are insane. You can tell it by their ghastly smiles. I want to take them all home in my apron, and wash them clean and put them to bed!"

After twelve o'clock the character of the flood changed. The tide was in. The ebb began. The faces were paler. The women began to go by in bedraggled gowns without coats, shivering. The beggars crept up to the tables, lonely creatures, with their pathetic wares to sell. Nobody bought; they went on. Suddenly in the midst of the throng the figure of a man appeared, clad in a long white garment. His hair reached to his waist. He carried a shepherd's crook and walked barefooted, with his eyes lifted to the twinkling lights. No notice was taken of him and he appeared to see no one. He was a demented creature who thought he was John the Baptist, merely the idiot of a great salvation idea, left over in the midnight street of the most damnably gay city in the world. The impression one received was that if Jesus Himself had passed in that crowd, bearing His cross, no man would have stopped long enough to help Him carry it, no one would really have seen Him.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

The Sporting Instinct

THERE were once some rich young gentlemen who had a shooting preserve in Tennessee, where quail were quite abundant. One of them laid a wager with another that he could kill one hundred quail to his own gun in a day's shooting. Whether he did or not, the undertaking could scarcely be called sportsmanlike in America today. At last these young men, looking for something more exciting, went down into Texas and took up the sport of roping cattle, riding on the range with the cowpunchers. They declared that this was the finest sport they had ever had—and so it is, good sport and manly. Still better is wild-horse hunting, practiced not for the money but for the excitement of it by a few men who make it a business in Nevada and Arizona. That certainly is a man's game in every respect.

Japanese sometimes match cock quail against each other in the pit, as Cubans and Spaniards do game cocks. Not much can be said in favor of badger drawing, dog fighting and that sort of thing; yet somehow it seemed quite an amiable pastime in the far Southwest years ago to fight your pet tarantula against your neighbor's champion at, say, five dollars a side. Which recalls Mark Twain's sport of jumping frog.

The principle of matching one creature against another in its specialty has odd exemplification in the linnet matches that are sometimes even yet carried on in London or other cities of Great Britain. Quite often it is only the roughest of men who engage in this singular sport. The decision is made by skilled judges, who pass without hesitation on the qualities of each bird's voice, penalizing what is called a "rough" note and making their awards on the basis of the number of points scored by each competitor in the several tests of good bird song.

A curious and rather practical sort of sport not known to very many persons today is hunting the wild hog. In England the man who would shoot a fox would be barred from society; in India the man who would shoot a wild boar would equally be shunned as a social pariah. In America we sometimes shoot foxes with the shotgun in New England, and in the West you may shoot wild hogs with the rifle. This, however, is utilitarianism and not sport.

In the early days settlers used to turn hogs loose on islands in the Mississippi River, where they fed on nuts and roots. Each farmer had a share in the total product, increase and all, and the rights of each were carefully regarded in the fall harvest time—when the hogs, of course, had to be shot to be secured.

In the Spanish Southwest the peccary, a savage little wild hog that ranges in herds and takes a delight in fighting buzz-saws, is one of the most dreaded creatures of the woods. A noted bear hunter once told the writer that he was more afraid of one Mississippi wild hog than of a dozen bears. Turn the creature loose and let him go wild for a generation or so, and the amiable stockyards product is apt to be a problem.

The Country Woman

Will find in forthcoming issues of

The Country Gentleman

articles and photographs dealing with the work and activities of the woman in the farm or other country residence. Articles are particularly desired discussing subjects covered by the following departments:

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Descriptions and photographs of inexpensive conveniences designed to save steps and time in performing household-operations will be welcomed. Plans of cupboards, pantries, kitchens, storage cellars and closets which contain new and helpful ideas that will be suggestive to other women are particularly desired.

Home Furnishings

Discussions of the buying and making of the essential furnishings of a well appointed house in the country. The choice of carpets, rugs, furniture, bedding, pictures, stoves, ranges, utensils, curtains, fabrics for decoration, wall paper, etc., treated in helpful articles will be carefully considered.

Home Management

How to perform the essential duties of the home with the minimum of labor and time, the management of helpers, the housewife's plans who has no help, the care of children and similar problems as successfully worked out by farm women.

Country Cooking

The food problems of the farm family, the choice of food stuffs, storage, canning, preserving, purchasing supplies. Methods of cooking and serving common and rare dishes that may be available in every garden, new methods of doing the routine duties of the home to eliminate the drudgery.

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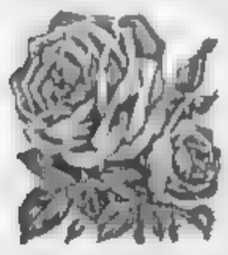

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MODERN BUSINESS AND MEDIEVAL LAW

(Concluded from Page 7)

and prevention of waste mean united action instead of disunited action. Men recognize this in the simplest things—the building of a log hut or dirt road.

The very germ of civilized industry is the idea of well-ordered mutual work instead of disordered antagonistic work—a helpful and common-sense coöperation rather than a riotous and haphazard competition. Is harvesting by hand, which wasted the work of many men but gave them poorly paid employment, or harvesting by machinery, which saves the work of many men but sends them to better paid employment in other things, the wiser method of gathering the bread materials for mankind?

This latter furnishes an apt illustration. As a farmer boy I drove the first self-binding harvester sold in Central Illinois. It did the work of many men. There was furious outcry against it by farmhands, who believed it would take away their occupation. One of these first machines actually was burned. Today harvesting could not be done without them. Yet the self-binding harvester is a mechanical trust.

The Balance-Wheels of Business

The organization of labor is the manifestation, in that field, of the same civilized idea of associated effort as against the savage theory of "everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In short, every form of successful modern industry, whether it be the self-binding harvester or the industrial trust or the railroad, or the labor union or the consolidated bank, has at the heart of it the idea of constructive coöperation rather than destructive competition. The elimination of waste, the using of by-products, the saving of cross-freights, the quicker and better service of the people—these and other benefits of mutual effort in industry and commerce are conceded by all men. And there are many others.

Organizations of industrial capital have steadied the whole business world. Formerly, if we happened to have good times, everybody "plunged" in order to make the most of them, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth. The invariable end was glutted markets, underselling, reaction, hard times, panics, railroads in the hands of receivers, manufacturers in bankruptcy, retailers smashed right and left. History shows that this has been the unfailing result of the cut-throat policy in the fields of both commerce and labor—the policy of the unintelligent, savage, unrestrained competition of hundreds of thousands of little enterprises or of millions of unorganized workingmen.

Also, the modern organization of industry gives a constant employment to labor unknown and impossible under the old procedure of business. Some trusts overwork and underpay their laborers just as some other employers do; the Sherman Law does not prevent this evil, but encourages it. For its idea is absolutely unlimited and remorseless competition among the toilers as well as among employers.

These great industrial and commercial organizations of capital tremendously help our foreign trade. But for them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to invade foreign markets successfully against the systematic, powerful efforts of similar great industrial and commercial organizations of rival countries. This is a serious matter for all of us; for upon the sale of our surplus products abroad our prosperity at home considerably depends. If we do not sell this surplus abroad we have a congestion at home which means the shutting of mills, the discharge of labor, and hard times generally. Common sense suggests that we encourage our foreign trade; but the Sherman Law and our present policy discourage it. It goes on because of the energy and resourcefulness of American business men, our vast natural riches and those very organizations of industry which the Sherman Law would dissolve but cannot—those organizations of industry whose evils the Sherman Law is not designed to remedy and does not remedy.

Then, too, the vastness of these modern aggregations of industrial capital has concentrated upon them the eyes of the whole nation—of the world even. Their business has become the people's business. The very agitation of this question shows that the humblest citizen of the Republic is coming to take part in the policy and business of these mammoth corporations. In the old days of small concerns nobody except their managers would or could know anything about what they were doing. The theory of unrestrained hit-or-miss competition was that every man's business was "nobody's business but his own." But today the Steel Trust's business is decidedly somebody's business but its own; and so is the Beef Trust's business and the Oil Trust's business and the Tobacco Trust's business, and so on down the list.

Their business is not their business only, but our business as well. We propose that their business shall be run, not alone to make money for themselves but also to serve us well and honestly. Their managers must recognize that their business is no longer private but public; and that they are trustees, not for their stockholders only but for the people also. Trusts of and for the people, not trusts of and for Wall Street—that is what trusts must be made.

But the theory of the Sherman Law is to prevent associated effort and restore competitive effort; so that law does not reach the evils of the trusts. It does not pretend to do that. Its purpose is to dissolve trusts; but it fails to accomplish even that purpose. Had we not better, then, strike at trust abuses directly?

What are those abuses? How can they be eliminated? After all is said and done, these are the real questions. The first of these evils is overcapitalization—all will agree on that. A corporation has assets and business actually worth $10,000,000; it issues and sells stock for $100,000,000. To make that stock pay dividends the corporation increases the price of its product. Thus every dollar of watered stock becomes a mortgage on the American people for all the future. That is the chief of the artificial causes of the high cost of living.

Does the Sherman Law prevent this? Quite the contrary. Even if under the Sherman Law the Tobacco Trust should in truth and fact be divided into four great corporations, each of these separate corporations could grind out additional millions of watered stock. So could every one of the various corporations into which the Oil Trust is supposed to be divided. And with the greater number of these separate "competitive" corporations distracting the people's attention, various streams of watered stock would flow unnoted, which, if combined, would startle the Nation into fear and into action.

The next evil is the arbitrary raising of prices—particularly raising them in one locality and lowering them in another—and the attendant abuses with which all are so familiar. Does the Sherman Law prevent that? Not in the least. Under the old lack of system that is exactly what did occur, and what will occur again if the present policy succeeds in placing us commercially where the English people were when the prototype of the Sherman Law was enacted in King James' time. For that is exactly what the Sherman Law is supposed to do. That is its very theory and purpose.

The Trusts in Politics

The third great evil practiced by the trusts is their interference in politics and their corrupting of the people's legislatures. In the campaign last year I termed this secret banding of the trusts for the perpetration of this treason to the Republic, "the invisible government." Not only does it try to govern the people's Government, but in doing so it practices flagrant, specific wrongs.

But does the Sherman Law prevent the operations of this invisible government? Does it dissolve the invisible government? Indeed not. It furnishes new inducements for the strengthening of this political confederacy of plunder.

How then is this question of the hour and of the ages to be answered? The German people—who next to the American people have the most numerous and most powerful trusts in the world—have answered it long ago by a thoroughgoing and rigid law by which every trust in the Empire is under the strictest regulation. The English people—who next to the American and German people have the strongest and most numerous combinations of capital in the world—have answered it less well but more simply than the German people, by a law requiring every corporation selling securities to the public to state the actual worth of the tangible assets and business income of the concern issuing those securities.

Though neither the German nor the English method is the best that we Americans can do to meet our own conditions, yet either is better than the Sherman Law. But neither could exist along with the Sherman Law—nor, for that matter, could any other method that effectively prevents the abuses of the trusts.

A National Incorporation Law

More than four years ago I proposed as the best method of solving this problem the enactment of a national incorporation law. Such a law should compel interstate corporations to organize under it and prevent, in the very charters of their existence, overcapitalization, unjust lifting of prices, and other evils that can thus be reached.

The objection to that plan, that nearly every corporation in the country does interstate business, and that such a system might become too cumbersome, applies also to the plan of an interstate trust commission. Yet either compulsory national incorporation or an interstate trust commission is greatly preferable to the Sherman Law, which is inconsistent with and antagonistic to both. For if you compel a trust to exist under a national law that rigidly controls and regulates it, you cannot subject it at the same time to the Sherman Law, which says that it should not exist at all. It is a contradiction in terms. It is a *non sequitur* in logic. It is absurd. It is impossible.

Cannot a simpler way be found to end the abuses I have discussed? Merely as a matter of suggestion, consider a national law with the following conditions: First, that every interstate corporation shall publish annually, for a certain number of days in one or more newspapers of general circulation, the exact state of its business—assets, liabilities, and so forth—as various insurance companies and all national banks now publish similar statements; and that for a misstatement of fact the directors and responsible officers be made criminally liable. Second, that when any interstate corporation issues any stock it shall make the same statement and also give reasons why the stock is issued, and the purposes under which the money for it is to be applied; that not a share shall be issued unless there are behind it assets to justify it; and that this statement shall be made to each individual purchaser of stock—all with criminal liability for misstatements. The above is substantially the English law today. Third, that no interstate corporation shall sell any stock for less than one hundred cents on the dollar. This suggestion was made by Mr. James J. Hill in a recent interview, with the assertion that this method would prevent overcapitalization; and that, of course, is true. Fourth, that every interstate corporation shall sell its products at the same price at the same time in every part of the country, allowing only for a difference in transportation charges. Fifth, that our patent laws shall be repealed, with a proviso that the present law shall be continued as to existing holders of patents for a fixed and short number of years, so that capital honestly invested on the faith of the patent should not be treated unjustly. Our patent laws are the strongest artificial and uneconomic aid that trusts have to support their raising of prices and to justify their overcapitalization. The theory that patents stimulate inventions is questionable. At all events, it is a deplorable fact that not one in ten thousand of the real inventors ever get financial benefit from their inventions; it is the capitalist who gets that.

I have outlined the above law and mentioned a Federal incorporation law or the establishment of an interstate trust commission merely as suggestions. If these are not the best methods of dealing with this all-important subject surely some effective method will be devised—for present conditions can no longer be tolerated; and there is no problem affecting the welfare of the American people that is so complex or difficult that the American people cannot and will not solve it.

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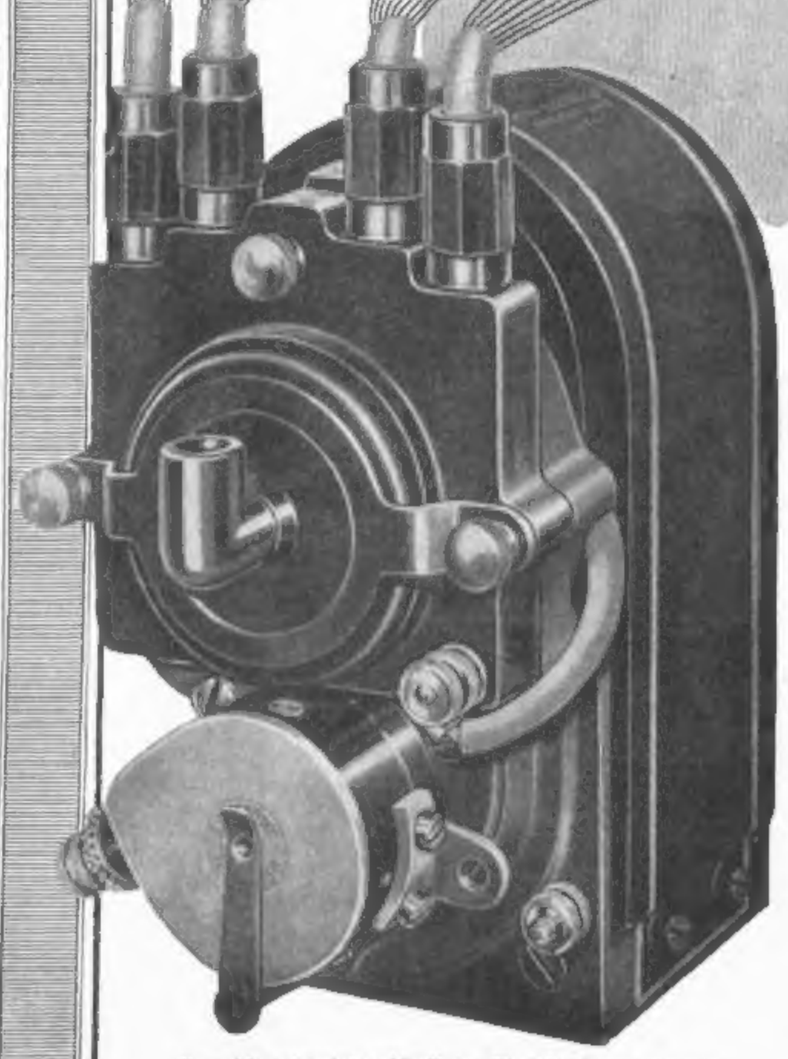

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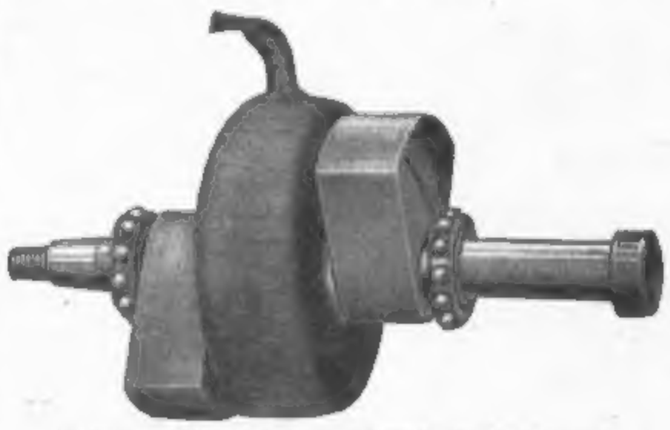

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Glycerine, Cosmetic Lotion
Theloroma Fumigating Wafers

DENTAL PREPARATIONS

Ribbon Dental Cream, Rinse Bouche
Antiseptic Dental Powder

TALC POWDERS

Cashmere Bouquet
Violet
Dactylis
Unscented

HAIR PREPARATIONS

Brillantine, Bandoline, Florentine Cosmetique
True Bay Rum, Superfine Pomade
Shampoo Mixture

WEEK-END TRAVEL PACKETS

For Men

Small sizes of
Shaving Cream
Ribbon Dental Cream
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
and Talc Powder

For Women

Small sizes of
Ribbon Dental Cream
Toilet Water
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
and Talc Powder

FACE POWDERS

Caprice, Cashmere Bouquet, La France Rose
Heliotrope, Violet, Peau d'Espagne

PERFUMES

Éclat
Dactylis
Caprice
La France Rose
Alba Rose
Alba Violet
Hermosa
Vernalis
Vioris
Italian Violets
Apple Blossom
Carnation
Heliotrope
Jockey Club
Lily of the Valley
Pansy Blossom
Robinia
White Lilac
Ylang Ylang
White Rose
Fantasy
Frangipanni
Jasmin
Cashmere Bouquet
Monad Violet
Cyclamen
Musk
Mona Rose
New Mown Hay
Opoponax
Stephanotis
Tea Rose
Trailing Arbutus
Verbena
White Violet
White Heliotrope
Bouquet de Caroline
Fleur d'Orange
Four Seasons
Night Blooming Cereus
Patchouly
Rose
Speciosa
Tuberose
Wood Violet
Bridal Bouquet

CHILDREN'S PERFUMES

Petite Perfumes, Young People's Perfumes
Miniature Extracts

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PERFUMES

Éclat
Cyclamen
Grasse Rose, Charmis, Luxora, Nadiya
Eleda, Peau d'Espagne, Edition de Luxe
Carnival Violets, Knickerbocker Violets

TOILET WATERS

Caprice
Dactylis
La France Rose
Violet
Lavender Flower
Lily of the Valley
Rosodora
Robinia
Vioris
Eau de Cologne
Éclat
Monad Violet
Cashmere Bouquet
Ylang Ylang
Florida
Carnation
Lilac Imperial
White Rose
Heliotrope
Jockey Club
Spirit of Lavender

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Lemon
Vanilla

COLGATE'S LAUNDRY SOAPS

"1806" Laundry Soap
Octagon Soap, Bee Soap
Octagon Soap Powder
White Floating Soap